

PHOTOPLAY

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25¢



SONJA HENIE
By Paul Hesse

WHO IS SONJA HENIE'S NEW PRINCE CHARMING?
SECOND CHANCE *The Story of a Great Star's Comeback* **By N**
EMILY POST Tells What's Wrong With MOVIES
TYRONE POWER'S Own Story And Photos Of His South American Trip

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Spring brings New Vitality to Shoes!

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Stretchy leather is emphatically in today. Vitality's "Estelle" (ABOVE) has the elasticized instep. It's in Parisian blue crushed kid with smooth blue calf and has the smart "Boulevard" heel. Also in black crushed kid with black patent leather, or white crushed kid with white kid. (BELOW) "Danielle", a definitely French open-toe sandal in black patent leather - perfect with your petticoat dress - has a strap of stretchy crushed kid. The "Havana" heel is terrifically smart. These Vitality Shoe fashions do have authority!



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You'll see many smart shoes in Flamingo calf this spring. It's so very, very with black, brown, or navy. You'll like the new "Linette" especially - for its new, higher-laced line and Cuban heel. Also in white and black crushed kid. Snug and comfortable, Vitality Shoes will amaze you with their perfect fit. Insist on Vitality - be smart - be comfortable - be well-shod! WRITE for "Artist's Sketch Book of Vitality Styles" and name of your dealer, Vitality Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.



"I WAS A LEMON

IN THE

*Garden
of Love . . .*

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* . . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."



*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

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SPENCER TRACY

in the most romantic role
that the grand star of
"Test Pilot" and "Boys
Town" has ever played
on the screen.

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THE GLAMOROUS
Exciting BEAUTY...
YOUR SENSATIONAL
NEW DISCOVERY

Welcome her to her first
role in a Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer hit—as an exotic
orchid of cafe society...



I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with
INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publica-
tions, this column also appears every month in McCall's,
Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans—

This is a fan letter
to you. I thank you
from the bottom of my
lion's heart for the way
you have responded to
this column.



Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have
pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about
ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it!
We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilge-
water, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★

It seems to me that the timing is perfect for the
Mickey Rooney interpretation of this great Ameri-
can story of the Mississippi folk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and
the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Elea-
nor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Poly-
nesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust,
Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broad-
casting the news to watch impatiently for "Hono-
lulu"; "Huckleberry Finn"; "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence
known as "Shear Nonsense". If you crave a photo of Mickey
Rooney as "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to
Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box W, Culver City, Cal.



Name _____

Address _____

★ ★ ★ ★

Note: "Pygmalion", Bernard Shaw's first personally
authorized, personally written, personally supervised
production, will be presented under special circum-
stances in all the highways and byways. It is a re-
markable screen work.

★ ★ ★ ★

This is about the time when those New Year reso-
lutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest as-
sured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer con-
tinues to lead the way in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

See you on the screen.

—Leo

PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Sonja Henie, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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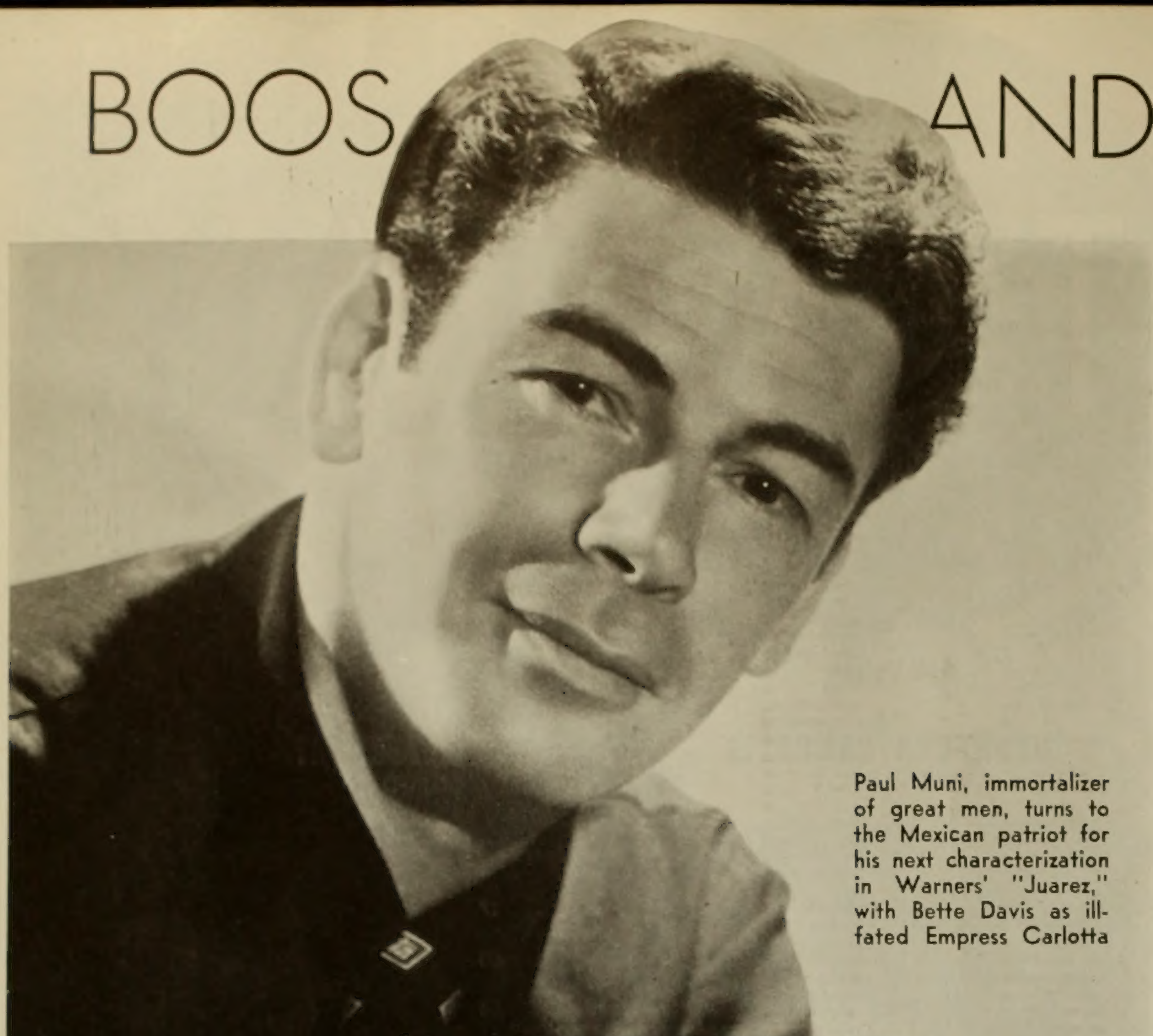
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Paul Muni, immortalizer of great men, turns to the Mexican patriot for his next characterization in Warners' "Juarez," with Bette Davis as ill-fated Empress Carlotta

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES that prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some of our readers have not played fair with us, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many of our readers have looked upon this as a contest department and for that reason have failed to send in their spontaneous and candid opinions concerning the motion-picture industry, its stars or pictures. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning this great industry. This is your page. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

GABLE VINDICATED!

IN wishing Clark Gable the best of luck, PHOTOPLAY was the sounding board for America. In presenting Mrs. Gable's perspective, PHOTOPLAY cleared up a problem vital to the millions of Gable well-wishers and gave the lie to the countless ill-founded rumors concerning the Gables' separation. Because it did these two things without ever exceeding the bounds of good taste, it is a milestone in movie writing. This is the sort of story that makes fans see the human side of the star without detracting from his magnetism—rather than detracting, it makes them realize that his personality on the screen is shaped by problems as human and as pressing as their own.

ROBERT FINLAY,
Glen Allen, Miss.

SHINE ON, BRIGHT STAR

ONE way to keep on being a B.O.B (Box Office Bet) is to make only one picture a year. My point is proved by Paul Muni. Of course, he is a magnificent actor—no one can gainsay that; on the other hand, there are other really able actors in Hollywood. But, frankly, one does get tired of seeing them so much. Too much, to my mind, are four pictures a year. Mr. Muni keeps the public and even the most hard-boiled critics in rapture with each picture. I insist it is because he is smart enough to know that, alas, familiarity breeds contempt; at least, it breeds a disinclination to "walk a mile for a Muni."

We are all waiting breathlessly for "Juarez" because, while we vividly remember "Zola," it is almost two years since we have seen the distinguished Mr. Muni's map on the screen.

AMOS ILK,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAGNEY AND THE CRITICS

MAY I register a protest against the film, "Angels With Dirty Faces?" Although the idea behind the film was quite evidently to point out the lesson that "crime doesn't pay" it failed in this purpose and instead accomplished quite the opposite—it glorified the criminal. The weak-kneed priest never for a moment tempted the sympathy of the audience. By the way, Pat O'Brien looks beautiful in those clothes, but he underplayed his part. Saps were made out of the officers of the law. The boys were so tough that in real life their gang would have been broken up years before the story opened—and don't you think the cops would have been wise to that old hide-out?

Human nature is a mixture of good and evil—with plenty of reason for it to go mostly evil, but please remember that the majority of people are law-abiding and fairly trustworthy and anxious to be normally true to their principles. The ending of the film, making the criminal "go yellow" for the sake of impressing the boys, provided a phony climax to a very doubtful title. Uplift—I'm asking you?

M. S. SMITH,
Omaha, Nebr.

JAMES CAGNEY in the picture, "Angels With Dirty Faces," plays the difficult rôle of a gangster who must, by the sheer power of his acting, win the sympathy of his audience. His vivid portrayal of *Rocky Sullivan* is something to remember, even to the occasional "hunching" of his shoulders. His manner of winning his audience and injecting a warm human quality into his unsympathetic rôle smacks of perfection and would have been impossible to obtain, had it been played by someone of lesser ability. By the sheer power of his acting Cagney has taken a despicable personality, softened it, given it color and when at last, for moral purposes, he dies nobly, it is to leave the audience with tear-wet eyes and a sense of regret that the picture has ended and so also has *Rocky Sullivan*!

MRS. H. J. RINGLER,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

OUR READERS TAKE OVER

THIS letter is written especially for J. D. of Salt Lake City who wrote such an untrue statement recently about Joan Crawford. Publicity is not the very breath of life to her, as you put it. Joan is always trying to please her many fans and so, naturally, her name is important enough to keep in the news. Every actress is ambitious to succeed. Naturally, they like lots of publicity. Joan Crawford is one of the finest actresses I know of. Don't you think that her separation from Franchot is her business and that we should not even stop to wonder about the matter at all, for that is her problem to figure out in her own way. How would you feel if someday Joan came up to you and said "J. D., what is it about me that you don't like?" I'm sure you would feel like the smallest mouse.

GINGER L. BAGNALL,
Morristown, N. J.

I'M glad that "J. D." of Salt Lake City has come to the defense of Franchot Tone. Surely there are thousands of fans who admire Mr. Tone for his splendid acting, his air of good breeding and his beautiful and moving voice. It has upset some of us to see the pictures of Joan and Franchot in the various magazines. In each she was looking away from him, or devoting all her attention to the family pooch, with Franchot playing a lonely third. Franchot looked as if he realized her lack of interest all too well. I'm sure he, as well as his public, is relieved that he is free.

ANN MOORE,
Albany, N. Y.

I'D like to ask "J. D." the writer of a recent letter, a question. How can you, who know nothing about the Crawford-Tone marriage except what you've read and heard, presume to say what broke it up? Be fair! I'm a Crawford fan, an ardent one, but that doesn't mean I am going to hurl a lot of silly charges at Franchot. I admire him, too, as an actor.

Who told you Joan is a flop at the box office? Don't let one person speak for the nation. I'm not being catty, but if you want to be honest with yourself you can't help knowing that her pictures have always been a bigger draw than Franchot's. Come on, wish them both luck; they're both grand people.

LAURA STECCONE,
Oakland, California.
(Continued on page 10)

"HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

JESSE JAMES

starring

**TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT**

and

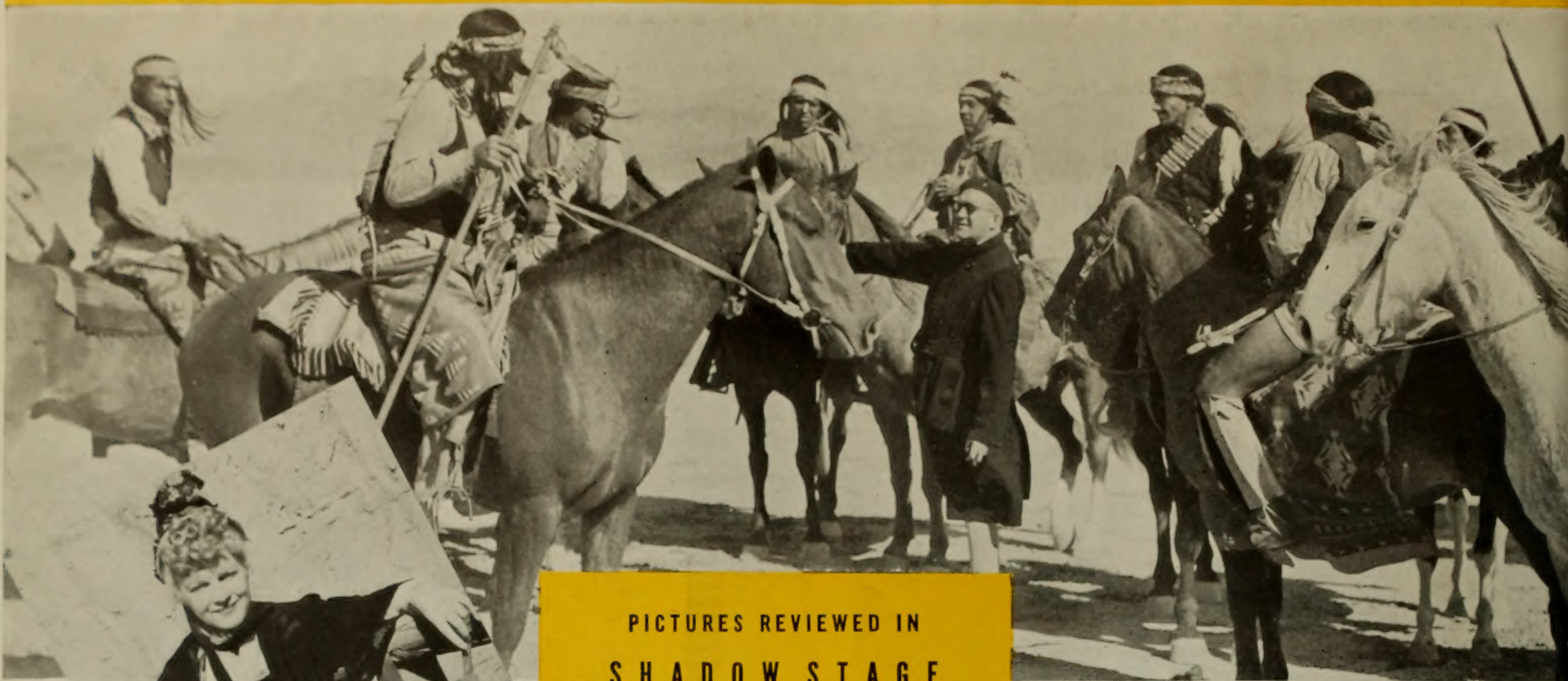
**Henry Hull • Slim Summerville
J. Edward Bromberg • Brian Donlevy
John Carradine • Donald Meek
John Russell • Jane Darwell**

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Photographed in **TECHNICOLOR**



BRIEF REVIEWS



Director John Ford (top) holds a powwow with the Indians in Wanger's "Stagecoach," the pioneer drama featuring Claire Trevor (center), in the femme lead, and young Tim Holt

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rolling. Jack Benny is the theatrical producer who tries by hook and crook to keep his troop of beauties in Paris one jump ahead of the police. Joan Bennett, Mary Boland and the Yacht Club Boys supply the fun. (Jan.)

★ BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Warners

You remember the excellent work done by John Garfield in "Four Daughters." This time he is the hard-hitting reporter who exposes venal prison conditions. Rosemary Lane is the policeman's sister who loves him, Victor Jory, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell are in the cast. Packs plenty of punch. (Feb.)

BLONDIE—Columbia

Beginning a series based on the comic strip followed by millions, this should be mildly important. Penny Singleton is Blondie; Arthur Lake, the frustrated, misunderstood husband, Dagwood; Larry Simms is Baby Dumpling; Gene Lockhart, Dagwood's boss. Be sure to take the kids—you'll all laugh. (Jan.)

★ BROTHER RAT—Warners

Made with fervor and frankness, this tale of three cadets at Virginia Military Academy departs from the usual style of campus drama. Wayne Morris, Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan have three ideas—wimmen (Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman and Jane Bryan) graduating, and winning the ball game. Everything is jake at the end. A honey. (Jan.)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney and Bill Henry, perennial college seniors, scamper around, but the plot centers about Hank Luisetti, basketball star, who proves that athletics belong in any college curriculum. (Dec.)

★ CITADEL, THE—M-G-M

Made by the M-G-M unit in England, A. J. Cronin's touching novel emerges as a powerful study of an idealistic young doctor who stews in poverty until an easy way out presents itself, is later regenerated by his best friend and his loyal wife. The sure finesse of Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell and Ralph Richardson makes it doubly important for you to see this. (Jan.)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE
OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH
WHEN REVIEWED

★ COWBOY AND THE LADY, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists

Rich girl, poor boy again, but as gay as your new hat and done in the usual Sam Goldwyn style—which glitters. Merle Oberon is a kind of cultured British Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper is in his element as the shy cowhand who marries her. Patsy Kelly is there for laughs and it all amounts to a charming interlude in your workaday life. (Feb.)

★ DAWN PATROL, THE—Warners

A stirring drama of war in the air without a female in sight, this is continuously thrilling, stunningly photographed and logical, if tragic. Errol Flynn, David Niven, Basil Rathbone, Donald Crisp and a host of others build up a gallant picture of friendship and heroism that will leave you thoughtful—and thankful that Warners remade this picture. (Feb.)

★ DOWN ON THE FARM—20th Century-Fox

Having attained the eminence of an A-rating, the Jones Family continue the attempt to catch Americana on the screen and succeed admirably. The family's diversissements on Aunt Ida's farm are enlivened by a cornhusking, an election and various country activities that should amuse you no end. (The cast is as usual.) (Dec.)

★ DRAMATIC SCHOOL—M-G-M

For those who love the theater, this is a handsome and well-done piece of education. Luise Rainer and Paulette Goddard are the budding Bernhards; Gale Sondergaard, Alan Marshal, Lana Turner, Genevieve Tobin and other troupers lend able support. Laughter and perhaps a tear—and watch Goddard! (Feb.)

DUKE OF WEST POINT, THE—Small-United Artists

Gosh, do the cadets hate Louis Hayward, fresh out of Cambridge (England)—accent, physique and all. There is the usual to-do about a widowed mother, the big game, and The Girl (Joan Fontaine). Richard Carlson does some great work. (Feb.)

EVERYBODY'S BABY—20th Century-Fox

The Jones ménage has a new member in this rollicking episode. A quack doctor proceeds to bring up the baby scientifically and the net results of this hygiene are that the new grandchild succeeds in getting the family in a heck of a mess. The cast is the same as usual and good, too. (Feb.)

FIVE OF A KIND—20th Century-Fox

One cannot help feeling that Mr. Zanuck is resting on Papa Dionne's laurels. The five little Quints toddle about, squeal and sing cunningly; the story about a faked birth of sextuplets is stupid. Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero and Jean Hersholt make up the cast. (Jan.)

★ FLIRTING WITH FATE—M-G-M

Here Joe E. Brown is the leader of a troupe of actors who tangle with Leo Carrillo's South American banditti on a trailer trip to New York. Leo has his eyes on Steffi Duna, a dancer. Joe's attempts at suicide (to get insurance) will have you in a gale of laughter. (Feb.)

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

A disappointingly heavy story of a poor sad girl (Anne Shirley) in a rich snobbish school. Nan Grey is the meanie, Noah Beery, Jr., the sympathetic plumber, Kenneth Howell the poet. Something slipped here. (Dec.)

★ GRAND ILLUSION—World Pictures

Set in the grim background of German prison camps, this French film (with English subtitles) builds a tragically honest picture of the human side of war. Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay and Eric Von Stroheim are only a few of the superb character delineations. Fascinating. (Jan.)

(Continued on page 97)

★ ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Warners

Compelling power, breathless suspense, pace and a magnificent cast make this by all odds the best crime picture since "Scarface." It is the uncompromising story of two friends—one a gangster (James Cagney), the other a priest (Pat O'Brien)—and their influence for good or evil on a gang of young toughs (The "Dead-enders"). Has to be seen to be appreciated. (Jan.)

★ ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE—Paramount

With this simple, often comic, homespun anecdote of an itinerant printer, Bob Burns' resemblance to Will Rogers becomes even more apparent. Fay Bainter is the widow whose newspaper Burns saves from politicians; Jean Parker and John Beal are heart to heart and Irving Cobb is immense as the village constable. Family fare. (Dec.)

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD—Paramount

The 1938 edition of this yearly feature has a multitude of gags, a cast in top performing condition and enough story to keep things

★ **BETTE DAVIS** *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*



★
★
BETTE DAVIS in 'DARK VICTORY'
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by **EDMUND GOULDING**
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play
by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram
Bloch • Music by Max Steiner • A First National
Picture • Presented by **WARNER BROS.**

★ **DARK VICTORY** Never a story of love so exquisite!...She smiled
at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning
when her heart's happy dancing was ended



And...
Wear Dresses
SIZES SMALLER

THAT is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we want to send you a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear ... it won't cost you a penny!



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"Three Smart Girls Grow Up"—Nan Grey, Deanna Durbin and Helen Parrish—and they've grown up wisely and well. If you follow their advice you'll find that beauty insurance pays dividends in freshness and charm

PHOTOPLAY'S

own
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—And Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are smart enough to realize that now, while they are still in their teens, is the time to lay the foundation for beauty in their later years.

These girls possess the natural, radiant beauty which youth alone gives. We all know that there's no substitute for the fresh, glowing skin, clear eyes, the grace and vibrant buoyant spirit which is the special gift of youth; but we do know that it's never too soon to start protecting these vital gifts to beauty.

At sixteen, your skin doesn't need waking up and the contour of your face and throat doesn't require a muscle tightener. A good night's rest wipes out every bit of fatigue. But at twenty-five and thirty, fatigue lines and those faint wrinkles that come after days of hard work and carelessness in beauty care

take a good deal of coaxing, soothing treatment to obliterate. Beauty insurance starts at sixteen, so that it will still be yours at thirty.

I watched the three girls play a scene on the set of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" at Universal and noticed that even before the cameras they wore very little make-up. Naturalness was the keynote of their beauty and healthy gaiety. It's a smart young girl who knows that being natural is her best bet at all times.

"I don't use any make-up at all off screen," Deanna told me seriously, "not even nail polish. There's plenty of time for that when I'm older."

Nan Grey, being the oldest of the three, wears only the lightest brushing of lipstick, but she uses very good judgment in applying it so that it gives just a soft touch of color instead of a heavy smear.

Deanna's light-brown hair had lovely

chestnut high lights. She told me that she very faithfully brushed her hair fifty strokes in the morning and fifty more at night with a good stiff brush. "It seems like a lot of trouble sometimes when I'm tired, but it's like any other habit you get into—it gets to be a part of your routine and no matter how much you may feel like skipping it, you keep right ahead doing it. Which is a good thing."

It's extremely important for you, too, to get yourself into the habit of brushing your hair every day and into the right habits of exercise and living and thinking, so they'll stay with you all the days of your life.

The hairdress Deanna wears is very simple—her hair is softly curled and fluffed out at the neck and behind the ears. Two or three little curls are pulled out at each temple to frame the face. Very simple and natural and much more becoming than an elaborate coiffure.

LIKE Helen and Nan and all other smart young girls, Deanna knows that her health is important and follows the simplest exercise and diet rules to keep healthy.

"I love to swim," she told me between scenes, "and I walk a great deal when I'm not working. And I'm crazy about bicycle riding, too."

"Mother has one unfailing rule for me, though, and she insists that I adhere to it strictly, no matter how busy I am. I have to rest for at least an hour every day, preferably in the late afternoon, whether I'm working or not."

The value of that daily hour's rest can't be overemphasized, either for a movie star or for any other young girl. The habit of rest and relaxation formed at sixteen lays the foundation for poise and calm nerves at twenty-five or thirty—the basis of all beauty, charm and good health.

"Let's have lunch," said Nan, "I'm starved. We all are." All three have very healthy appetites, but choose their food carefully and with a view to its proper value. Deanna adores carrots and said she ate them at almost every meal. Helen favors vegetable soup and Nan makes no secret of the fact that creamed spinach is one of her favorite stand-bys. With a lamb chop or a small steak, topped off by a fresh strawberry sundae, they lunched sanely and well. No wonder their skins are satin smooth at an age when so many girls are having skin difficulties because of unwise indulgence in sweets or heavy foods.

It's easy, simple beauty insurance. Start it early and you will enjoy it late. You can be just as smart as they are and collect the same dividends—beauty, freshness, charm.

MORE YOUTH AND BEAUTY—I was so impressed by the sane beauty rules of the Three Smart Girls that when I ran into seventeen-year-old Nancy Kelly at Twentieth Century-Fox the next day, I launched into the same discussion of preserving your beauty while you still had it to preserve. Nancy plays Tyrone Power's wife in "Jesse James" and she, too, has definite ideas about keeping youthful freshness.

"It's a tendency at seventeen, I think," she said, after due consideration, "to be careless of posture. It's so easy to slouch and lounge too much. Right now I'm slender enough, so it doesn't matter, but it might be a different story five years from now."

"Because I think correct posture is one of the most important considerations in a woman's appearance, not only as to figure but effects on health as well, I've made a noble resolve to get the habit of keeping my tummy 'tucked in.' The fact that it's practically non-existent now ought to encourage me to keep it that way."

JEAN ROGERS listened attentively to Nancy's wise word, nodded her head in complete agreement and added her contribution. "I believe that a limited beauty routine faithfully followed is the best way to keep beauty for life. It's certainly better than following some complicated regime for a few months and then getting bored with it and letting your grooming go haphazardly for a while."

Skin, hair and figure are all important, Jean said earnestly, and the thing to do is to figure out your minimum individual requirements and then let nothing entice you from your beauty

path. "I wash my face thoroughly with a mild soap and give it several rinsings with iced water before going to bed. I do this no matter how late it is or how tired I am. Going to bed with powder and the day's accumulation of dust may not make a perceptible difference the following day, especially in your teens, but it's so easy to get that good habit of cleansing your skin thoroughly."

YEARS of early care are essential to preserve the beauty and health of the average busy woman, since a girl's later years are usually very exacting and hectic, what with rushing off to the office, putting in a hard day's work and rushing home again to get ready for the evening's date.

It's not too soon to start in the good work of preservation in your very early teens. You wash your face, of course, morning and night with a good soap and thoroughly rinse it afterwards. Applying a light conditioning cream several times a week will help preserve the youthful freshness of the skin.

It's too soon for you to start using make-up, except perhaps a faint touch when you start your first evening parties. Thorough cleansing is the most important factor, along with a correct diet, to prevent the skin blemishes which sometimes trouble a young girl.

From the ages of sixteen to twenty, a more studied routine is important. Cleansing cream is necessary morning and night and afterwards your skin should be washed well with soap and water to remove all traces of the cream. After you have rinsed your face with warm water, follow it up with cold. A skin stimulant or tonic is advisable if your skin shows a tendency to oiliness. A light foundation should be used, but

your make-up should be applied very delicately and imperceptibly.

Always use clean powder puffs to pat on your powder or take cotton pads so you can discard them afterwards. If you're using rouge, blend it carefully so it won't be noticeably artificial and wield your lipstick with a light hand. A little mascara and eye shadow will enhance your appearance for evening parties, but be discreet in the use of this, too.

Remember that the keynote of your make-up and of your whole personality should be naturalness—no posing or artificiality of any kind should be superimposed upon the natural charm of youth. Remember, too, that in everything you do you're building towards years to come, so be sure that that foundation is carefully thought out and rigidly followed and you'll reap the benefit of all your care in the loveliness you'll carry on to later years.

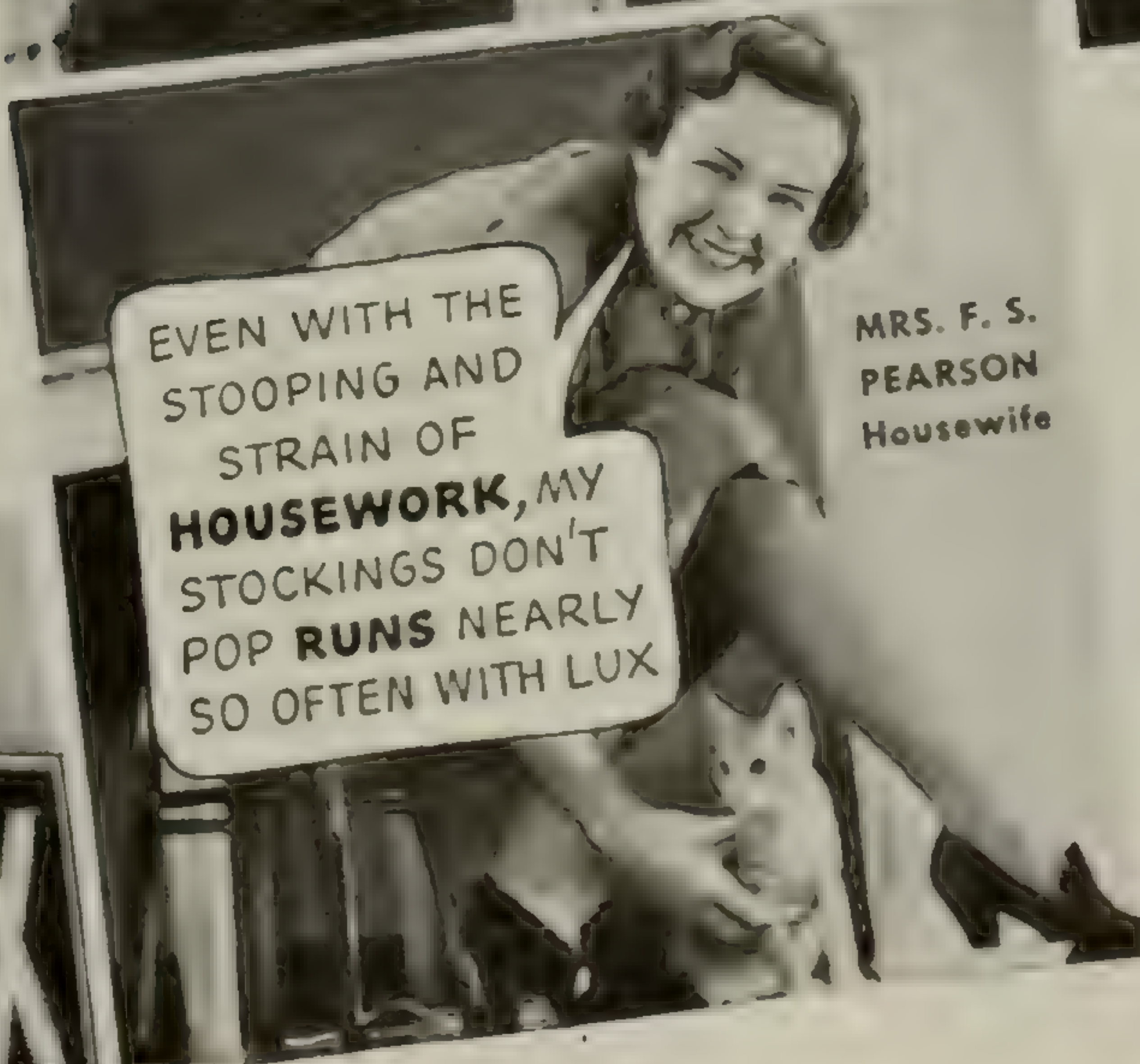
ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE BEAUTY-CONSCIOUS—To soften your skin, have your beauty operator remove your make-up and apply a layer of cream to your face while you're under the hair dryer, as they do in desert resorts like Palm Springs, so the cream will soak in and combat the effect of the hot dry air beating upon your face from the dryer . . . Paint your smart metal necklaces with colorless nail polish so they won't tarnish or stain your neck . . . To keep your long nails from ripping through the ends of your gloves, turn the gloves inside out and paste little strips of adhesive tape over the tips of the fingers . . . Smooth a touch of cream into your lids before applying your eye shadow so that it will blend easier and be more lustrous. . . .

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You'll See—KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

A CAT LIKES "BROTHER RAT"

TO up-to-the-minute movie fans this picture may be a bit stale, but to me it's as fresh as a daisy—here are the daisies.

When the characters have such audacity as those in the movie, "Brother Rat," it's catching. I am at the college age and thrill at getting new angles in letting off steam. Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris were characters that every girl and boy dreams they, too, might be during their college days. They played their parts perfectly, so that we, who can imagine ourselves playing their parts, spent a most enjoyable two hours with our treasured dreams coming true. "Zany" is the best sobriquet I know for that would-be gentleman, Johnny Davis. He's plenty of laughs. Summed up, the picture certainly had that certain yumph.

"Brother Rat" also brought back cherished memories of a most interesting visit at Virginia Military Institute.

VIRGINIA RICKETTS,
Charlotte, N. C.

MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

THE public is aware that Nelson Eddy goes to some trouble to avoid the well-known autograph hounds.

It was during the Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona that I received my first opportunity to see my favorite actor. The loud-speaker system in the grandstand, usually before the races begin, announces the presence of some of the celebrities and requests that the public respect their wishes and refrain from bothering the stars. As a result of this courtesy, the actors feel free to attend such events and the public benefits by viewing various favorites in-the-real.

With this in mind, I stood among the boxes and stared at Mr. Eddy. I debated just what to do under the circumstances, realizing that this would probably be the only occasion I might have to secure his signature. There I remained, uncomfortable and doubtful, with my race program in my hand. People began to notice me and urge me to ask Mr. Eddy, but my embarrassment increased.

Someone informed Mr. Eddy that I wanted his autograph. He remarked that he had been watching me for twenty minutes, waiting for me to get up enough nerve to ask him. With these words of encouragement and to the amusement of the crowd I stuttered out my request, which was granted. When Mr. Eddy passed me on the way out, he smiled, took my hand and said good-by, much to my happiness and satisfaction.

My experience proves beyond doubt that my favorite isn't conceited and that his reasons for refusing such requests must have been

because of possible mob violence. If approached in a reasonable manner, I am assured that Mr. Eddy and many of the other stars would feel more inclined to sign autographs.

EVELYN JOWSKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT

YOUR Cal York's comments on Garbo are becoming increasingly obnoxious. Evidently the gentleman (?) has some personal grudge and it gratifies him to exercise it in his column. Garbo's return may not interest him, but, to many of us, it is a long-awaited event. There are many pictures that I enjoy, but the only time I experience that thrill of anticipation is when a new Garbo picture is due in town. And it hasn't diminished one iota since that memorable day many years ago when I first saw "The Torrent."

MARTIN RENNER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I LIKE your magazine very much. It would be perfect except for the lack of two things. (1) A page for recipes and new ideas in entertaining. (2) Interior Decoration and the latest in furniture. Even though we can't live or entertain like the movie stars, we all enjoy reading about them. It makes them more human when we know their likes and dislikes in food, furniture, etc.

I think the photography is excellent in PHOTOPLAY, especially for the Fashion Department.

MRS. GEO. R. LUTZ,
Oaklyn, N. J.

THE FABULOUS FLYNNs

IT'S absolutely priceless the way the Errol Flynn's have preserved their marriage in the face of the thousands of rumors that have been circulated about them, while, on the other hand, a half-dozen so-called "perfect" Hollywood marriages have failed, such as the Harmon Nelsons, the Richard Arlens, etc.

On the surface there may have been some cause for doubt that this couple could survive. He, breath-takingly

handsome, addicted to the wanderlust, independent; she, vividly beautiful, sophisticated, glamorous and temperamentally unpredictable. I say on the surface, for who knows what is underneath? Certainly, I venture to say there is strength, both of mind and character.

The point seems to be that, in order to have your marriage succeed in Hollywood, have that town try to break it up via the printed and verbal route; that is, if you can take it! Three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn—and all the best wishes in the world.

ELLEN BARKDULL,
Philadelphia, Pa.



The domestic Gene Raymonds attend the showing of "Submarine Patrol," curious to see what a rival studio is doing

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?



Hurrell

Priscilla Lane in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty, or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTO-PLAY. Check up on page 78.

1. In the World War he served in the British Intelligence and has written a spy story suggested by his experiences when he worked in Belgium behind the German lines:

Donald Crisp Basil Rathbone
Edward Arnold Lewis Stone

2. The starring rôle in the remake of "Beau Geste" will go to:

Leslie Howard John Garfield
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Gary Cooper

3. This glamour girl once starred as a hockey player at the University of Washington:

Carole Lombard Myrna Loy
Dolores Costello Ann Sothorn

4. In his return to the screen shortly, this actor will play a dual rôle:

Louis Calhern Gavin Gordon
Charles Chaplin Al Jolson

5. Two of these stars are part Indian:

Gale Page Wendy Barrie
Mary Astor Ann Sheridan

6. This screen star once managed Marie Rosenbloom before the latter decided to turn actor:

George Raft Mae West
Humphrey Bogart Lynne Overman

7. In "Quaranta Kid" he sings two numbers, one in English and one in Spanish accompanying himself on the guitar:

Pat O'Brien Patric Knowles
James Cagney Randolph Scott

8. This actor wrote the famous song "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise":

Ralph Morgan Gene Lockhart
Eddie Albert Gene Autry

9. This dramatic actress once had a job as a movie theater usher:

Barbara Stanwyck Claire Trevor
Fay Bainter Frances Farmer

10. The National Speech Teachers' Association of Southern California awarded this actress a plaque for having the most beautiful speaking voice in Hollywood:

Irene Dunne Claudette Colbert
Loretta Young Joan Crawford

11. For his rôle in "Broadway Cavalier" he had to learn how to milk a cow:

Tony Martin Wayne Morris
Robert Taylor Fred MacMurray

12. This actor's fan mail has shown the biggest advance of any Hollywood star during 1938:

Charles Boyer Tyrone Power
Robert Donat Mickey Rooney

13. He is one of Hollywood's most rabid camera fiends:

Don Ameche Clark Gable
Henry Fonda George Brent

14. In "Plane No. 4" this actor will return to the screen:

Wallace Ford John Mack Brown
Richard Barthelmess Charlie Farrell

15. Not Lewis Stone, but another actor, played the Judge in the first picture of M-G-M's Judge Hardy series:

Warner Baxter Lionel Barrymore
Adolphe Menjou Edward Ellis
Walter Connolly Edward Arnold

16. Of these so-called "Screen Newcomers" one played in a number of films when a youngster:

John Garfield Nancy Kelly
Priscilla Lane Eddie Albert
Jeffrey Lynn Louise Campbell

17. According to an exhibitors' poll "Box-Office Queen" for the fourth successive year is blonde star:

Carole Lombard Jean Arthur
Joan Bennett Madeleine Carroll
Shirley Temple Bette Davis

18. Of these movie "heart throbs" only one is an eligible bachelor:

Melvyn Douglas Joel McCrea
Robert Donat Ronald Colman
John Garfield Richard Greene

19. A member of a famous family, has recently joined United Artists to work for Sam Goldwyn:

Alfred Vanderbilt Patricia Ziegfeld
Diana Barrymore Blythe
John Jacob Astor James Roosevelt

20. She was among the first star to work with B. H. Lipton for magazine picture captions:

Alice Faye Joan Crawford
Maureen O'Sullivan Bette Davis
Virginia Bruce Norma Shearer

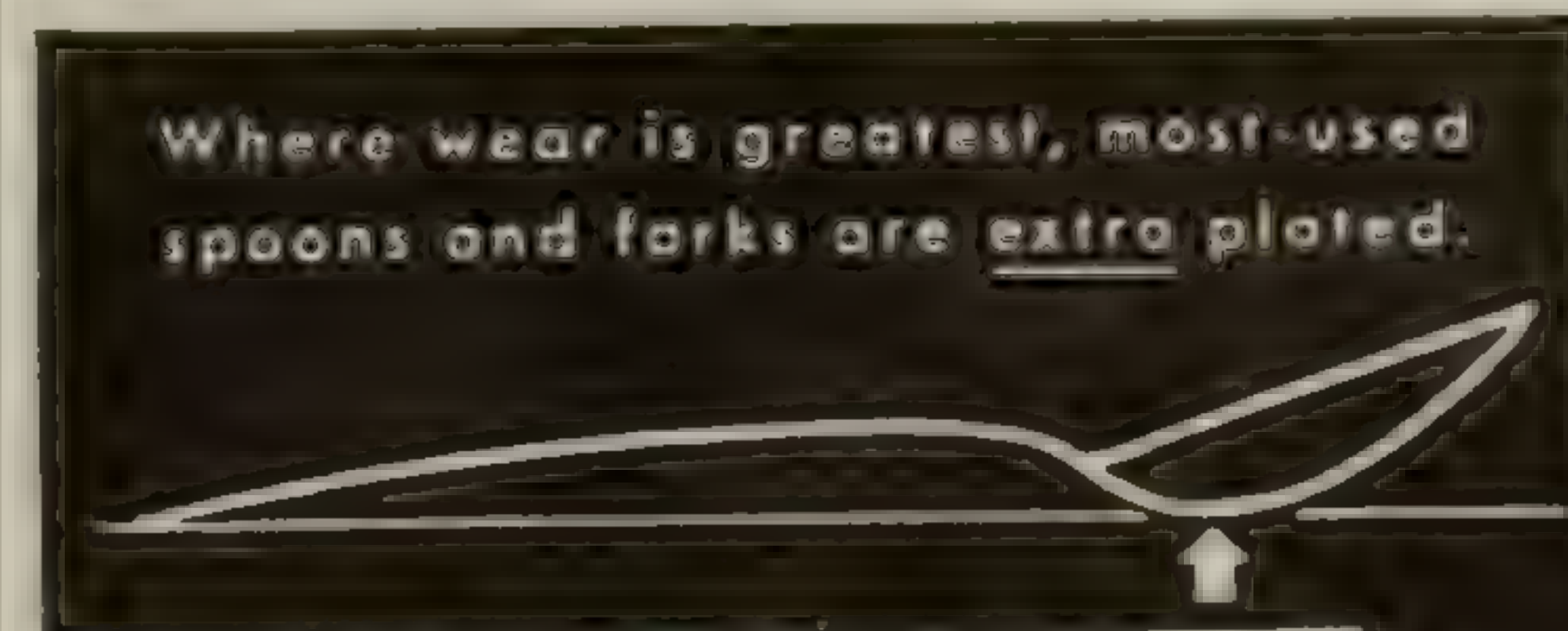


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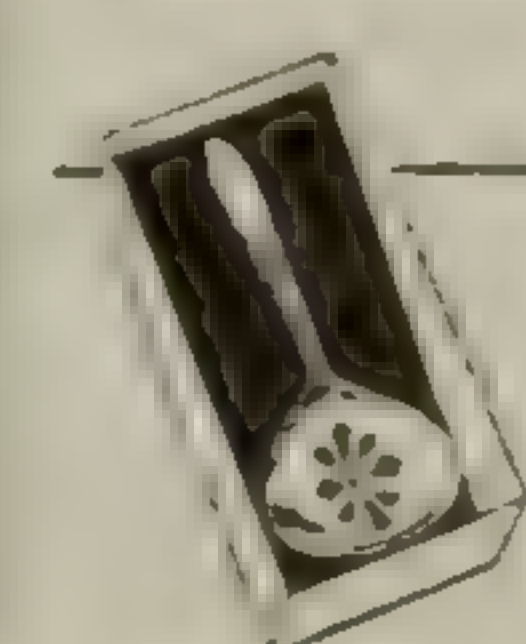


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Enclosed is 20¢ for genuine King Edward Nut and Bonbon Server (see page 77a)

NAME.....

A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

HERE'S some technical advice from Hollywood experts on how to make better home movies. Ernest Haller, ace cameraman at Warners', tells us that one of the most noticeable flaws in home movies is the lighting.

The most common error in lighting is the failure to provide at least one "hard" source of light in shooting interior scenes. Ordinary bright incandescents and photofloods usually have frosted bulbs which give off a slightly diffused light. This "fuzzy" light, while excellent for the soft side of the picture, fails to throw the sharp-edged, distinct shadows which are so necessary in giving depth to the scene. It is imperative for good results to use at least one "hard" spotlight. Haller uses three spots and four floodlights in shooting his home movies in color, but the amateur using black and white film will not need this amount.

Most effective way to use "hard" light is to place the spot at the three-quarter position, behind and slightly to one side of the camera. One or more photofloods can then be used to give roundness to the soft side of the subject; with one or more additional photofloods to light up the background and give the scene depth. For unusual effects, the spots can be used to illuminate the subject from directly above or below; and for high-lighting profile shots a spot can be directed from above or behind the subject. The utility of spots can be greatly

MOVIES in your home



increased by the use of adjustable shields to cut out undesirable portions of light. In shooting exterior scenes the same general rules should be followed, using the sun for the hard light and reflectors or cardboard or metal for the soft illumination. The best time for shooting exteriors is mid-morning or mid-afternoon.

From producer Mervyn LeRoy on the M-G-M lot comes solid advice on how to make the people in your home movies film most realistically. The easiest way to do this, according to producer LeRoy, is to give your people "natural" things to do—things they do in everyday life. Particularly should this method be used with children. Never make little Bobbie do anything that doesn't seem logical or easy to him. Another important thing is continuity. The action must be clearly understood by the audience.

THIS month's 16 mm. releases are many. Pathegram has a one reeler of the Dionne Quints called "A Day At Home," the only 16 mm. film of the Dionnes on the market. This company also has a new film of the geyser at Yellowstone called "Old Faithful."

Castle, the leader in 16 mm. output, has a breath-taking short—"Snow Thrills"—of skiing, skating, tobogganing. Castle's "News Parade Of 1938" is always its biggest and best picture. It covers every big event that happened in 1938. Also, with the World's Fair coming up in New York, you'll scoop your neighbors by showing them Castle's "Preview Of World's Fair." For those interested in big-game hunting, Castle's latest is "Camera Thrills In Wildest Africa" and for lovers of milder thrills, a fine film called "Hawaii."

GARRISON films are releasing for the home the seldom-seen foreign pictures of the last two years. Paul Strand's Mexican film, "The Wave," Rene Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Hemingway's "The Spanish Earth." Also "Maedchen In Uniform" and "The Life and Loves of Beethoven." All these films can be rented at an amazingly low rate and a substantial cut in price will be made if you rent six films at one time.

Garrison also has several Bob Benchley shorts, very excellent at \$1.50 per reel. But we think their high-light picture is one called "Death's Day," a film made from the beautiful "left over" shots from Sergei Eisenstein's, "Thunder Over Mexico."

Eastman Kodak, Gutlohn, Bell and Howell and Film Exchange have added to their tremendous stock of 16 mm. film this month. Eastman, as you know, adds new Disney shorts each month. Film Exchange has an unending supply of new comedies and short travel and dance subjects.

As for new equipment, from Universal Camera Corp. comes the announcement of a new low-priced 8 mm. camera series to be known as the World's Fair Cine 8 Cameras. Features of the new cameras will include a new type optical finder, a quick closing cover, which halves loading time, a new type governor to insure a long run of film at uniform speed . . . General Electric exposure meters are now supplied with improved rapid calibration scales. . . .

A new 1000-watt lamp, enabling 16 mm. projectors to throw a larger picture on the screen, will also soon be placed on the market by G. E. . . .

A single-legged tripod is now out. You can get it from the Whitehall Specialty company in Chicago. Increasing the ease of splicing, a new fountain pen Film Emulsion remover is now available.

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MY BREATH 'TILL
I SEE YOU
AGAIN!"



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CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

WELL, by gosh, there is at last something in Hollywood that I don't understand . . . here I thought I was the wonder girl, knowing all, comprehending all . . . but now I am stumped. . . .

What's got me all mixed up is the way Twentieth Century-Fox is casting the most precious star on the screen . . . the darling of the whole world . . . the most unspoiled personality in pictures . . . Miss Shirley Temple. . . .

The sheer accident of one personality and one studio getting together fascinates me, anyway, as it relates to a star's eventual success or failure in Hollywood . . . for instance, nobody was deadlier than Spencer Tracy before Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him . . . not that Metro always understands its people either . . . Hedy Lamarr had to go to Wanger's to get her chance . . . Twentieth Century-Fox has done a most magnificent job of handling and developing Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie, Alice Faye and Don Ameche . . . but what has happened to that studio and Shirley? . . . Usually so smart, how have they become so mixed up in the handling of their greatest little star?

Admittedly, Shirley Temple today isn't an easy problem of casting . . . she is getting into the awkward age . . . somehow or other a scene where she can do a tap dance or sing must be worked into all her scripts . . . but is it any harder to create such situations in a plausible way for Shirley than it is to work singing scenes into Deanna Durbin's pictures or skating routines into Sonja Henie's?

The appeal of Deanna Durbin is that we have been permitted to see her grow up . . . progressed with her, by way of pictures, through lots of growing girl problems . . . we have enjoyed the same kind of amusing-by-proxy experience with *Andy Hardy* . . . *Andy* buying his first tux down in Washington was as thrilling to us as to *Andy* . . . watching *Andy* take it from Virginia Weidler couldn't have been more fun to us if we had slapped his ears down ourselves . . . Deanna gets the benefit of leading men like Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas . . . strong casts . . . real productions . . . but what of Shirley?

Here is my idea . . . we want her shown to us in such a real and human way that if we are old enough we can think of her as our own child and if we are young enough regard her as our friend . . . there must be human, natural, childish things for her to do . . . lovely modern child's stories for her to bring to us on the screen. . . .

Shirley is a rich little girl now, to be sure, and an extraordinarily gifted one . . . to get a story that is really like her takes a lot of doing . . . but suppose Twentieth Century gave her the problems of a rich child . . . she could still have tears and tempers and loves . . . think of young Gloria Vanderbilt, for example, routed around between her mother and her aunt, having to read her mother's court battles in the daily press . . . that kind of a story might be worked out for Shirley . . . even young heiresses cry when they lose their dogs, or get dragged into divorce proceedings between their parents, or get sent to the wrong school . . . it seems to me there are so many things that Shirley could do, and beautifully . . . but there is danger if she is kept in that vaudeville-dancing-radio background much longer, a world which so few children that any of us ever know inhabit . . . that would be a tragedy. . . .

One exciting thing that has been happening in the movies lately . . . and very charming and about time it is, too . . . is that a few groups of pictures are giving us the continuity of serials



What's happening to Shirley Temple, Hollywood's greatest box-office star? She's reaching the awkward age, causing casting problems. Miss Waterbury makes some interesting suggestions on what might be done about Temple films of the future

BY RUTH WATERBURY

or comic strips . . . Deanna Durbin may bear different names in the different stories she appears in but her producers have so completely wrapped those stories about her private personality that the central character is always just Deanna . . . the *Hardys* and to some lesser extent the *Jones* family grow before our eyes . . . we wish the *Jones* would grow a bit more . . . while love and other things are happening to *Andy Hardy* not a thing happens to *Jack Jones*, that is, in terms of maturity . . . personally I wish it could be worked out so that there would be a certain day or a certain month, say the fifth of March and then the fifth of June, that you could set down in your date book as the night the *Jones* or the *Hardys* would be at your neighborhood theater. . . .

Those families have become so much friends of mine that I should like to know just when I could see them. . . .

And while I'm on that subject another hope-

ful sign seems to me the fact that Hollywood is now recognizing the seasons . . . this year there were definite Christmas pictures . . . only two, I will admit, but at least a step in the right direction . . . "The Christmas Carol" and the re-issue of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" . . . but up until now the only season that Hollywood has admitted existed (I suppose because there aren't any four seasons in cinemaland) has been the football season . . . the brilliant Zanuck has now come forth with "Kentucky," a horse epic . . . I don't mean a Western . . . to time with the racing season (Hollywood knows about that, too, what with its love of the Santa Anita and the Hollywood tracks) . . . but I don't see why we shouldn't have special Easter pictures and some fine story about Thanksgiving, though nothing about the Pilgrims and New England if I get my way about it, and all the other simple holidays that we average people celebrate with such fun, but which the movie producers seem to forget exist . . . I think if the studios would get this much closer to us and our interests they wouldn't find us staying home so often of nights to listen to the radio. . . .

I wonder if anyone but me has noticed that it seems to be an exclusive Hollywood fashion custom for the couples who go about together to dress alike . . . Taylor and Stanwyck patronize the same tailor and have their coats and riding outfits cut to identical lines . . . so did Crawford and Tone . . . so do Gable and Lombard . . . almost every girl in Hollywood goes in for plain, masculine shirts, either of plain

(Continued on page 86)



"Sure I'm a gutter Girl..."

"Born in this old tenement. Raised on this dirty street. Me and my kid brother, just a couple of what you rich guys call gutter rats. But my heart's all right. It's clean and it's honest and it's true. Maybe I don't know big words and fancy stuff, but I know enough plain ones to tell him what I think of him, this polo playing good-for-nothing with all his soft talk and smooth ways and his heart all eaten up with the shame of what he and his millions have done to us... the one third of a nation he wouldn't dirty his gloves to touch..."



Strong words, brave words and yet she loves this polo playing multi-millionaire—and he loves her—and their love story is drama as real, as human as the story of this girl's home—the New York slum, which bred the "Dead End Kids", the brutal background of "Street Scene".

Harold Orlob presents

SYLVIA SIDNEY

**"...one third
of a nation"**

with **LEIF ERIKSON**

Directed by **DUDLEY MURPHY** • Screen Play by
Oliver H. P. Garrett • **A PARAMOUNT RELEASE**



The "East Side Gang", the toughest bunch of kids ever to brawl their way into your heart—

Spring Magic **FOR YOUR FROCKS** **... YOUR SUIT ... YOUR UNTRIMMED COAT**

Prescribed by Paris, okayed by New York, worn with enthusiasm by smart Hollywood, fine silver fox enlivens both spring's day and evening costumes. To be sure that yours is truly fine silver fox, look for the **FEDERAL** name, stamped on the leather side of each pelt. It assures you of luxurious skins that are beautifully silvered, and that have lasting loveliness. At smart stores throughout the country.



F E D E R A L S I L V E R F O X E S *Hamburg, Wisconsin*

TYRONE POWER'S

Gown Story



OF HIS SOUTH AMERICAN TRIP

(For photos which he took himself, see next pages.

Revealing notes and comments by RUTH WATERBURY)

THIS whole story came about very innocently. Last summer when Tyrone Power told me, as a great secret, that he was planning to take a vacation in South America, I asked him if he would keep a diary of his trip and give it to me for Photoplay.

Tyrone kept faith, on both scores—that is, he did keep a diary and he did give it to me for Photoplay. He would do just that, because he is a swell guy who always lives up to his word. (A fairly unique combination in Hollywood, incidentally.)

However—and, kiddies, what a big, romantic “however” that one turns out to be—between the time that Ty made that promise and his return to the United States, reports on his South American journey became, for movie enthusiasts, more interesting than any other movie

story of the late winter, and hotter than a stove. The reason for this is very chic, very trim-legged and her name is—Annabella.

It seems that Annabella turned up in South America (divorced the while from her former husband, Jean Murat), just at the time Tyrone did.

Whether or not her being in Brazil when Ty was was prearranged cannot be told. Or more exactly, if you think that the only person who could tell (that is, our Mr. Power) has any intention of telling, then you might just as well go back to playing with your dolls, on account of you are too young and innocent to be reading Photoplay, anyhow. However, the Power diary given to you here is a record of those days and some of those dates, and there is such a thing as reading between the lines.

For instance, below, in plain type, you will find Tyrone's diary just as he wrote it. In between those lines, you will find some notes I have put in. My reason for interpreting Mr. Power to you is because I am quite sure you will agree with me that he has left out most of the things his tremendous public wants to know. Which, as a matter of fact, is both the sensitive and correct thing for him to do. Item one, he is too well-bred a young man to go bandying about a young lady's name in public, no matter how many questions he may be asked concerning her. Item two, he is too decent and modest a fellow to tell, for himself, how the South American throngs mobbed him at every airport; how girls in absolute clusters tagged him through hot, sunny streets so that eventually all the police had to be called to rescue him. He feels, with some justice, that if

Here's once, at least, when the word "scoop" is no exaggeration—the most engrossing, wanderlust-provoking story of the new year

Sugar Loaf Mountain, towering above Rio. All photos were taken by Tyrone—or with his camera (far right)

Shot of the Santa María volcano near Guatemala, from above clouds

he were to set down these things, particularly for publication, that he would sound too much like a conceited prig. On the other hand, he regards crowds of autograph seekers neither as nuisances nor as something his due, but rather as pleasant people whom he wants to be nice to in return for their liking him.

Take, for instance, the very first entry in Ty's diary. He writes:

Tuesday

WE took off from Burbank Airport prepared for a seven-week vacation trip to South and Central America. Bill is going with me and he reports that our passports, tickets, luggage and cameras (we are taking three) are all safe in the plane. We've both been looking forward to this trip for so many years that I'm out of the world with excitement over our really starting.

5 A. M.: we're down in Mexicali. Bill and I step out of the plane for a cigarette and to stretch our legs. We get a shock from the cold. The airport thermometer registers 34°. What an amazing country. When we were last at this airport six months back, it was 120° in the shade, if you could find any shade.

9:30 A. M.: we're down to refuel at Hermosillo, Mexico. Some of the children who greeted us here last time reappear. They happened to hear over the radio that we were on this plane, so they came down again to wish me luck on my trip, also to see if my Spanish had improved, I suspect.

1:30 P. M.: we arrive at our first planned stop, Mazatlán. Stopped here because I was fortunate enough to secure a lease on an island a few miles off the mainland and wanted to take this opportunity to arrange for the construction of a shack, also to investigate or explore the island for a suitable building site.

Now, what Ty doesn't tell you is that Bill is Bill Gallagher, a tall, lanky chap who is his best friend, his most loyal companion and officially his secretary. He tags Ty around more faithfully than his shadow and a lot more busily. Anything that you might want to know about Monsieur Power. Bill knows—and doesn't tell.

As for that island business, Ty definitely has a yen for islands. He undoubtedly will build a house on this particular island, since he has long been dreaming about just such a residence where he can get away from telephones, radios, and people and just lie in the sun and read.

As he illustrates, by his second diary entry, that's his idea of a really fine day.

Wednesday

SPENT a glorious day fishing, swimming and climbing over every part of the island. So tired that after sundown we didn't do a thing but take a shower and go to bed.

Thursday

GOT a contractor and a carpenter out to the island and discussed the type of shack I want built. The contractor unearthed an old well near by which solves the fresh water problem. Back to Mazatlán at noon where we had lunch and boarded the plane for Mexico City.

Down at Guadalajara, Mexico, got our first taste of the type of reception that the people were to greet us with wherever we stopped. We could not imagine so many people would be on hand to greet us.

5:30 P. M.: arrived Mexico City. Mr. Pierce, in charge of the Mexican Tourist Bureau, met us at the airport and, because of the crowd, arranged a police escort to get us to our hotel.

That last entry is a prize bit of understatement and get that "us" business. There were nearly a thousand fans at each of those airports, of which 992 in each crowd were of the female sex and, if Bill got any looks, they were undoubtedly dirty ones. Not that Bill isn't a darling, and possessed of a way with the women, too, but anyone who goes anywhere with a movie star soon discovers himself becoming either invisible or hated. Maybe that's why he could give me such a graphic picture of what happened at that airport. Ty's technique at airports is to try to escape notice by walking around the tail of the ship. This didn't deceive the señoritas, however. They yelled at Ty in Spanish and in English, loud and lovingly. They begged for his autograph, his kisses, his necktie and his handkerchief. After a moment or two, he capitulated and walked over to the fence that separates actual flying fields from the outside world and, grinning at the throng, gave his autograph—and nothing else. At Mexico City, if Mr. Pierce hadn't got the police, Ty probably wouldn't have got away whole. As it was, he lost several buttons and the handkerchief. Not that it threw him off pace. Look at the scholarly reactions he went in for next day.

Friday

SPENT the morning at the Museo Nacional with archaeological, natural history, anthropological and Mexican historical sections occupying our time. Most interesting. (Editor's note: wow!)

Took off for Guatemala City at 1:30. After flying above the clouds for three hours we swooped down on a little town called Tapachula, at the Guatemalan border. This town gave us our first real sample of tropical weather. Stepping out of the plane was like walking into a steam bath. Grounded for an hour because of the fog.

It finally lifted and let us go on to Guatemala City. Mr. DesPortes, the American Ambassador, met us and took us to the Legation where we met the other members of his family and staff. After dinner they took us for a tour of the city.

It may be told now that Ty's trip which he had planned purely for pleasure actually worked itself out into being a bit of a good-will mission, not alone for his studio, but for the entire motion-picture business. Before he left Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox had arranged for him to visit the American Legations in each of the South and Central American countries he toured.

For Hollywood, as much as our own Government in Washington, has the wish to bring all the Americas closer together.

Can you fancy a better good-will ambassador to the Americas than this handsome boy with his excellent manners, his keen intelligence and his genuine love of Hollywood and all its works?

Saturday

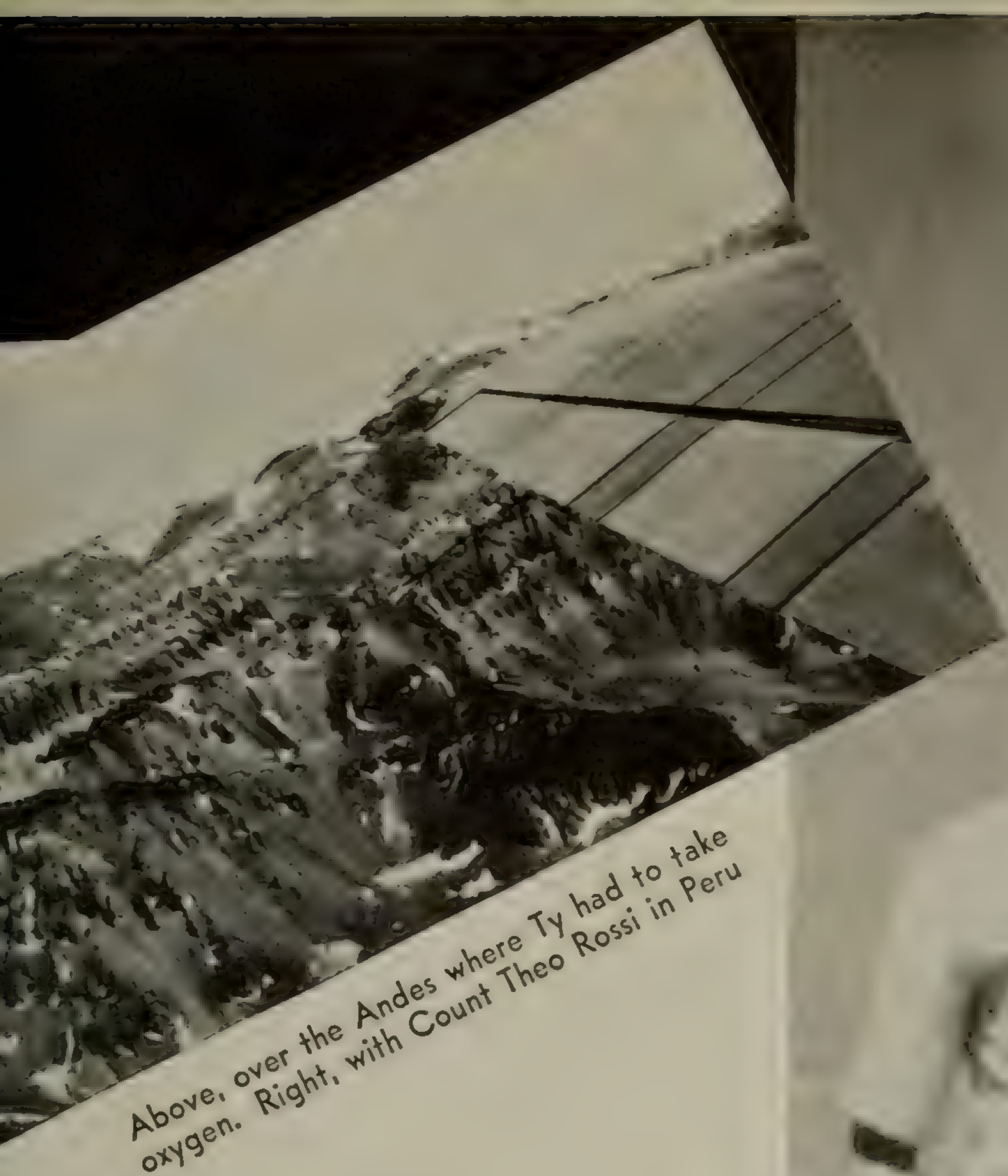
OUT of Guatemala City on a three-day tour of the surrounding country. Weird and wonderful experience.

The roads were crowded with Indians—men, women, children—all carrying tremendous burdens on their backs and heads. Our guide said the Mayan Indians often carry a load as heavy as 125 pounds on their backs for distances of as much as a hundred miles. Nice work and I hope I can't get it.

Stopped for lunch in Antigua, the former capital.

An earthquake destroyed the city in 1775, creating ruins that are terrific and beautiful.

The town is in a glorious setting anyhow, about five thousand feet above sea level, with three great volcanoes jutting up against the sky. After lunch we visited a coffee plantation. It certainly is a complicated process getting that coffee off the bush and into the breakfast nook. Thrilling drive back, over two mountains a mere 13,000 feet high, to a little village called Chichicastenango.



Above, over the Andes where Ty had to take oxygen. Right, with Count Theo Rossi in Peru



Sunday

SUNDAY and market day in Chichi. (Nobody bothers to call this place by its full name.) I purchased a Mayan coat that I'm going to use as a smoking jacket when I get home.

We visited one of the churches, too. The Indians have adapted their own gods to their adopted faith and it isn't unusual to see a statue of the Blessed Virgin dressed up in Indian garments and sometimes carrying a mirror in her hands.

Visited the old Mayan ruins in the afternoon and were fortunate enough to see an Indian tribal dance. Grand stuff.

Ty discovered in Chichi that Indians aren't movie fans. Not one of them recognized him, so he went around unmolested. He won't admit what a great relief this was—but Bill admits it—and soulfully.

Monday

STARTED back to Guatemala City, driving over a road that had been cut through solid rock to a town called Solola on the shores of Laka Amatitlan. After lunch we continued to Guatemala City where I made an appearance at the local Fox theater. Spent the evening as a guest of the American Legation. Tonight ends the first week of my vacation, the most exciting I've ever spent.

Tuesday

LEFT at 8:30 A. M. for Cristobal, coming down at San Salvador, Tegucigalpa, Honduras and Managua, Nicaragua en route. Because of bad weather missed the scheduled stop at San José, Costa Rica, and had to make an emergency landing at David, Panama.

Pouring rain. Into Cristobal, finally, met the local press and had dinner at the Strangers Club.

After dinner drove over to the Canal and saw the locks.

Wednesday

LEFT at 9:00 A. M. for Guayaquil, Ecuador. Met Count Theo Rossi on the same plane. He's the Italian speedboat king and a grand fellow. He's headed for Rio, too, which is good news. Came down at Cali, Columbia, just before crossing the equator and the citizens turned up at

(Continued on page 81)



Botofago Bay, from Corcovado Mountain



The harbor of Valparaíso, Chile—a picture Tyrone took from a café on the edge of the shore



1. Joan Crawford's bridal gown is wrong on either of two counts

2. Joan's hostess was at fault here, says Mrs. Post

3. Connie should have told a white

EMILY POST

TELLS WHAT

Movie Manners



Emily Post, arbiter of good taste

From our foremost authority on etiquette—a fascinating analysis of Hollywood's social blunders

BY NANETTE KUTNER

ARE movie manners mostly wrong? I never thought so, but, after listening to Emily Post, foremost arbiter of good taste, whose blue book of "Etiquette" in 1938, its sixteenth year, has sold over eighty thousand copies, I have definitely changed my mind.

Because Hollywood has become, more and more, the model which America uses as the pattern for its own behavior, PHOTOPLAY persuaded Mrs. Post to give us a few much-needed pointers, by explaining how Hollywood and its pictures err in the matter of good manners.

Mrs. Post rightly feels that, during the past ten years, motion pictures have vastly improved "In sound effects, in photography, in stories and dialogue and acting, but," she observes, "the ac-

curacy of the society shots often appears to be neglected. We see drawing rooms so ridiculously large they can only be likened to the Grand Central Terminal. We hear conversation that no one to the 'manor' born would dream of using."

According to Mrs. Post, the worst offense committed against good manners is that of pretentiousness. She says, "Good manners are the outward expression of an inward grace. You can't get them any other way. Probably that is why Shirley Temple, in that very first feature picture of hers, had charm that few can equal."

Sometimes the mistakes Hollywood makes are not too serious, but usually they are ludicrous, and far too often they set bad examples for millions of ardent movie-goers. So, whether or not you think that your own manners or those of Hollywood could stand some improvement, we think it will pay you to hear what Mrs. Post has to say.

"FOR example, in 'The Cowboy and the Lady,' someone talks about the 'second butler.' Evidently the dialogue writers didn't stop to think that a butler is like the captain of a ship. There can be only one captain; likewise, there can be only one butler. You can have as many footmen as you wish, but only one butler.

"Incidentally, I think the best screen butlers are those played by Eric Blore and Alan Mowbray. And, granting due respect to William Powell, whom I consider a fine actor, no persons of position could employ a mustachioed butler.

"Nor does a maid, like the one Loretta Young plays in 'Private Numbers,' wear her curls flying. She keeps her hair very short, smooth, neat. Besides, no lady's maid ever wears a cap and, unless she is obviously English, no waitress or parlor maid wears one."

Mrs. Post paused for breath and I handed her a batch of stills and candid shots chosen at random from the files of PHOTOPLAY. She studied each, in turn. These were her criticisms.

Number One was the wedding scene from "The Shining Hour." Mrs. Post said that Joan Crawford's bridal gown was wrong on either of two counts.

"If this is her first marriage she ought not to be wearing colored flowers; a maiden should be dressed in pure white. On the other hand, if this is her second marriage, the colored flowers are appropriate, but her veil is out of place. Only at her first wedding may a bride wear a veil."

Number Two, also from "The Shining Hour," shows Miss Crawford drinking tea and balancing a plate of cake upon her lap.

Says Mrs. Post, "This is not the fault of Miss Crawford. When serving afternoon tea little individual tables should be placed next to the guests to hold plates or ash trays. The hostess who expects her guest to balance things on her knees should choose her friends in the circus rather than in society! Also, Miss Crawford was certainly made to appear inordinately hungry by the huge chunk of cake wished upon her. At tea time a hostess serves only the daintiest of sandwiches and cakes."

Mrs. Post considers Constance Bennett one of the best-dressed women on the screen.



13. Another reprehensible Hollywood custom



4. Mrs. Zanuck commits a faux pas



5. A social pariah—that stick



6. Either Alan Mowbray or Roland Young is wrong here

ONG WITH

"When she plays an actress she looks like an actress and when she plays a lady, she looks the part. But," emphasized Mrs. Post, "rather than seem as bored as she appears in Picture Number Three (see illustration), Miss Bennett would be far less rude if she composed a white lie and told her partner that she couldn't dance because she'd hurt her neck!"

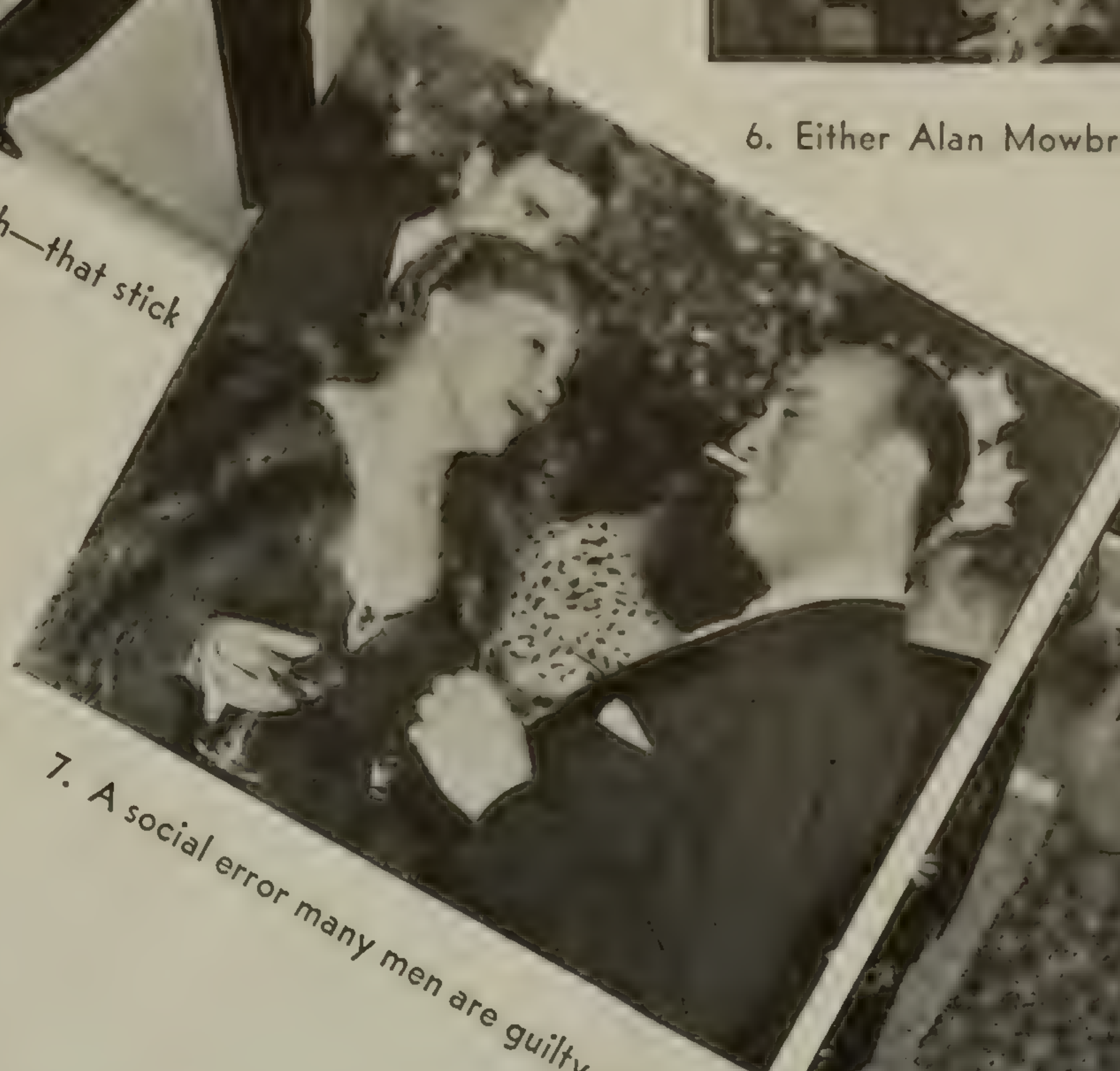
Number Four was a candid shot of Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck going to a preview. The spectators are dressed for midsummer weather and so is Mr. Zanuck; but Mrs. Zanuck, in contrast to her light dress and open-toed sandals (which, Mrs. Post claims, are only suitable at a beach) is wearing a heavy white fox cape.

"If the weather is hot," Mrs. Post said, "heavy furs lose their beauty because of their distressing unsuitability."

"Vulgar clothes are always those that are too elaborate for the occasion. I am told that at a California tennis tournament one important star wore ermine and another, a silver fox coat, while the general display of jewels would have dimmed those in the windows of Cartier. The well-bred woman does not wear too many jewels in public places, not only because public display is considered bad taste, but it is also an unfair temptation to a potential thief."

"Riding habits, no matter whose, both on the screen and off, are always the test of tests. There is no halfway about them: they are right or they, like spelling, are completely wrong. Anything suggesting slant pockets, or eccentric cuffs or lapels, or a pinched-in waist is taboo."

(Continued on page 95)



7. A social error many men are guilty of...



8. Hat off when you kiss your mother-in-law, Gene



9. Too many women are censurable on this score



10. "Typically Hollywood"

12. Wrong for a "formal table"



11. The informality of this scene makes it okay



THERE is certainly something about Hollywood which does things to a person. But what it does to you, exactly, and why, is just as clear as consommé with the can still around it.

And it is on account of feeling kind of confused by all that has recently happened to me in the aforesaid atmosphere, that I have decided I would write the true story of it myself, instead of being rushed into giving any statement to the press. Of course, when the big news broke reporters started swarming around me like spaghetti around a spoon—you know, hard to control and practically impossible to get rid of.

"Miss La Tour, how did it happen?"

"To think of Marie La Tour having such an experience!"

"Couldn't you let me have an exclusive story? I sure used to admire you a lot in the silent days!"

The sob-sisters got in my hair pretty well, too. But the reporter who really decided me on writing this piece about myself was a little feller who didn't think I could hear him when he remarked, "Cheest! And I thought she was dead!"

The point is, I have not been dead but retired, although I admit that with some people it is hard to tell the difference; and this whole business began back on Long Island with me selling my show place. I called it a show place because if Jim, my late husband, hadn't bet both show and place on the last race he went to, why we would of built a more modest home. Well, anyways, I decided to sell it because, after Jim died, it turned out that the house was about all he had left. And here I and Betty, my granddaughter, were—rattling around in that enormous mansion all by ourselves except for eight or ten old friends from my vaudeville days who were at leisure. They were all grand people who would never of come down on me like that if they'd known I wasn't rich any more, because, you see, I and Jim used to help them out while times were good. And when times started to slip I kept the fact secret and went on helping. But at last both we and the house simply had to move. And it was then I got the idea of taking Betty out to Hollywood and trying to get her into pictures.

I had just enough money on hand to travel with, so when we got an offer for the house I decided to go right along and leave the final winding up of things to Jack Jelliff. Although the house was up to its chimneys in mortgages, there would be enough change coming to me to keep us for three months, but I had to be delicate with Jelliff about the deal, because he was an old and particularly dear friend who had been on the four-a-day until he broke a knee and couldn't hoof any more. Since then we had been giving him a little every month and I didn't want him to suspect how I stood because he really needed it.

"Jelliff," I told him in the grand manner, "I will appreciate your help about the house and leave you a power of the dotted line, to close. There will be a little dough over, which you can send on to me."

"Marie," said Jack, blinking at me with those kind dog-eyes of his, "are you sure you're going to be all right out there? I hate to see you go without a man's protection. It's a regular Judas-horned-betachment to me!" he says, which was Jelliff's strongest language.

"After all my years in pictures?" I says lightly.

"After all the years you ain't been in pictures!" he answers, troubled. "However, I suppose with your name and all your money you might get things your own way but . . . I'll miss you, Marie, and I'll do the best I can on your deal!"

"You always did make smart deals, Jelliff," I told him, which was the truth. "If you'd held hold of your money as easy as you grabbed it off, you'd be rich today!"

"As long as I've got your friendship, Marie," he says, "I'm rich."

WELL, it wasn't a week later before I was standing in a hotel window looking down on Hollywood Boulevard while Betty pulled on a demitasse hat consisting of one wild rose tugging at an elastic leash. Betty, I thought, was certainly different from other young girls, being a natural redhead and the henna rinse in it purely a matter of form. But aside from her beauty, Betty was different from the average because when a girl has been raised in a show place filled with show people, she is bound to have her rough corners rounded off smooth while young. And, though still of the age when their elders are generally objects of gentle pity, she was already wise to the fact that she did not know all the answers. And to crown everything, Betty was a wonderful, natural-born cook, which Gawd knows is a positive freak these days! What swing music is to some kids, the sound of something frying was to Betty. Indeed you might say she was kind of a Fritter-bug.

In fact, so far as I could see, Betty had about everything and she was as close to being my own baby as a grandchild can come, I having raised her by bottle and by hairbrush after my son and his wife were killed in that auto accident. While the money lasted, I'd given her everything she'd asked for and she still didn't know how our finances stood, for I had always let Betty think her father left her provided for and told her not to bother her head with sordid details. Now, when she had finished with her hat, Betty came over and put an arm around my waist.

"Hollywood!" she says looking down at the Boulevard. "It doesn't seem real! I'll bet it's changed a lot since you saw it last!"

"Well," I says, "I've been seeing it in the newsreels for the past twenty years, so it's no more of a shock to me than the New York skyline would be to a Kansas farmer. But you go on out and lap it up. Me, I'm going down to Goldmont and tell Al Goldringer what a lucky bird he is to be getting you!"

"Okay, Gram!" she says excitedly. "Do you really think he'll test me? I know you're an old friend, but still . . ."

"He was my producer on thirty pictures," I explained, "and I've always told him what he was to do!" Betty kissed me and went off, laughing.

Well, I will say that when half an hour later I set out for Goldmont I felt as confident as a confidence man who knows he has a cinch setup. To begin with, Al Goldringer and I were friends of long standing and plenty of sitting-pretty. He was the only executive left that I knew, out of the old crowd, but this single bet was, I figured, as good as it was lonesome. I knew Betty

would get her chance as soon as I asked for it, but I hadn't written in advance because old friends can usually settle things fist to fist so much better. So I sailed into Goldmont with a grand manner and found myself at a desk that looked like the Fifty-sixth Street police station. When I asked for Al, the bull behind the window hardly glanced at me, but went on scribbling notes and listening to telephones.

"Mr. Goldringer isn't with us any more!" he says. Well, this, as you can imagine, stopped me for a moment. Then I asked who was filling Al's size number twelves?

"Mr. Rossman," says the uniform.

"Not Mr. Benny Rossman!" I denied emphatically. He just nodded and let it go at that. I could see at a glance that this doorman wasn't of a helpful nature and right then I needed help on account if I had one enemy in the world it was Benny. Years ago when Benny was nothing but a Broadway manager, and mighty mean to his chorus girls, what with giving them even less pay than clothes, and rehearsing them without salary, I was one of the ladies who formed the White Kittens, a kind of B. C. of the C. I. O. and we licked him with a strike and he chased me out of his office and always held it against me for reforming him, which in a way was only natural. He swore then he would never give me work in any production of his again, and he didn't either. Even after I became a star in the stillies he kept trying to get back at me and here I stood in his lobby and he in Al's shoes and what was I to do?

Well finally I thought, as the poet says, "Time is the great healer," so even if Benny is a heel, maybe Time has marched on it, and so forth. Beside which he was the only party in town I knew to speak to, even if we weren't speaking. So I went back to Bulldog Joe behind the cage and said I would like to see Mr. Rossman and that I was Miss Marie La Tour. Well, the name was just another Smith to the doorman, but by this time I had learned that in Hollywood the younger generation don't recall much and it is only in the East that we eclipsed stars still hold our public position. Out in Hollywood they are wise to the fact that a setting star is like a setting hen—they have both laid an egg.

WELL anyways, it seemed Benny at least hadn't forgotten me, because pretty soon the gate clicked and a secretary who looked so much like Sonja Henie that I figured she must have been made in Japan showed me into Benny's office where he was shuffling a pack of telephones.

"Well, Miss La Tour!" says Benny. "What is the big idea of this visit?" I came right to the point.

"A real big idea!" says I. "For the both of us to be big enough
(Continued on page 87)

ILLUSTRATED BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

THE STORY OF A GREAT STAR'S COMEBACK

*...warmly human story
...a gallant actress who
...ned stardom for the child
...loved—only to find
...price is still heartbreak*



I grabbed the brush away from Betty. "Try how it would go like this," I says. Betty looked kind of mortified, but at a curt word from Chris she stepped out and I ran through the scene

An amusing new kind of interview in which Claudette Colbert answers questions truthfully—or pays a forfeit on each query she refuses to answer

PLAY

Truth A N

Second in a series of hilarious interviews in which stars play the old game of Truth and Consequences and answer with the absolute truth or pay a penalty devised by Photoplay. This time Katharine Hartley beards Claudette Colbert in her den and asks her some of the most impertinent questions ever put before a star. Like the good sport she is, Claudette answers fifty-three out of sixty. The other seven were too personal even for her, so she took the consequences, some of which are shown opposite

1. (Q) When did you ever keep a diary and what inspired it?
(A) On my thirteenth birthday, September 13th. I decided that as a record for posterity I would write down everything which happened to me so that after I was gone someone might write my biography. Nothing much happened, though, and I was too lazy to invent things, so I gave it up.
2. (Q) When did you ever play hooky from anything?
(A) From high school, one spring day, but I was caught and suspended for three weeks.
3. (Q) What subject as a topic of conversation usually holds the center of attention in your home?
(A) My husband's work.
4. (Q) What aggravates you most in your work?
(A) I hate buck passers and whenever one makes me the goat I get furious.
5. (Q) In what personal situation have you ever "put on an act," and did you get away with it?
(A) Once I met a producer who was looking for an English actress to play a part in his show. I pretended to be English and when he commented that my accent didn't seem very English, I explained that that was because I was from the Isle of Jersey and that people from there had only *slight* English accents because the Island was quite a distance off the coast of England. I *thought* I got away with it, but I afterwards discovered that I didn't.
6. (Q) Where do you keep "Oscar," the Academy Award statuette which you won for "It Happened One Night?"
(A) In the closet as a hat stand for my best hat.
7. (Q) Do you believe that you honestly deserved it?
(A) How do I know?

(Continued on page 75)

WITH

Consequences CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Forfeit on No. 11—draw your own picture. We didn't believe it, but really C.C.'s own handiwork



Claudette crossed us up on this one. For renegeing on Question No. 20, we asked to print a picture of her without make-up. Well, here she is—Lily Chauchoin, aged two and a half



Impertinent is Question No. 49. Rather than answer, Claudette poses for a publicity picture as Nell, the Dead-Shot



LA CONGA

by Claudette Colbert

You need a Bonga*
To dance La Conga—
Right or wronga
It makes you stronga!

(* Bonga is a Cuban native drum)

Another refusal—on Question No. 35—gives us the right to show you the most unglamorous photo taken on one of her many trips



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HAIRCUT

Modesty forbids Claudette's answering Question No. 28. Consequence—write an essay of 100 words or more and write it à la Bob Burns

A LOT of people have always said that if you're low all you need is a haircut. And I allow I think they're right. Now you take Smoky, for example. Smoky's my French poodle. He was a pretty tough hombre. He snarled an' snapped an' growled an' barked and it just seemed like as if he didn't like nobody. This was during the time that I had his hair cut so that he had poms on his tail and on his legs and I admit he did look a little bit sissy. So then what did I do—I got him a haircut! I got him a plain, good old-fashioned terrier haircut, and what happened? He became kindly, nice, well-mannered as all get-out. You might say charming. You see, before he had all those folderols taken off he was what you call a victim of a defense complex. He figured nobody liked him because he hated his haircut. When he got a real haircut he dropped the defense complex and turned out to be a right guy. As I always say there's nothing like a haircut.

C.C.

MR MUNI *At Home*



*Not a man who walks alone. Rather
a rare person who has learned the
art of living at peace with himself*

BY IDA ZEITLIN

UNTIL early last year Bella and Paul Muni lived in a ranch house out in the San Fernando Valley, and liked it. If they hadn't taken a notion to find themselves a summer shack beside the sea, they'd still be living there and would have missed paradise.

In the spring, they started hunting along the coast for a small place where they might escape the heat of the valley summer. One day, when Mrs. Muni happened not to be with them, a real-estate agent drove her husband through Palos Verdes. From below he glanced up to where a large house stood, white and solitary, on a hilltop.

"What's that?" he asked idly.

"It's been empty for several years. The owner's dead and it's going to be auctioned off soon. Like to see it?"

Muni shrugged. "What for? I'm not interested in baronial halls."

"As long as we're here, the view's worth a look."

Whether it was accident or diabolic salesmanship doesn't matter. Muni looked at the view and was lost. Next day he took his wife out. She was influenced as much by his reaction to the place as by the place itself.

"It's no summer shack," she offered tentatively. "We'll have to give up the ranch house and come here to live. It's a long drive in to the studio."

He pulled his eyes back from the far horizon. "I want it."

They put in their bid and got it. The place needed redecorating and relandscaping. Muni was making "Zola." So was Bella, for that matter.

"I'm that pesky wife," she says, "that nuisance who sits on the set, that Muni woman." She sits there by request. It's not her husband alone who likes to have her there. The studio likes it, too. Her unobtrusive presence spells comfort to them as well as to the actor. They've found they can settle a hundred minor but necessary details by applying to her.

She would take a couple of hours off at lunch time, race out to the house for a consultation with the workmen and race back. Three days after "Zola" was finished, they moved in.

Living there is like living at the heart of peace, with sea and sky and gray-green hills as your neighbors. The central hall opens on a balcony that looks down over gay terraces and turquoise pool to the ocean lapping far below. Every window frames a different aspect of nature that changes with every hour. Behind the house, the hills billow softly to a sky line whose sweep toward infinity both uplifts the heart and sets it at rest. On clear days you can see Malibu and Catalina. "On very clear days," adds Muni gravely, "you can see China."

He is eager as a child to share with visitors the enchantment of his surroundings. His enthusiasm has been known to draw guests from the dinner table to watch the glory of a sunset, while the salad wilted.

Mists veiled the sun and blotted out distance on the day I was there. Each time a watery beam struggled through, he'd lift his head hopefully. "Maybe the sun's coming out after all," he'd say, looking at his wife as if he half expected she could do something about it.

PARTLY because of the quality of his acting, partly because he shrinks from the limelight, Muni threatens to become a legend during his lifetime. People are inclined to envision him as a man who walks alone and communes with the firmament. In a way, it's a commentary on our movie industry. Standards are such that an actor who acts becomes a phenomenon, to be regarded with awe.

Muni, to use his wife's description, is a "plain



He's as eager as a child to share with visitors the enchantment of his surroundings. Here he reads and works and tramps the hills with Simon, his Airedale (upper right). As for Bella Muni (right), it's her talent that smooths the routine of daily living

guy," with a passion for doing to the farthest stretch of his capacity whatever he undertakes. If that be rare, then he's a rarity. In all other respects, he lives on a normal human plane. The image of a somber Muni would be effectively dispelled if you had seen him explain his refusal to take a drink by snapping his fingers in swingtime and caroling, "I—got—a-cid, I—got a-cid—"

It's not gaiety, but fuss and to-do and ceremony that he shuns. To be made the target of attention unnerves him.

"Some people," he says, "are lucky enough to be able to maintain their composure through fire and water; some aren't. I'm of the latter group. I'm easily distracted. An unfamiliar noise, visitors on the set—they bore through here—at the back of my head. I'm not presenting myself as a sensitive flower. I'm telling you what happens. You may say I ought to be used to audiences. But the theater's different. The audience stays out there, where it belongs. You stay on the stage, where you belong. The footlights are between you. On the set, there's no such tangible barrier. On the street, there's none at all. I don't stop to probe for psychological whys and wherefores. All I know is, I'm scared and I hide—"

Wherever possible, Mrs. Muni acts as his barrier. She has merry eyes, a warm heart and



a greater ability than his to cope with small vexations. Her talent for people smooths the routine of daily living, her sense of fun colors it. As always in the case of those few marriages made in heaven, you have only to see them together to be aware of the depth of understanding between them. There was a scene in "Pasteur" which made Mrs. Muni smile. Josephine Hutchinson, playing *Madame Pasteur*, reminds the scientist of how he proposed to her. "You said: 'There's nothing about me to attract a young girl's fancy, but those who have known me well have come to like me.'" When Muni asked Bella to marry him, he said: "I'm a very difficult person to

get along with." She still doesn't know what he was talking about.

She gave up acting to devote herself to his comfort, which remains her primary goal.

Recently Rice, their chauffeur, came to her, looking troubled. "I been rackin' my brain, Miz Muni, an' I believe you better get somebody else to drive you. Then when the boss starts workin' I can take him in an' fix his breakfast at the studio an' kind of look after him—"

"That's fine. And who's going to look after me?"

"Well, I'm doin' no more than what you're
(Continued on page 85)



Sonja Henie's

Found—a skating partner, young, handsome, as sure and swift as the ice queen herself, and the real reason she has taken up pair-skating

BY MARIAN RHEA

THE situation rather slipped up on Hollywood. Of course, the sports columns may have mentioned it; still, when we gathered in Hollywood's Polar Palace for the première of Sonja Henie's "Hollywood Ice Revue," the stars and other important people in their boxes and the rest of the crowd filling every available seat in the house, few of us suspected a thing. . . .

Not even when we noticed on our programs: "Number 15: tango, Miss Henie; music by Gade" and five significant words beneath Sonja's name: "Assisted by Mr. Stewart Reburn."

The show opened with a bang. The skaters were attractive and expert; their costumes beautiful; their performance unique and exciting. Sonja told me once that Hollywood is a "cold" audience, but on this occasion enthusiasm ran high. It was a gala night.

Smoothly, considering that this was a first performance, the program progressed—the winter fashions for 1939, two or three delightful novelties, Sonja's initial appearance—to the climax of the first part, her exquisite interpretation of Strauss' "Voices of Spring." We had also applauded three numbers of Part II before the announcer called our attention to the big news of the evening.

"Ladies and gentlemen! For the first time in her life, in the next number, Sonja Henie will skate with a partner! Allow me to present her in a pair-skating tango with Mr. Stewart Reburn of Toronto, winner of countless Canadian championships and twice a member of the Canadian Olympic Skating Team!"

The music changed to a rhythmic tapestry of singing strings and muffled drums. The spotlight focused an instant on the snow-banked performers' entrance, then carried into the center of that vast, frozen arena a thrilling spectacle—a dainty fairy in black sequins with a rose in her pale gold hair and a courtier, handsome, sure, swift, as though the blades beneath his flying feet were the wings of Mercury!

SONJA and a partner. Sonja, the greatest solo skater in the world, and a partner. That was news, indeed! For Sonja had never once skated with Jack Dunn, her program associate when she staged her first Hollywood revue. She had never skated with anyone.

But now. . . .

Onward the two of them swept, rhythmically, effortlessly, while we who watched, silenced at first by the sheer perfection of their performance, burst into applause at the youth of them, the charm of them, the grace which adorned each motion. Never were they two skaters paired. Always they were unity personified. Even when they separated, the illusion held.

And at first, when the music ceased, we wouldn't let them go. We cheered until they came back—again and again. We couldn't let them go. They were so beautiful to see; so right together.

And later, when the lights had come on and the overture for the next number was playing, the place buzzed with excitement. "Who is he—I mean, beside being Canadian champion?" "How did Sonja happen to choose him?" "Isn't he handsome?" "He'll be in the movies, next!" "I wonder if she likes him—personally, I mean." "Why is she skating with a partner after all this time?"

Sonja, herself, answered most of those questions fifteen minutes later when I sought her out, backstage, and asked her.

Backstage, incidentally, presented a strange sight, thronged as it was by the "Alice in Wonderland" participants—the Angry

NEW PRINCE CHARMING



At the première of the new Ice Revue, Sonja Henie and Stewart Reburn, young Canadian champion, held their audience by the sheer perfection of their performance; but, when the act was over, all Hollywood buzzed with excitement over these two who were so beautiful to see, so right together

Duchess, the King and Queen of Hearts and all the rest—and Sonja, instead of being shut away behind a certain door decorated with an electrically illuminated star, was watching what was going on in the arena, taking notes, giving directions—a little doll of a girl whose dimples came and went, whose abbreviated costume made her look like a child, yet a personage whose voice carried the ring of authority and whose suggestions were canny and practical.

SHE smiled when she saw me and beckoned me toward the star-adorned door. "You wanted to see me, yes?" she said, in that direct way she has. "Well, then, please come inside."

"About young Mr. Reburn . . ." I began, when we were seated in the makeshift but cosy little room.

She laughed. "I thought perhaps it was 'about young Mr. Reburn.' He is very handsome, isn't he? And he skates like a dream. . . ."

"How did you happen to decide on pair-skating after soloing for so long? And how did you happen to choose *him*? Would you like to have him in a movie with you? Where . . ." I was trying to improve my golden opportunity. I knew she would be called away soon.

Again that silvery little laugh of hers. "Maybe questions one at a time would be better," she suggested. "I decided upon pair-skating
(Continued on page 78)

HOLLYWOOD, *We are Coming*

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

ADORE breakfast in bed, it's so decadent. Unfortunately I always have to have a cold or something. When I'm married I'll have a filmy bed jacket and a butler who talks like Eric Blore to bring in the mail.

This a. m. rec'd 2 photos of my beloved Bette, a bid from Henry for ball game, and Barbara's letter. We correspond daily since pops cut my phone quota down to 3 per day our bill having been \$18.64. Barb and I have flatfootedly refused to go to camp this summer, we not believing in regimentation. We have adopted a new motto:

Hollywood, we are coming

and say it every time we sacrifice a soda for the cause. B., being in love with Herb Marshall, is on diet again. He hasn't given her any encouragement yet, though she wrote him 5 cute letters (composed by me).

To be perfectly frank with myself, it isn't much of a cold. I put the thermometer in warm water and added a couple of snuffles. Wanted to cut Eng. Lit. as Sour Puss has a mad on me and it's corny to be withered in an Eng. accent. She gave us an assignment to write a poem choosing any subject. I decided not to write about clouds or skylarks, because nowadays who cares what a skylark does in his spare time? I wrote 2 quatrains in iambic tetrapodies, closing with a rhymed couplet, just like Shakespeare:

I wish I had K. Hepburn's smile
Marlene's legs or Myrna's charms
I'd like to rest a little while
In Gary Cooper's arms.

A touch of Joan's simplicity,
A flash of Greta's fire;
If Gable once would look at me
His eyes filled with desire.

To have a week, a day, an hour of Heaven
I'd give ten years of life . . . from sixty-seven.

She gave me an F.

Barb wanted to write a sonnet but she can't write sonnets so I wrote a swelegant one for her and she gave me signatures of Spencer Tracy (fac-simile) and Claude Rains (sec'y.). We both thought it was simply terrific but she also got an F.

My soul yearneth for a banana skyscraper. Maybe Barb will have sense enough to smuggle in some solid nourishment.

Last night she saw "Jesse James" and told me the story. Tyrone Power plays some bandit or other who goes around shooting all over the place.

She says it's a great Human Document but I can afford to miss it.



The Purser said we would have to go down to Third Cabin until the money arrived. B. says that's what makes communists, having different classes



WE have solved the problem!

Hollywood, we are coming!

Olivia de Havilland is sailing Sat. for The Coast and we are going with her. Naturally, she has no idea. Must get luggage labels today. Also some luggage. . . .

S.S. President Cleveland
3rd Class (temporarily)

WE made it! Everybody was furious but us. We walked on board as if we were just ordinary fans. After getting the lay of the ship we went down to make ourselves comfortable under Olivia's bed but it was occupied by two girls and a man . . . I mean under the bed was. We asked them to move over, but they refused, some fans being hogs. Then the gang burst in so we went to another cabin opposite where there was a suitcase labeled "Mr. Humphrey Watson, Hollywood." We rolled under the berth, Barb having difficulty with her hips.

Finally Mr. W. came in and I concentrated on not sneezing. He opened his suitcase and went out again and we heard them cry "All Visitors Ashore." It was suffocating and B.'s chocolate almond bar got all crushed. Then a whistle blew and we felt the throb of the engine and the boat started moving. It was the thrillingest moment of our lives.

"There goes the sky line without us," said B. and then we both said "I hope we don't get sea

Heavenly bliss! Stowaways, bound
for the garden of their dreams—
another hilarious chapter from
the autobiography of Jane Lyons

BY LILLIAN DAY



I told Mac and Humph about the L.A.L. and the Unwritten Code. Barb, who had been with her Infant Prodigal, joined us

sick" so we made a wish. I bumped my funnybone and B. broke a shoulder strap. Then Mr. Watson came back and his ankles looked kind so we decided to throw ourselves on his mercy. We put our heads out and said "Pardon us," and he seemed surprised. His face was a cross between Laurel and Hardy so we felt sure he wouldn't make advances.

I got out first and we hauled B. out and she was all red and had to borrow a safety pin for her shoulder strap. He seemed sympathetic so we told him all. He advised us to wire home first and then inform the Purser.

There was a stunning officer in the wireless office so we took our time and we each wired for \$500, which it seemed to me any parent would rather send than have their child put in the hold of a ship with rats and galleys for 19 days on bread and bilge water. I said as much in the cable which cost \$8.

Then we went to Olivia's suite to get our suitcases which we had got on board by addressing to her. A stoutish man with one chin more than necessary barred the way. Then we went

Dear Editor: Buffalo, New York,
August 18, 1938.

Have you ever opened the pages of a magazine and discovered the story of your life? Well I did, for there in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, my favorite magazine, was "Sincerely Yours."

You see, I'm sixteen and a confirmed autograph hound. Although it is very rare for a celebrity to come to Buffalo, when one does, my best friend, who is also named Doris, and I never fail to pursue our unfortunate victim until we have his precious name in our autograph books.

Joan Crawford is my "grand passion." I try to write to her twice a week. If I keep this up I think she'll notice me. Unfortunately, my pal, Doris, adores Joan too, which makes it rather complicated. It does take a lot of time. I believe I've written several hundred letters, altogether, to the various important stars. Since I live in Buffalo, I have to carry on most of my affairs by mail. I do envy Jane and Barb (in the story) who can be fans in person.

I hope PHOTOPLAY will print more stories of this type in the future. I'm sure this one was as great a thrill to the millions of other girls who found it just like their lives, as it was to me, and in behalf of them I say three cheers and a bouquet of orchids for this great magazine.

DORIS EDWARDS,
Buffalo, New York.

A reader is amazed to find her life story (that of an "autograph hound") in Photoplay

to the Purser and told him we had fallen asleep under the berth by mistake, and he said we would have to go down to Third Cabin until the money arrived. He was adamant, also firm.

So here we are sitting on the bow, practically. It isn't nearly so nice as First, and Barb says that's what makes communists, having different classes. We are slightly depressed being stuck down here while all sorts of fascinating things are going on. B. says every time the engine heaves she feels like doing likewise, but I say every turn of the wheel brings us one step nearer our goal. That's the difference between an optimist (me) and a pessimist (Barb).

Hope the money arrives before dinner as the menu upstairs looked terrific.

Ship's Log
Second day out. A. M.
Weather: super-swell

WE now have a magnificent cabin on C deck, also our sea legs. Rented deck chairs on the Promenade Deck which looks like in pictures. The stewards wait on us as if we were of age and we are making "the most of what we yet may spend." (Omar Khayyam). Our parents huddled and cabled the Cap to give us a minimum rate Cabin in First to Havana and then send us back on the *Oriente*. We think they have acted rather small.

The story got around that we were de Havilland fans and we didn't deny it. So they snapped us under her bed and this fat man who is a Publicity Person called Mac (because his name is Mac Something) is going to let the newspapers print the pictures without charge, which is rather decent. I'd give a quarter to see Vera Bailey's face when she sees them.

We got our suitcases in time for dinner and asked the steward in the dining room if he could put us at a table with two interesting single men but he couldn't so we are at a table for six, the others being couples but not bad. After dinner went to smoking room where lots of people noticed us but no one had the courage to speak to us. We ordered crème de Menthe frappé and while we were sipping it a little page boy came with a note from Olivia inviting us to tea tomorrow! It's going to be a problem to decide which of us gets permanent possession of the note. Here comes bouillon.

Ordered Oeuf à la Coq for breakfast which turned out to be soft-boiled egg, so I pretended I had known and ate it.

Ship's Log
After lunch
Weather: dazzling
Sea: super-blue
Latitude: plenty

I SIT for hours gazing out toward the horizon, and I think and think and don't know what to think about. "Water, water, everywhere" (Ancient Mariner). I would like to meet the captain but he always seems to be at bridge, or on the bridge, or something. Last night we talked to Mr. Watson until after one. He is like that (business of fingers crossed. D'ya get what I mean?) with all the big stars and calls them by their first names to their faces. He is a promoter, which I suppose is something like a producer.

When he saw me writing he asked me what it was so I showed him parts of this chronicle and he said it showed I had talent and would make a good story for Deanna Durbin.

Whenever he passes my chair he says
(Continued on page 93)



Before Kay's station wagon drove her off the studio grounds for the last time, she cleared up any misapprehensions regarding her retirement, her age and her marriage

"I CAN'T WAIT TO BE FORGOTTEN"

KAY FRANCIS LOOKS AHEAD

BY S. R. MOOK

"I CAN'T wait to be forgotten!" Kay Francis said to me.

She was sitting in front of her dressing table, readying herself for the last shot of "Women in the Wind"—her last picture on her contract. It may be the last picture she will ever make. Yet all the resources of a big studio were being marshaled into action to keep her to the end the glamorous figure she has always been.

Today—one of the top stars of the cinema. Tomorrow—just another woman. And here was Kay, welcoming oblivion!

"I can't wait to be forgotten!" she repeated. She had said much the same thing to me sev-

eral months before. Other stars have announced their retirement and have made almost as many returns. Bing Crosby and Clark Gable both told me when their contracts were finished they would never sign another. But both of them re-signed before their pacts had even expired.

I had listened politely and unbelievably to Kay's first outburst and had rejoined carelessly, "You still have three pictures to make. If one of them should turn out to be a smash hit Warners or some other studio would offer you a new contract and you'd sign it."

"You don't know baby," Kay had laughed. "I don't say I'll never make another picture because if I should happen to be in Hollywood and some producer offered me a good part I'd jump at it. But as far as another contract or making a career of pictures any more is concerned, I'm through!"

And here she was, the last scene in her last

picture about to be shot and still sticking to her guns. One of the three pictures had been a hit, she had been offered a new contract—and she had turned it down.

"At least," I now offered, "it's nice that you're leaving at the height of your career."

Many times have you heard of Kay's booming laugh. It rang out now.

"Don't kid me, darling," she said. "A year ago, yes. But not now. The parade is passing me by—and I don't care."

She spoke without bitterness. There was nothing of the "sour grapes" quality in her voice.

I recalled another conversation I had had with Kay long, long ago. She has had the reputation of being temperamental but, if she is, her outbursts have never taken the form of making things difficult for the studio. She has played in an almost endless succession of pictures other

(Continued on page 72)



major production crisis occurred when Mr. Gable didn't do so well to hoofing. In all his years of acting, this was one that got his goat. For two weeks behind a police-guarded Gable rehearsed his song-dance act while Hollywood waited the time of its life kidding him. The worse blow of all to his sensitivity was a present from Carole Lombard—a man-ballet skirt with "C.G." elegantly engraved in embroidery. But trouper Gable, the million-dollar dare in mind, conceded his shyness and posed as a finished hooper



Norma Shearer (right, with Gable and Laura Hope Crews) was, on the other hand, the cameraman's delight, since she wore her short ballet tights with a flourish. After the Gable impasse the plot proceeds nicely: a hostful of people are stranded during a war threat and the resultant episodes, both sad and glad, lead to a most inspiring climax. It's a back seat for Broadway on this one, thinks Hollywood. All told, "Idiot's Delight" has not only a past—but a future





Wellington, as played
by C. Aubrey Smith



P. T. Barnum, personi-
fied by Wallace Beery



Florence Nightingale,
played by Kay Francis



Queen Victoria, repre-
sented by Anna Neagle



Charles Russell, de-



Badman Jesse James is
roaming the Ozarks again,
by grace of a Twentieth-
Century Fox location com-
pany and the lusty act-
ing of Ty Power...



ARE THEY THE

REPRESENTATIVE of a new trend in Hollywood are these pictures of stars and the historical characters they have portrayed on the screen. A perfectly filmed historical picture is usually considered a most spectacular feat in a studio's production cap and Hollywood, which always talks in superlatives, works in superlatives on a film of this type. Research departments, make-up men and technical advisors get into million-dollar huddles about the backgroun



Disraeli imperson-



... while Bette Davis is to bring to the Warners' screen the tragic life of Empress Carlotta in "Juarez"

TYPE ?

The cast is hand-picked, usually by a top executive himself, since the actor is the magnet that draws the money. On these two pages, we have presented pictures of historical characters and of the stars who have immortalized them in celluloid. To find out the "I.Q." of Hollywood casting experts, compare the pictures and decide whether you think the chosen stars are "the type." If, after a careful study, you're a "yes man" on scores—well, then, you belong in Hollywood

Historical photographs on this and the opposite page from Culter Service



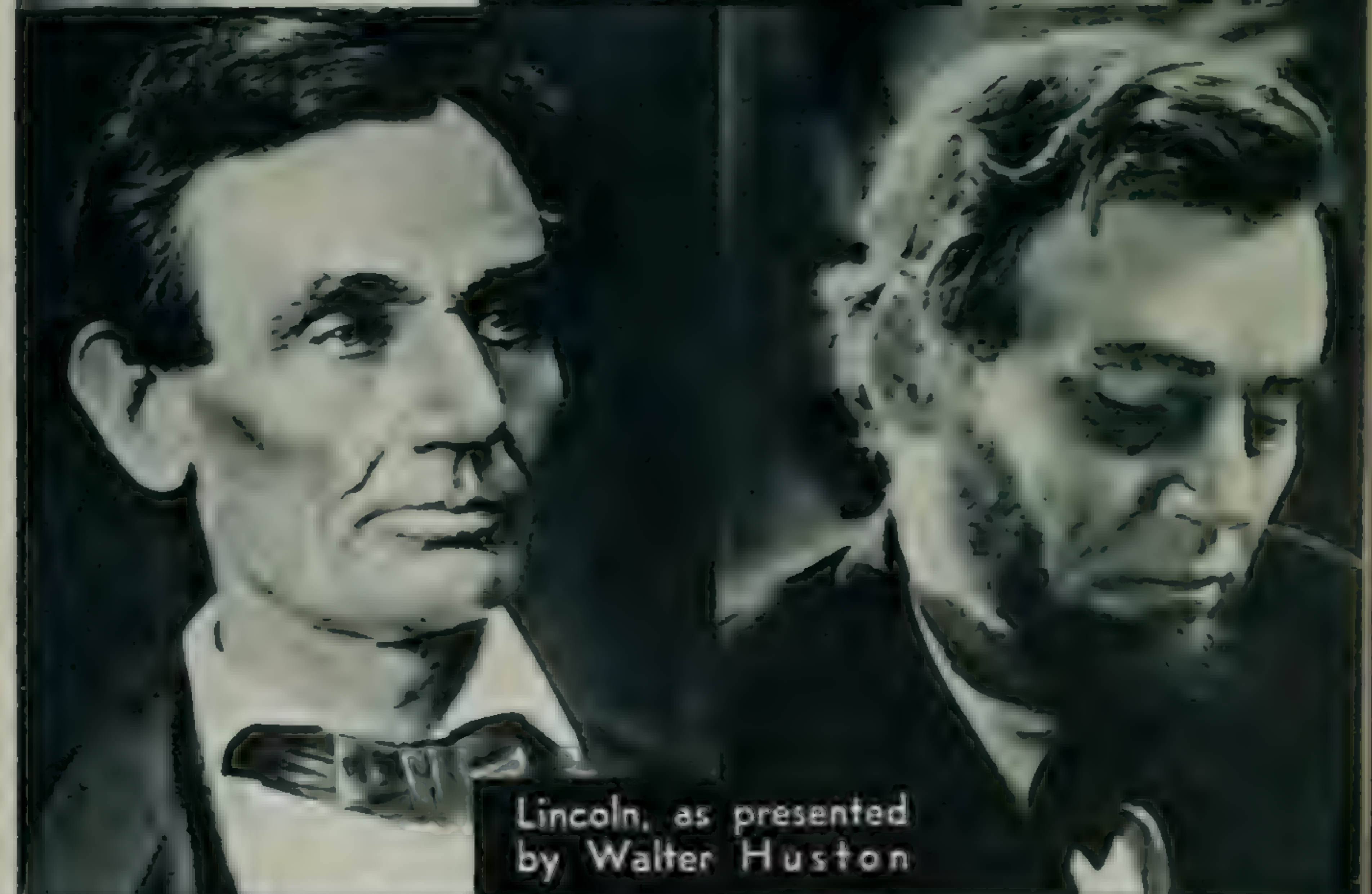
Emile Zola, immortalized by Paul Muni



Cellini, as interpreted by Fredric March



Napoleon, personified by Charles Boyer



Lincoln, as presented by Walter Huston



Empress Eugenie—the



Josie Mansfield, acted



The "tweeds and pipe" type of leading man—Joel McCrea, known to wife Frances Dee, two small sons and most of Hollywood as "a grand guy." Branding steers on his own Wild West ranch is his pastime; roping in dollars for Paramount in "Union Pacific," his present business.



Coming attraction of "Wife, Husband and Friend," currently of "Kentucky" and veteran female foil of the cinema—Loretta Young, who checks up her assets as a pair of luminous eyes, years of foolproof film experience and one of the most photogenic faces in the industry



Above is Lily Chauchoin of Paris, who always tied her own hairbows—with typical Claudette Colbert competence. Left is "Lolly" Gainer, when she was training (unconsciously) for her career as Janet Gaynor by being the star Sunday-school actress of Philadelphia. At the right is a female heartbreaker, Hedwig, daughter of banker Kiesler of Vienna—Hollywood's Hedy Lamarr





Major

MINORS

*Twinkle, twinkle, little
star—we'll bet you
don't know who they are!*



Photoplay does a "proud parent" act on its Hollywood foster children and resurrects some baby pictures of the stars. At the top in the old swimmin' hole is Franchot, son of businessman Frank J. Tone, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., a daredevil, who, oddly enough, was given to writing "soft" poetry in his off moments. Right, top, is Myrna, freckled-faced daughter of the Williams family of Helena, Mont., when her only family responsibilities were two kittens. The film duties of "Mrs. Thin Man," perfect American wife, were still far in the Loy future. Center is the grandson namesake of "Big Jim" Stewart, of Indiana, Penn., at the time when he was devouring huge bowls of oatmeal to the tune of "You don't want to look like a rail, do you?" At the right is a youngster who, contrary to his Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry, always wanted to go places fast. He accomplished it at this time by means of a hobby horse hitched to the dining-room table in his grandparents' farmhouse. He's speeding along nicely today as Clark Gable. Bottom, opposite page, is another leader of the Helena, Mont. younger set, snapped at his favorite sport—fishing in the horse trough. Beneath the Dutch bob (worn by maternal orders—it makes him blush today), he was busy plotting his career as a big-game hunter in Africa. He bagged big fame instead as Gary Cooper

FAIRHAVEN — A HITHER



"A HOBBY I had in mind ever since I was a boy," is Victor McLaglen's description of his twelve-acre estate which lies in La Canada, foothill district near Pasadena, Cal. A most unusual home and a most fascinating enterprise is PHOTOPLAY's impression of this model farm, unique even in Hollywood, where million-dollar enterprises are the custom. A pool and tennis court are necessary assets to any estate, but over and above those are these special McLaglen possessions: a menagerie of deer, kangaroos and honey bears; an aviary of 500 rare birds; a pet collection of fourteen dogs and a cat family; jumbo frogs; guinea hens; farm stock, consisting of cows, pigs, turkeys, pheasant, mallard ducks, chickens and rabbits.

The fine stock farm of thoroughbreds is unusual, since the McLaglen horses are trained for jumping rather than racing. Completing the inventory of the estate are the smoke house, curing house, vegetable gardens, fruit orchards, dairies, barbecue gardens and gymnasium. Most characteristic room of the house is the tack room, where are displayed the cups and ribbons won by Mrs. McLaglen and fifteen-year-old daughter Sheila (lower left) and the trophies of Andrew (below), the six-foot-six son, who, at eighteen, is an interscholastic tennis champion. As for McLaglen himself, PHOTOPLAY pins the blue ribbon upon the star of RKO's "Gunga Din" in praise of a man who has the finest hobby of all—a home.



SEEN HOLLYWOOD ESTATE





Mother Blanche Powell



Daughter Eleanor Powell



Mother Ann Whitehead



Daughter Ida Lupino—mother Connie Lupino



Daughter Mary Carlisle—mother Leona Carlisle



Mother Anna MacDonald

*A good paint job sometimes makes
a billion-dollar beauty, it's true,
but in this case the mamas win
over the make-up men—by a nose*



THE
"Spittin"



Daughter Anita Louise



Mother Gladys Belzer



Daughter Loretta Young



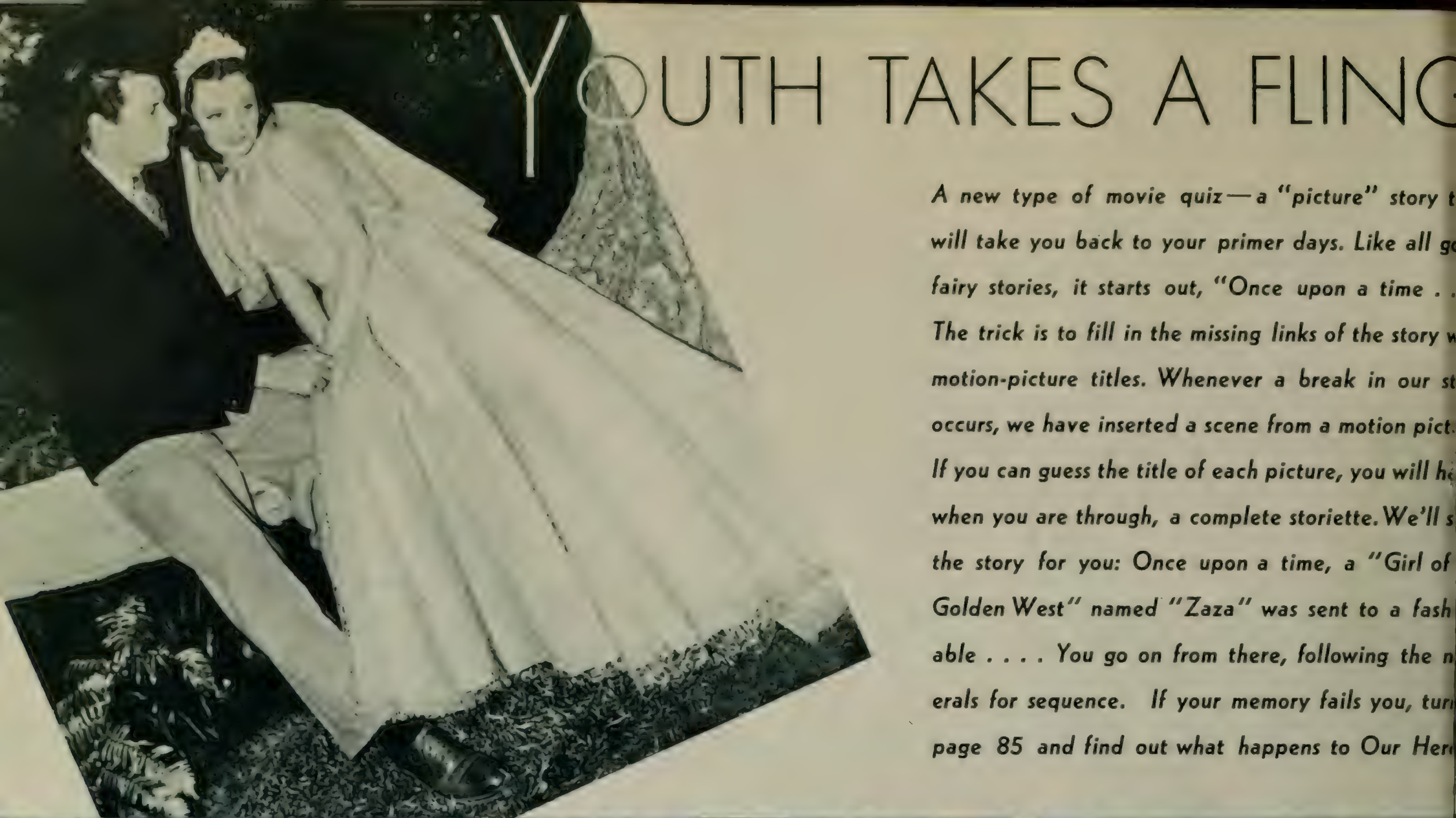
Daughter Jeanette MacDonald



Mother Lela Rogers with
daughter Ginger Rogers

*These pictures of some startling
mother-daughter resemblances
prove that often in Hollywood a
gal's best double is her mother*

Image"



YOUTH TAKES A FLING

A new type of movie quiz—a “picture” story that will take you back to your primer days. Like all good fairy stories, it starts out, “Once upon a time” The trick is to fill in the missing links of the story with motion-picture titles. Whenever a break in our story occurs, we have inserted a scene from a motion picture. If you can guess the title of each picture, you will have, when you are through, a complete storiette. We’ll send you the story for you: Once upon a time, a “Girl of the Golden West” named “Zaza” was sent to a fashionable You go on from there, following the numbers for sequence. If your memory fails you, turn to page 85 and find out what happens to Our Heroine.



Before she left for her trip the wise old judge cautioned her thusly:

7

beware of that old



stuff. Our fair heroine thought she was



15

She was enjoying a “jam session” in a night club on





nce upon a time, a



named



was sent to a fashionable

3



s the gayest of

4



—the most

5



of

6

children.



downfall came one day
he fell ill and was sent
infirmary, for there she met

10



One look at the young man
and she said to herself,

11



It was

12



6



when whom should she meet again but this selfsame medico
of her campus dreams. When he saw her there he muttered:

17



but, when he found she was so

18



No

22

in sight for this happy couple. They're too busy



25



A 3 to 1 bet for fame in 1939 is Nancy Kelly, who, at seventeen, is starting a film career with three of Fox's juiciest rôles. A "find" from Broadway, she was rushed by sponsor Zanuck into "Submarine Patrol," cast as Ty Power's wife in "Jesse James" and then given a female lead in "Tail Spin." With these three films now released, she has proved herself one of the starlets of the season.

Cal Yorkie



GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



Paulette Goddard, once runner-up in the "Scarlett" contest, cuts a fancy figure on the ice in her snug Tyrolean jacket and brief skirt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HYMAN FINK

*This killer-diller of the West
tips you off to the latest antics
and amours of the flicker folk*

When is Fun Funny

JOAN DAVIS came over to the set where Alice Faye was working at 20th Century-Fox, excitedly holding two small bottles in her hand. "Look, Alice, I've just discovered the most marvelous kind of new liquid lip rouge with a remover to go with it. It completely eliminates all of the messiness of the old kind. The only trouble with it is that it's so darned expensive—ten dollars for the set."

Alice tried the new rouge and waxed enthusiastic. She promptly wanted to purchase some from Joan. Not having her bag with her she borrowed the ten dollars from Harry Joe Brown. Then she had a bright idea—to give each of the girls who had worked on the picture a set as a gift.

So Alice called Joan back and asked that she

order some additional sets and bring them over that afternoon. Joan, you see, had been very cagey as to where the cosmetics came from.

That noon Alice lunched with her husband, Tony Martin, and, since Tony had forgotten his checkbook, Alice borrowed forty dollars from "Sugie," the genial host at the Tropics, to give Joan that afternoon, to pay for the lipstick. Then she invited her stand-in, the wardrobe girl, the script girl and Joan over to dinner where the gift presentation was to be made. After the festivities were over and all the new owners of the precious mysterious cosmetic had raved—Joan broke down.

"Here's your fifty dollars back," she said to Alice, "I was just gagging. Those sets aren't exclusive; I got them at the dime store."

Hi There, Mayor:

THE Mayor of Van Nuys means business. In fact, when the good folk of that community elected Andy Devine to office, they had no idea just how conscientious he would be.

One day, Clark Gable and Phil Harris drove up to Andy's house, wearing wide-open grins and waving a ticket in the breeze.

"Hi, Mayor," they called. "Come on out and fix us up. We got a speed ticket."

"Nothing doing," Andy cried. "You bums got a ticket in my town and you pay. That'll teach you not to speed on my streets."

Clark gazed at Phil: Phil gazed at Clark—"By gosh, he's right," the boys said. "We should pay," and off they marched to pay their fines.

Nowadays, if either culprit receives a ticket in Van Nuys he keeps it from the Mayor!



Are they married? Anita Louise and Buddy Adler have Hollywood guessing

The Spencer Tracys take their bow at the "Kentucky" premiere



Bing Crosby (above left) "frames" the cameraman while Dixie smiles tolerantly at his antics

It's all for the sake of Art that Don Ameche steps out with Honore minus his hair-slickem

Sigh Not, My Pretties

SPRING in Hollywood! Ah me, for a stroll down that celebrated Boulevard, sigh envious little fans from faraway cities.

Sigh not, my pretties, for Cal has taken the stroll for you and here's the old lane all wrapped up in a small package for you.

Hollywood Boulevard proper is about a mile and a half long, has forty-two beauty shops, a five-and-ten-cent bar, five places that guarantee to grow hair on your head, a bootblack in formal attire plus a high silk hat, five hermits in various stages of undress, tennis courts open all season, swank and cheapness elbow to elbow—and practically no movie stars in sight.

Crawford Knocks on Garbo's Door

WITH an air of determination, Joan Crawford entered M-G-M's swanky dressing-room building and turned down the hallway. Her steps began to falter a trifle—and then she paused before a door marked "Greta Garbo."

For some minutes she hesitated, then, raising her hand, knocked on "the door."

But a second later she was fleeing down the hall and out onto the lot like a deer.

The Troc dripped with glamour the night Norma Shearer met up with Marlene Dietrich (she's here to establish her American citizenship) and Hank Fonda at a dinner party





Also at the première—Producer Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, stunning in white brocaded gown and fox wrap



Back from her cruise, Kay Francis remains silent on her marriage date—as does her fiancé, the Baron

"I had an urge to greet Miss Garbo and tell her we were glad to have her back," Joan explained, "but suddenly I realized I couldn't say a word. So I ran."

Who says there's no star worship among the stars of Hollywood?

Shirley—You've Got Company

THE Mayor of Boston, on a recent trip to Hollywood, called to pay his respects to Miss Temple. At luncheon Shirley ate a fat little muffin with only one quick glance in her mother's direction. The entree was a little slow in being served, so Shirley slyly reached for another without risking a disapproving nod from Mother.

The talk between Boston's mayor and Shirley went on at a great pace when suddenly Shirley, who dared not ignore Mama a third time, glanced up and reached out for a muffin. Her plump little hand stopped midway at the look cast her way by Mrs. Temple.

"Oh, do you have to diet?" the Mayor asked.

"Well, I just have to be careful, that's all," she smiled. And then added wistfully, "But I'm hungry all the time."

* * *

Visitor number two shall be nameless. A veteran of the World War, he began expressing his admiration for Shirley by mailing her medals, earned for bravery during the war. After each picture, a cherished medal would find its way to Shirley.

And then a letter reached the Temples from the admirer stating he would be in Los Angeles

for a visit and would love greeting Shirley. The letter, taking its usual course, reached Mrs. Temple several weeks later. Instantly a search of all Los Angeles hotels began. The admirer must be found and made to know Shirley had received his letter after he'd left home.

He was finally located and brought to Shirley's dressing room. He proved to be a huge Irishman who posed quietly beside Shirley for photographs.

"Shirley, put your hand over on his sleeve," the photographer said.

Shirley obeyed, but the picture proved anything but successful.

The big Irishman seemed powerless to lift his eyes from the tiny little hand resting on his sleeve.

When he finally left, he presented to her his final gift. It was a Croix de guerre.

Family Pride

"DID you hear about my dad?"

The eyes of Mickey Rooney shine with joy as he struts around the M-G-M lot with the question, "Did you hear about my dad, Joe Yule? He's making a picture, 'Boy Trouble,' over at Paramount with Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. Got the job all on his own, too. Now you're going to see some real acting."

And Mickey, grin a mile wide, struts on to tell more friends about the dad who went from a Main Street burlesque house to movies without taking one bit of aid from his son.

"All on his own," as Mickey says.

Ghost House

UP in Hollywood's beautiful Coldwater Canyon, where so many swanky new homes are being built these days, is a lovely but lonely house. No fire has ever warmed its hearth: no light has ever shown from its windows: no heart has ever called it home. It is empty and has been since it was built, eighteen months ago.

Yet it was built to be a home—the home a grateful son had dreamed and planned for his mother. That son was George Raft and to tell the story of his ghost house in the canyon, you have to go back a long way . . . back to those days when George was a tough kid, hanging around gymnasiums and pool halls of East Side New York, heading, because there was no other way to go, toward no good end.

Then came a certain day when his mother, the mother who had borne nine other children only to lose them all in death, took a hand in behalf of this last and only son. He should have his chance.

There was to be a dancing contest. The prize was \$50. George could dance; hadn't she taught him herself? She vowed that he should enter.

"I can't. I haven't a partner," he told her.

"I'll be your partner," she said.

And she was. She fixed up a dress for herself that stripped the years from her still lithe and supple body. She pressed George's best (and only) suit. She shined his shoes. And, on the Great Night, dressed to kill although they'd had scarcely enough to eat for supper, they entered the contest.

(Continued on page 70)



★ THE BEACHCOMBER—Mayflower-Paramount

SOMERSET MAUGHAM wrote this original story with his usual brilliance and it's apparent that intellectual Charles Laughton appreciated what he had to work with. If you've a knack for translating veddy British accents, you will find much food for inner laughter here. It's the tale of an English beachcomber, which rôle Laughton plays superbly, and of two missionaries on a remote island. Laughton is fanatically dissolute, the missionaries just as fanatically determined to reform him. Elsa Lanchester, one of the Good Souls, mistakes his scorn of her charms for respect of her virtue and sets out to marry him. The climax comes during a fever epidemic. Miss Lanchester gives a best performance. Robert Newton and Tyrone Guthrie are good.



TOPPER TAKES A TRIP—Hal Roach-United Artists

THORNE SMITH'S books about *Topper* were successful because, despite thin plot content, they were quite sophisticated. What with the Hays Office, Mr. Roach's second *Topper* feature has only whimsy left. Fine process photography has its novelty value, but after that the piece depends on Billie Burke's reading of gag lines. This time, the ghost of *Marion Kerby*—thoughtfully played by Connie Bennett—finds *Topper* (Roland Young, again) in trouble because his wife is divorcing him and, furthermore, is playing about with a fortune-hunting baron, Alexander D'Arcy. *Topper* follows her to France and is heckled as well as helped by the importunate Connie. Of course, Billie Burke is still *Mrs. Topper* and Alan Mowbray is the butler, with little to do.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ WINGS OF THE NAVY—Warners

HERE'S another American Document film, by the brothers Warner. It's a type of picture they do well, anyway, and this has the additional virtue of a good love story merged with the fascinating pictorial details of the naval air service. John Payne is the hero, and nice in his clean-cut, casual way. In "Wings of the Navy" he plays George Brent's brother. Both have traditional Navy background and there has been a sort of friendly rivalry between the two since childhood; Brent has become a flying ace and John, desirous of proving his mettle, leaves the submarine division and enters the government flying school. Here George is an instructor and so fascinated by his work that he somewhat neglects his fiancée, Olivia de Havilland. Woven through the educational reels which show the method of teaching cadets is the personal story of these three. John and Olivia, although Fighting Against It, find they were Meant For Each Other. John is then Noble, persuading Olivia to remain True Blue and Stick Through Thick and Thin. This she does, even when Brent crashes and is bedridden.

The foregoing banal sequence is enlivened by the fact that George has designed an overpowered plane and that no test pilot will take it up because it has failed once, disastrously. John gives up a coveted Honolulu flight to make the test himself and then it is George's turn to make a sacrifice. It all sounds a little reminiscent, but it's done so well you'll believe in it. The thrills, crashes and stunt sequences are beautifully executed.



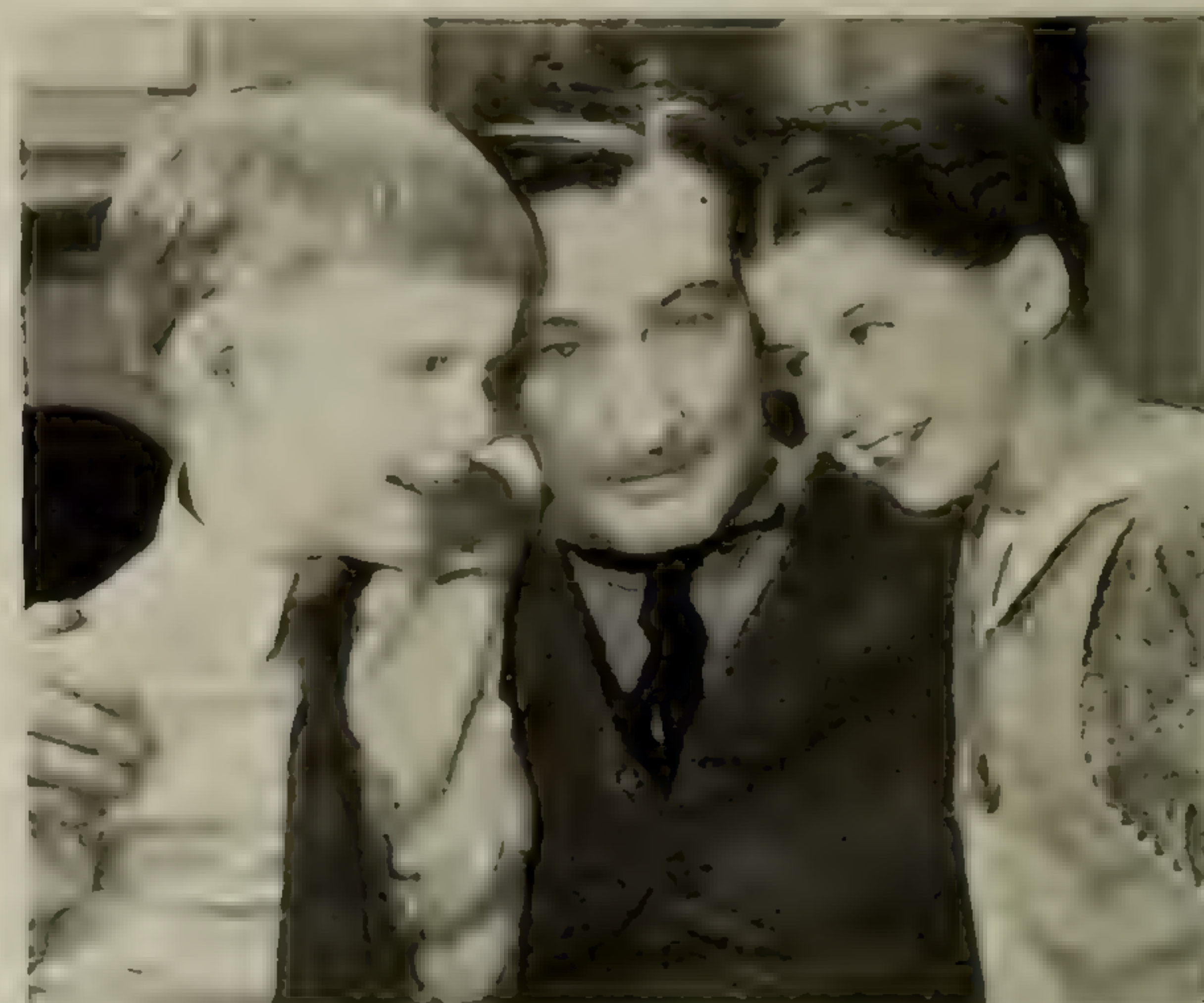
★ ZAZA—Paramount

HERE is a striking example of how one fine actress, given a censored and hackneyed story, can by sheer force of personality and finesse of portrayal create a picture worthy of your attention.

"Zaza" in its original form, of course, is not presently suited for the audience whose morals the Hays Office so grimly protects. In its place you are allowed to follow the fortunes and misfortunes of a French musical comedy dancer when she falls in love with a man, discovers he is already a husband and father and gives him up. Claudette Colbert, with astonishing vitality, plays the gay, bawdy, untutored Zaza, giving the shorn rôle zest and humor. It is Herbert Marshall, a "swell" from Paris, whom she meets and loves while she is still doing the cancan (Hays version adaptable for Epworth League use) in a suburban theater.

For several months they enjoy a passionate idyll and then the rumor that Marshall is married reaches Claudette. In fury she treks to Paris, visits his apartment and there is confronted by his child, delightfully played by Ann Todd. It is for her happiness that Claudette renounces her one great love. She goes on to eventual success and, when Marshall finally tries to come back, she finds the right solution.

Bert Lahr, with unsuspected dramatic talent, does a fine job in the rôle of Zaza's theatrical manager. Helen Westley is good as the drunken foster-mother and Genevieve Tobin plays a catty chorus girl. The entire piece is expensively produced.



★ THE GREAT MAN VOTES—RKO-Radio

THE great personal story of John Barrymore's transition from a young romantic star to a middle-aged dramatic star reaches its climax in this picture. He has never given a finer portrayal. In addition, the piece is directed with understanding and produced with simplicity; the supporting cast works smoothly and the story idea itself is not only original but creates an entertaining character study. You could ask little more from a motion picture.

Barrymore plays a once brilliant historian who had worked himself to fame because of his wife's encouragement. But she is dead and he has become a drunken derelict, keeping himself and his two children by being a night watchman. The time is 1923; the New York ward bosses are going strong and prohibition is still a robust American entity. Barrymore's hero-worshipping children, jealous of their friends' fathers who are famous bosses, plot to get the old man into the papers again. They run away, find their way to a rich uncle's house and generally make things so hot that Barrymore finds no alternative but to rehabilitate himself. This is accomplished when it is discovered, on election day, that changes in the city have narrowed the population of the famous old 13th precinct to one voter; and that is Barrymore. And, historically, the other precincts always follow the lead of the 13th. You can see where this puts Barrymore. He is promised a job as school commissioner and incidentally falls in love with a schoolteacher, Katharine Alexander. Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler are the children.



SMILING ALONG—20th Century-Fox



CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU—20th Century-Fox



★ PARIS HONEYMOON—Paramount

IN England they pay Gracie Fields more money than any other star and when you see this British-made picture you will begin to understand why. The story, of course, is not purely for American consumption and thereby suffers somewhat, but try to stomach the desultory pace and the sequence distortion for the value of Miss Fields' genius. In this picture you are regaled with the account of a show troupe, led by Fields, who find their manager is chiseling them and strike out for themselves. Roaming the countryside, they go from country to houseboats on the Thames to a fun-house, which is the climax. Gracie chants "The Holy City" with a choir, puts over swing in "Swing Your Way to Happiness" and generally has fun. So will you.

CHARLIE CHAN'S newest adventure deserves special mention this time because it is the first since Warner Oland, immemorial *Chan*, died. Sidney Toler takes his place as the bland Chinese detective and he does not try to imitate Oland; rather, he has created *Chan* in his own fashion. The result is startlingly good. *Chan* is awaiting the birth of a grandchild when he hears there has been a murder on a ship. He goes aboard and finds that in addition to a body there are some pretty special passengers: a woman with \$300,000 to deliver to the murdered man, a psychiatrist, the body's widow and any number of other suspects. All we can say is, bring your smelling salts. You'll like Layne Tom, Jr. as *Chan's* "No. 5 son" and Claire Dodd as the widow.

THE Crosby pictures certainly maintain a standard of entertainment. This one is frothier than the very fine "Sing, You Sinners," but in its sphere is of high degree. The Bing has developed what we think should be called "Crosbian Humor," since it is purely individual: dry, happy and superbly modern. This time he is a rich cowboy (gold-mines) who starts to marry Shirley Ross, (heiress) only to find her divorce isn't final. While she gets it in Paris he proceeds to their honeymoon castle and there meets delicious Franciska Gaal, who is a peasant girl and queen of the rose festival. He thereupon succumbs to her allure. Miss Ross returns to snatch him back but in the end Franciska triumphs. That one has sex with a smile; watch her.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| The Beachcomber | The Great Man Votes |
| They Made Me a Criminal | Kentucky |
| Paris Honeymoon | Stand Up and Fight |
| Wings of the Navy | Zaza |



★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—Warners



★ STAND UP AND FIGHT—M-G-M

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- | |
|--|
| Charles Laughton in "The Beachcomber" |
| Elsa Lanchester in "The Beachcomber" |
| John Barrymore in "The Great Man Votes" |
| Walter Brennan in "Kentucky" |
| Sidney Toler in "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" |
| Terry Kilburn in "A Christmas Carol" |
| Bing Crosby in "Paris Honeymoon" |
| Franciska Gaal in "Paris Honeymoon" |
| Gracie Fields in "Smiling Along" |
| Robert Taylor in "Stand Up and Fight" |
| John Garfield in "They Made Me a Criminal" |
| Claudette Colbert in "Zaza" |

BY this time you may be pretty fed up with the Dead End Kids. You may feel, justifiably, that they have stopped being amusing and had better just have a bath and a good spanking. But here they are again, whining and irritating and slit-eyed, co-starring with Warners' new find, John Garfield. The picture is tailor-made and in it Garfield plays a fighter who is quite tough, at first. He doesn't like anybody and feels that the milk of human kindness is just so much sucker-juice. Then his racketeering in the ring catches up with him and he flees, penniless, to a Western fruit ranch. The Dead End Kids are there.

Slowly but surely, Garfield begins to regenerate; he sees the need of the boys for a champion and, when in the end it is necessary for him to risk his freedom for their sake, he does not hesitate. Rather, he sails in and puts up a fight (with a visiting boxer) that will go down in film annals.

Garfield, of course, is an accomplished actor with the ability to adapt himself to almost any cinema circumstance. You believe in him as a fighter, just as you believe in him when he makes love to Ann Sheridan. Men of his type sometimes get over more sex implications than do matinee idols.

You will like Claude Rains as the persistent detective who follows Garfield across the country and who eventually has to make the choice between his duty and a new-found admiration for John's new personality. There is no sentimentality in any phase of the story.

THERE must be something about Bob Taylor that makes his studio go to extremes. He was a pretty boy for too long. Now, by golly, he's going to be a Right Guy to the hilt. Bob's bearing up well, as a matter of fact; you will understand when you see him in this roaring melodrama of America's early days. It's a good picture. The story is fast and well-knit, the production is great and there is plenty of action.

The themes are so varied and so multiple it is hard to choose that one most important to the story, but it's all laid against a ructionous background of rivalry between the old stagecoach tradition and the new railroads in early Maryland. Wallace Beery plays the rough-and-ready operator of the stage line and gets some humor into the part. Taylor is cast as a proud young Southerner who loses his estate at the gaming tables, gets into a fight and is tossed into jail. Beery buys his sentence and gets him for a work slave. Taylor pulls himself together, gets all muscled up as a result of his hard labor, works off his fine, beats up his boss and falls in love with Florence Rice. She is co-owner with her aunt, Helen Broderick, of Beery's stages.

Through this emotional melee runs the exciting story of slave running in an underground railway. Miss Broderick turns in her usual caustic performance, Florence Rice looks lovely and Charles Backford and Barton MacLane are the heavies. It's all great stuff, entertaining and sometimes powerful.

(Continued on page 96)



Billie Burke, flutter-budget supreme, puts brave men to shame when she makes friends with Zenobia, featured pachyderm in "It's Spring Again"



And was Mickey's face red when he had to appear in this get-up for "Huckleberry Finn"—what's worse, practical-joker Rooney was framed

WE COVER

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to talk back to the dictators. At the same time, the movies are going American in a big way.

Almost everywhere we stop this month we find a cinematic Declaration of Independence brewing. There's a reason, of course. American pictures are already banned in most dictator countries. With no totalitarian profits to gain, why should Hollywood worry about totalitarian prophets?

"Idiot's Delight," set aside once by Mussolini's imperial frown, heads the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer line-up of new pictures in the make. "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," another *verboten* script, is being dusted off to shoot soon, whether Turkey likes it or not. Warners have "Concentration Camp" and "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" ready to roll any day. All the old taboo tales, including "It Can't Happen Here," are again creeping off their shelves for consideration as the rebellion roars.

It's quite an about-face, after all these years of headaches over what foreign Caesar will be offended and where. One of the main results is emphasis on motion pictures for Americans. Red-blooded native history is the order of the Hollywood day.

Paramount's "Union Pacific," Warners' "Dodge City" and Walter Wanger's "Stagecoach" are just a few star-spangled screenplays we find being film fitted around the lots.

"Idiot's Delight," at M-G-M, is really a piercing indictment of war-mad nations. The Robert Sherwood play which, decorated with ultra-modern comedy, handed the Lunts so much fun on the stage, now is doing the same thing for Clark Gable and Norma Shearer, who take the laughable leads—Clark, as the hardboiled vaudeville hooper; Norma, as the acrobat turned phony countess.

We're lucky enough to cut in on the climax of a running rib on Clark Gable the day we visit the set. All his Hollywood pals—and Carole Lombard—have been making life miserable for him ever since they learned he had to do a soft shoe dance in front of a chorus of barelegged cuties.

Carole had sent him a ballet costume just the day before and the wisecracks have so ganged up on Clark that, right now, ready to go into the dance he's been preping for ages, he is fit to be tied.

We've never seen Clark so jittery as he is now, done up in a tight striped theatrical suit and with a wide straw hat cocked on his head. The beautiful chorus babes surround him in the wings of a striking lobby set where Norma Shearer, in a straight blonde wig and a cigarette holder a yard long, sits with Edward Arnold, Pat Paterson, Charles Coburn and the rest of the cast. They're whispering and grinning expectantly and Clark knows it. His debut as a hooper

American history gets a boost and dictators a nose-thumbing as the movie lots buzz with rebellion and new picture thrills get under way



It had to happen—and it'd better be good—Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and W. C. Fields square off old scores in Universal's "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man"

THE STUDIOS

BY
JACK WADE

has been billed in advance. Half M-G-M is on the side lines. Clark looks very, very unhappy.

Director Clarence Brown's "Let's rehearse it!" starts a record playing "Puttin' on the Ritz," and the barelegged chorines bounce into a time-step. Wearing the most sheepish grin, Clark grabs his cane and struts out onto the lobby floor. Everybody cheers!

We're no expert on eccentric terpsichore, but the boy isn't bad at all. He twists and wiggles and bucks wings before the line of kicking legs. Never before in his life did he-man Gable do dance steps like these.

Of course, he muffs the routine the first time, and the next, and the next. The chorines have it down perfect, naturally, which burns Clark. "I can't learn it in two months," he explodes, "and you kids pick it up in ten minutes! Gosh, but I'm dumb!"

But in a minute his embarrassment wears off and the Gable snappy dance routine is a perfect take.

"Okay," shouts Brown. Then the deluge! Flowers fly out at Clark's feet from Carole, from everybody he knows. Messengers arrive with congratulatory telegrams. You'd think he'd just won an election.

Clark doesn't mind the gags a bit—just wipes his perspiring brow and grins. So will you when you see him doing the dipsy-doo.

There's another major embarrassment going



"Three Smart Girls" made a star of one smart girl. That's why Deanna Durbin listens so attentively to Director Koster's instructions for the sequel, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"

on next door on the "Huckleberry Finn" set where Mickey Rooney is bringing to life Mark Twain's little Mississippi River roughneck. They're trying to dress Mickey up in a long Mother Hubbard and a sunbonnet and Mickey is kicking like a mule.

It's the scene where the runaway Huck steals back into town disguised as a girl to unravel the mystery of *Nigger Jim*, if you remember your Huckleberry Finn. We arrive just as Richard Thorpe, the director, is attempting to get the feminine rig on Mickey. William Frawley, Walter Connolly and Elizabeth Risdon think it's very funny, but Mickey (they call him "Mickey Finn" on the set now) isn't worried about their chuckles. He blurts out his real woe.

"Okay," grumbles Mickey, "I'll wear the darn thing. But you've got to promise not to let Judy Garland on the set. If she sees me in this, my reputation is ruined!"

While Mickey stews, a little mutt dog looks up wondering what it's all about. He's "Hobo," the only mutt ever to crash the movies. When the company was on location, Hobo, who belongs to a Chinaman, accidentally strayed into several scenes. They didn't discover it until, back in Hollywood, the rushes showed up the canine lens crasher. Then they had to send for Hobo, write in a part for him and hand him a contract!

We watch Mickey Finn mince through his scene, squeaking in a girlish treble, "Oh, sir, don't make sport of a poor little girl!" It's hard for us to keep from spoiling the scene with a snicker. When it's done, Mickey rips off the sunbonnet and slams it on the floor. Then a duet of feminine laughter peals out. Mickey whirls as if a bee had drilled him.

Cecilia Parker and Judy Garland, doubled up with laughter, are pointing at Mickey. They've been hiding through it all, watching.

"Oh, Mickey," bubbles Judy, "you look so cute!"

"Aw, gosh," grunts Mickey, supremely disgusted. "Framed!"

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions*

BY GWENN WALTERS

Ready for the races at Santa Anita. Claudette Colbert, now appearing in Paramount's "Zaza," wears a contrast suit of vivid green, red and blue plaid and black woolen selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Claudette combines it with a cashmere sweater, a tricky felt hat designed by Robert Galer of Hollywood and suede accessories. We photographed Claudette in the garden of her Beverly Hills estate

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL HESSE

"Broadway Serenade" is our next M-G-M set. It's the picture that pairs Jeanette MacDonald with Lew Ayres romantically, the biggest step yet on Lew's sensational comeback trail. With Jeanette around, you might guess it has something to do with music. She's a singer who rockets to fame while husband Lew remains a poor composer. Oddly enough, Lew Ayres actually is a composer, with a symphony suite to his credit.

It's a tearful "parting is such sweet sorrow" scene we happen in on and when it comes to love-making Lew is there. In fact, after the third or fourth tearful farewell embrace, in the little theatrical boardinghouse set, the electrician makes a routine query. "Any kicks?" he cries. He's really talking to the cameraman and

what he means is—are there any kicks of light in the camera lens? Jeanette answers him, laughing merrily. "No," she says, looking at Lew, "absolutely no kicks!" Which makes it official.

At Paramount, Cecil B. De Mille, the youngest looking old-timer in the business, has finally got steam up on his latest epic of Americana, "Union Pacific." After "The Plainsman" and "Buccaneer," De Mille rates our medal for the number one glorifier of American rough-and-ready days. We'll pick him, too, for the best personal showman in Hollywood. He's the last of the glamorous puttee and riding pants directors. Whenever De Mille shoots you get the impression, somehow, that the whole Paramount lot exists for nothing else but De Mille and his picture.

"Union Pacific" tells the familiar drama of the first transcontinental railroad. The love story, played against this background, is between Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Barbara, in her first De Mille picture, confesses to us she's more excited about her job than she's ever been in her life.

The Union Pacific Limited which Paramount's set-builders have whipped up is split through the middle like a watermelon—topless and sideless.

In the scene we witness the red plush seats are crowded with noisy card sharps in flashy vests and raucous *filles de joie*, rouged and powdered, all headed for the easy gold of the railroad camp.

Among them sits Barbara, talking to Robert Preston, a handsome new Paramount leading man. Army rifles decorate the coach wall—for Indians. A sign over them, old and yellowed, warns: "Do not shoot buffalo from the train!" Well, we've never seen any buffalo on the Paramount lot, but you never can tell!

SOMEDAY soon, we hope, Claudette Colbert will come back to these United States and stick around, cinematically speaking. Seems like she's been in Paris so many times lately—"I Met Him in Paris," "Tovarich," and "Zaza."

"Midnight," her latest, goes on there, too, this time in a very elegant French chateau at Versailles where we find Claudette, John Barry-

(Continued on page 83)

With red-corpusclad native history the order of the day, Joel McCrea and Babs Stanwyck help glorify the first transcontinental railroad in C. B. De Mille's production, "Union Pacific"







ROBES DE NUIT

... diaphanous gowns of chiffon gloriously tinted in floral hues. Fuchsia, violet and orchid exquisitely combine in the striped model (left) worn by Joan Valerie; graduated tones of cyclamen in the quaint camisole gown (right) posed by Jean Rogers. Designed for sweet slumber, their chic styling allows them to masquerade as party gowns. They may be purchased at the Saks Fifth Avenue shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago and New York. Miss Valerie is appearing in "Kentucky," Miss Rogers in "While New York Sleeps," both Twentieth Century-Fox films



A buttercup yellow gown (left) high-lighted by a corsage and coiffure clip of Talisman roses; a forget-me-not blue one (above) with matching opalescent embroidered jacket contrasted by a corsage of pink roses. Both gowns have shirred bodices, waistline yokes, flowing skirts and taffeta slips that softly murmur when in motion—both are worn by petite, dark and beautiful Maureen O'Sullivan, M-G-M star, who is appearing in Columbia's "Let Us Live." Miss O'Sullivan's evening gowns were created by Lilyan Graves, Los Angeles; corsages by Halchester, Hollywood



It's the season again for dressmaker ensembles. Priscilla Lane, whose newest film for Warner Brothers is "Yes, My Darling Daughter," selects one of printed and plain Onondaga crepe in classic black and white. The coat has tuxedo panels of white splashed with black posies—the print that fashions the tailored frock beneath. Additional smart style details are the front and back bloused panels and belt of reverse print. Priscilla repeats the black and white theme in her tiny straw sailor. This ensemble is on display at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Franklin Simon's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago



Olivia de Havilland, who'll next be seen in Warners' Technicolor production, "Dodge City," chooses a dressmaker suit of navy woolen individualized by jacket trim and blouse of tie silk boldly striped in navy and white. Note the broad shoulders and loose, flaring lines of the jacket, the drawstring neckline of the blouse. This suit and the matching fabric chapeau were selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Add gay and colorful hats to your basic spring frock. A yarn sailor (center), candy-striped in cyclamen and white, worn with cyclamen gloves. A high-crown maize-colored panama (bottom) with band and bows of navy French taffeta ribbon embroidered in bright hues and, of course, a snood. Both François chapeaux by Frank Borel. Worn with her sailor, Olivia's basic one-piece frock of navy crepe, from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, has interesting hand-fagot detail on blouse and sleeves



Rita Hayworth (above) wears a one-piece frock of beige sheer woolen selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Scallops join the blouse and skirt to a snug waistline inset of matching crepe; the scallops on the skirt release into ten gores that flow into a flaring hemline. Rita's luxurious coat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin (left), with broad shoulders, roomy sleeves and collarless neckline, was designed by Willard George of Los Angeles. "Voyageur," her Knox hat of fuchsia felt, is styled with rakish brim and planed-off crown pierced with a green link pin to repeat color of the crown band. Rita found this newest Knox hat at the J. W. Robinson Company, Los Angeles. It is also on display at the White House, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago; Lord and Taylor, New York. Rita is playing a featured rôle in Columbia's current "Plane No. 4"

Jean Parker (opposite page) steps from a Nineteenth Century carriage wearing a Twentieth Century costume influenced in design by the fashion of yesteryear. The broad-shouldered, fitted jacket, checked in navy and white, has contrast trim of navy woolen to match the fabric of the pleated skirt (which attaches to a short-sleeved shirt-maker blouse of the jacket check). Red and green quills pierce Jean's navy felt toque and a snood holds in her auburn curls. Navy suède heelless, toeless Tango pumps (far right) and short white gloves complete this costume chosen from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, which is fresh as spring itself—no wonder we titled it after the Hal Roach film, "It's Spring Again," in which Jean is currently appearing. Columbia's "Romance of the Redwoods" is Jean's next assignment

IT'S **SPRING** AGAIN





Photoplay Fashions

YOU WILL FIND IN THE SHOPS

Frances Mercer, who will next be seen in RKO's "The Castles," and Kay Sutton, currently appearing in RKO's "Beauty for the Asking," take turns modeling smart new straws and felts. Miss Sutton poses in "Santa Anita" (left), which is a good bet for your new spring knits. It is of soft felt in the newest of the pastel blues for spring, aquatone, with striking suède trim in shocking pink and purple. It is a flattering hat and classically right for spectator sports. By Roxford, and you know what that means. Kay Sutton looks up in "Flamingo" (center). It is Roxford's version of the right kind of sailor to wear with your new spring tailored or dressmaker suit. The silly little brim is strictly on the level and the crown is just a shade deep, with an impudent rake "fore and aft." It is made of straw braid, sewn with craftsmanship that is a sure sign of a Roxford hat. "Match Play" (below, center) is Byron's indispensable topnote for golfing—lightweight navy felt, tailored with the precision only a man's hatter achieves. The crown tucks, leather band and contrast suède disc trim lend a touch of femininity. Frances Mercer wears this model with her casual clothes. Frances also wears Byron's new mushroom-brimmed sailor of soft lattice braid straw (bottom), "Coral Gables." Note the season's newest crown, definitely on the miniature side, and the print sash

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BACHRACH

STRAWS FOR STREET - - - FELTS FOR SPORTS



WHERE TO BUY THEM

[illegible]

New York Public Library,
 Astor Lenox and Tilden Foundations,
 455 Fifth Avenue, New York,
 New York



Pep up your winter coat with a lively print frock and saucy spring hat as does Gail Patrick, whom you will see in Paramount's "Grand Jury Secrets." Edith Head designed her purple and white "Mother Hubbard style" frock; Robert Galer, her purple straw sailor, frivolously trimmed with wisps of veiling and cockade of spring flowers. Gail's topcoat (left) is of black coney fur. A Paramount star, Gail will soon make "Wagons Westward" for Republic

Walling



MELVYN

OF THE MOVIES



From Shakespeare, to religious revivals, to stock (below) was the course of Melvyn's uncharted rebellion against convention and intolerance until, at last, in the process of growing up, his mental reasoning took on a more intelligent aspect, despite the fact that his emotions were as muddled as ever

Amid the rebellious era of Flaming Youth, Melvyn Douglas fought for the right to live and to love

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE breeze said sullen, warm things in the eucalyptus trees and there was no moon; but there was white surf curling on the sand and the air was clean, so that Anne's perfume—Melvyn Douglas can remember even now the scent of it—faintly gave a questing message. This was love, not as he had ever known it could be but with the significance of eternity (he thought) about it.

He rather wanted to marry the girl.

"Not," he said, as they stood on the beach that night, "until all this is over—until things are sane again and I'm mustered out of service—but then. . . ."

She sighed. It was the kind of a night for sighing. "The Captain will be furious. I don't care. Did you know I was supposed to be dancing with him tonight?" She gave the next sen-

tence to him like something on a platter. "But I wanted to be with you."

He twisted his sleeve so his new sergeant's stripes would show plainly. "Let's not think about the Captain."

"No."

* * * *

In the brightening dawn, hours later, Sergeant Hesselberg limped a little as he paced out his guard duty. He was tired after a short night's sleep and reeling with hunger. The Captain of the regiment appeared suddenly around a barracks' corner and saluted.

"You look done in, Sergeant," he said. "Go on to breakfast. I'll finish your stint for you."

Here was unexpected kindness. Melvyn was too sleepy even to consider treachery. "Thanks," he said and went shuffling off to the mess hall.

He was stripped of his stripes the next day by superiors who, on the advice of the Captain, felt that a Sergeant who would desert his post was better off as a First-Class Private.

Anne consoled him. But one evening he stopped in at the Soldiers and Sailors Club and saw Anne dancing with Judas. And something turned upside down in his young heart. It's just as well a group of politicians and generals were even then pondering peace in an Austrian railway car, since if hostilities had continued much longer Melvyn, inspired to recklessness by his bitter disgust, might have gone overseas and been foolishly courageous. As it was, he exchanged khaki for broadcloth with no particular

(Continued on page 79)



They're



EDDIE ALBERT

MEETING him casually, you would never think of Eddie Albert as a Great Lover.

Still, at the preview of "Brother Rat," that moment when he first embraced Jane Bryan (remember?) sort of sent thrills chasing up and down your spine. Afterward, we all said excitedly, "And did you see him kiss that girl!"

When the lights went up we all craned our necks for a sight of him.

But we didn't find him. He wasn't at the preview. He wasn't even in town. Having seen the picture previously in a studio projection room, Albert had decided he was a flop and now he was in New York telling himself what a dub he had been. Nor did the fact that Warners already had lifted his option cheer him up. He thought they were dubs, too. Motion-picture fans the world over have changed his mind for him—at least slightly.

Eddie's career began when, still a pupil at St. Stephen's Parochial School in Minneapolis, a "strong man" in a vaudeville show chose him from the audience to help him in his act. From that time on, Eddie was dedicated to the theater. So, after two years at the University of Minnesota, he went to New York to try his luck as an actor. Eventually he landed a spot on the radio as Eddie of the Grace and Eddie team on the "Honeymooners" program.

Small parts in two or three stage plays followed, after which he won the rôle of "Bing Edwards" in the Broadway hit, "Brother Rat," which ran for a year and a half and resulted in his screen contract.

You would like Eddie if you knew him. He is quiet, shy and has a way of blushing when he talks to you. He is not married nor even engaged, but he would like to be. He admits it. But he would have to do the courting himself. A friend of mine who knows him well says he would run a mile if a female started to pursue him.

So, girls, you'll just have to wait until he asks you. . . .



LOUISE CAMPBELL

"I HAD my pride . . ."

Pretty, raven-haired Louise Campbell (yes, the heroine in Paramount's "Men with Wings") laughed as she said it, but there was a certain set to her little jaw.

She had been dutifully answering questions about herself; now she had come to a significant and enlightening anecdote.

As the story goes, Louise's theatrical ambitions had taken her, in 1934, to New York and a certain theatrical producer, armed with letters of introduction. "Please give me a tryout," she had begged.

He had done so, but, after she had read about six lines, he had waved her out of the office. "Better go home and get married," had been his parting remark.

"Well," Louise said now, "I didn't go home and get married. I got a rôle in stock in 'Accent on Youth.' And succeeded so well, subsequent history proves, that eventually she won the lead in Broadway's "Three Men on a Horse."

Yes, she's a stubborn little thing and she has her pride. She's always been that way. After seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the age of six, she decided she would be an actress. She never changed her mind through the following years.

After graduating from St. Michael's school in Chicago, she entered Northwestern University and, later, the Chicago School of Expression and De Paul University, absorbing every course in dramatic art. It was the theater or nothing—and, of course, she won out—a Paramount talent scout signed her for films.

Louise was married Christmas week at her home in Chicago to Horace MacMahon, Hollywood actor. Neither has been married before. They met when both were members of the "Three Men on a Horse" cast, but it wasn't until both were established in pictures that they fell in love.

Louise says she doesn't exactly know why that was. Maybe, she says, it was the "Hollywood influence."



FAY BANTER

IT isn't Fay Bainter, the actress, who interests me most, but Fay Bainter, the woman.

She is married to a retired lieutenant commander of the United States Navy and her social position is unassailable. She can play the great lady in real life with any socialite in the country; yet she can deal a game of black jack with all the finesse (and perhaps monkey business) of a professional gambler.

She is the mother of a fourteen-year-old son, but to see them together you'd think she were his kid sister. She plays with him and his cronies every chance she gets.

She is crazy about dogs and owns half a dozen schnauzers which she keeps at her country home near Ossining, New York.

She is also crazy about poetry and will read it aloud by the hour—to herself if no one else will listen. She can write it, too, and does, but not for publication.

She can whistle—no, not just the bathtub variety, but like a professional.

She can whittle—lovely little things of the finest and most delicate workmanship which would make a Japanese netsuke artist green with jealousy.

She can play the harmonica and her version of "The Last Roundup" is worth paying money to hear.

She is wild about shoes and owns 150 pairs. She plays marbles like a champion; mumblety-peg, ditto. She collects music boxes and now owns ninety-six of them. She always drives her own car. She always gets up at seven o'clock in the morning—or earlier.

She is courteous and friendly to meet and can talk equally well on politics or gardening. She is interested in both. Also, she seems interested in you and, when you interview her, likely as not the first thing you know you will find yourself telling her about your appendectomy or the time you got pinched for speeding; which (and is my face red!) happened to me.

Talking About --



RICHARD CARLSON



ANN SHERIDAN



WALTER PIDGEON

HE is handsome. He can act. He has unimmmmmph.

This was the verdict of "The Young in Heart" preview audience concerning newcomer Richard Carlson. They left the theater wondering excitedly who he was and where he came from.

Well, I can tell you something about that. He was born in Minnesota and he is twenty-six years old. His father is a prominent attorney of Minneapolis. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, has an M.A. degree and owns a Phi Beta Kappa key. He has had a lot of experience writing plays and once had one produced on Broadway—a flop, sad to say. After he left school, he accepted the post of instructor at his own Alma Mater, but only until he could, with the aid of scholarship prize money, organize a theatrical group called the Minneapolis Repertory Company, of which he was manager, director, author and actor.

It was a pretty good company and the plays produced were pretty good, too, but Richard forgot to advertise them, with the result that soon his money was gone, and with it the Repertory Company.

He flipped a coin then, and came to Hollywood. However, he didn't win much in the way of a fortune in our film citadel.

Discouraged, finally, he went to New York and talked his way into a rôle in "Three Men on a Horse." This led to bigger and better things and two years later, when Selznick needed a Duncan MacCrea for "The Young in Heart," Dick was ready.

He is an engaging young man, is Carlson. He seems to have his fingers well crossed and to feel that, despite this apparent success, he still is not exactly God's newly discovered gift to the movies. . . .

"A swell break, I've had," was all he'd say. "I hope I get another."

He probably will!

P.S. Oh, yes, girls! I almost forgot. He is not married!

NO woman likes to be told she lacks sex appeal. Most women will do what they can to disprove that accusation. Ann Sheridan did. And thereby hangs this tale.

Ann had been in Hollywood for two years and had had only casual success. Then she left her home studio, Warners, to appear in Universal's "Letter of Introduction" and practically stole the show. This is the story back of her sudden success.

It began after a preview in which she had been only "so-so." But she had long resigned herself to the conviction that she would never be a star. The friend with her, however, had different ideas. He said bluntly, "You've got as much life on the screen as a piece of cheese—and about as much sex appeal."

Ann's Irish temper flared. "I'll thank you to—" she began, but he interrupted.

"Yeah, I know. You'll thank me to mind my business. But for once I'm not going to." He didn't—the "dressing down" lasted half an hour, ending when Ann, speechless with rage, took a taxi home. But when she cooled off, she began to think. Perhaps. . . .

Well, a week or so later, she went into "Letter of Introduction." You know the rest. After that preview, her name was news.

Incidentally, she's twenty-three. She was born in Dallas, Texas, and is a descendant of the famous Civil War general, "Little Phil" Sheridan. Until a week or two before she came to Hollywood, she hadn't the slightest intention of becoming a screen actress. She was going to be a schoolteacher. But she won a beauty contest; a talent scout saw her; a screen test and a contract followed.

While, on the screen, hers is the sultry type of beauty, in reality she is quite the opposite. Irish ancestry has bequeathed her keen wit and the proverbial Irish temper. She is unusually athletic. She has been married but it didn't "take."

HE never gets the girl—at least, almost never—and you wonder why. For he is handsome (dark hair, blue eyes and an engaging grin); he is tall (six feet, three); and he can make love as well as any Great Lover on the screen today. . . .

Meaning Walter Pidgeon. I should know about his love-making. I saw them shoot that scene in "I Take This Woman," where he kissed Hedy Lamarr so convincingly that the Hays Office banned the shot. That Pidgeon guy has something!

He has been around Hollywood a long time, off and on. He has flopped a couple of times. But right now he has suddenly become one of the most popular actors in pictures with a box-office following that even a Clark Gable wouldn't sneeze at.

Walter is a Canadian, the son of a wealthy wholesale dealer in New Brunswick. He was a student at the University of New Brunswick when the World War broke out. He enlisted immediately. After the war, he went back to college and, following graduation, established himself in a brokerage business in Boston, only to meet some students of the Copley Dramatic School and become interested in the theater.

It was during his early theatrical days, as a member of one of Elsie Janis' companies, that tragedy found him. His young wife (a nonprofessional) died when their daughter was born. For ten years thereafter, Walter cared for his motherless youngster (known as "Pidge" and whom he adores) before he remarried. That marriage lasted six or seven years, but only lately has gone on the rocks.

No, Walter is not a "gay young blade." He is a little over forty and admits it. But having kept his waistline, his hair and his sense of humor, and having acquired in addition the poise, the aplomb, the sophistication which only years and experience can bring, he is a man to be reckoned with—at the box office or anywhere else.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

Dip. Whirl. Fancy steps. Perfect timing. George danced as he never had before—or perhaps has since—and his mother danced with him. She was marvelous. Matched against the youth all around her, she caught for a moment the grace and gaiety of those days long ago when she had been a carnival trouser. Her Latin love of life shone in her eyes. Her indomitable spirit masked her face in beauty.

On the side lines they applauded the slick-haired boy and the woman who followed his steps so effortlessly. And when it was over, the judges gave George and his mother the \$50.

That was, as we say, a long time ago, but that contest set George along the road to success, as his mother had meant it should. And at the top, at last, he made his plans to repay her. He would build her a house. They would live there together. She would have everything she had ever wanted; everything she had been denied through the long, struggling years. George promised her that and promised himself.

And then, just as the house was finished and she was making her plans to travel West, George Raft's mother died. She died in New York; in her hand, a picture of the new home she was to have gone to so soon.

Today, as we have said, this home that was to have been hers is a ghost house, swept by the chill and lonely winds of the canyon, friendless and alone. And out in front is a sign that says, "FOR SALE."

For George will never live there. He says he can't.

Snapping the Shutter at the Stars This Month:

GEORGE BURNS says he's unhappy.

Jack Benny says he hasn't a thing to worry about, not even Mary's hats.

Joan Crawford says no reconciliation with Franchot but a long European trip in the spring—all by her lovely self.

Garbo says no George Cukor to direct, no picture for her.

M-G-M says, "Why can't that girl be happy just once?"

Columnists say Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck may elope.

Bob and Barbara say, "Why elope and from whom? We're both of age."

Tyrone Power says, "Will I marry Annabella? Yes, it's a fine day, isn't it?"

Gee, Hollywood's Wonderful

"I WOULD rather be a milkman in Hollywood than the town mayor anywhere else."

Our faithful deliverer of the coffee cream bowled us over with this statement yesterday morning.

"You see," he explained, "I can smile at Hedy Lamarr every morning on her way to work and she smiles back."

"You know something?" he added, sensing our curiosity, "Miss Lamarr rehearses her lines over and over every morning. Out loud, too. It just happens her car and my truck meet near the corner of Canon Drive and Santa Monica Boulevard every morning and one morning I called, 'You're doing fine, Miss Lamarr. I can hardly wait to see the picture.' And she said, 'Thank you. I hope you'll like me in it.'"

"See," he added, "it's wonderful being a milkman in Hollywood."

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1938

Calling all votes! Calling all votes! Here is your last chance to select the winner of PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal!



THIS is your last chance to cast your vote in the signal contest of the year, the award of PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal for "The Best Picture of 1938." All ballots must be received on or before March first. The polls definitely close on that day.

As heretofore, the conferring of the Medal rests entirely with the readers of our magazine. We naturally never make a suggestion as to which picture you should vote for; we merely list on this page as many pictures produced during 1938 as space will permit, just to give your memory a chance to go back over what you have seen during the year. If your favorite picture is not here, vote for it anyway; your vote will be counted in favor of that film.

However, we are always very curious and enthusiastic when the votes begin to roll in. We know that if you register your opinion on a certain type of picture produced this year, the studios will make more of that type next year. We know that to Hollywood—producers, directors and actors—your vote is important. So vote today.

(Due to the fact that the release of "Gunga Din" was postponed until after the first of the year instead of during 1938 as originally announced, we have removed it from the list of outstanding pictures on this page.)

FILL out the ballot below, or just write your choice for the "Best Picture of 1938" on a slip of paper and mail it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. There are no rules to this contest. You vote—we count—and then, in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY, we will announce the winner: the picture which wins the most of your votes wins the Gold Medal.

Here is your opportunity to encourage better pictures. Don't forget the polls close March 1st. Vote now!

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1938

Alexander's Rag-time Band	Letter of Introduction
Adventures of Marco Polo, The	Lord Jeff
Adventures of Robin Hood, The	Love and Hisses
Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The	Love Finds Andy Hardy
Algiers	Mad About Music
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The	Mad Miss Manton
Angels with Dirty Faces	Mannequin
Arkansas Traveler	Man to Remember
Blackwell's Island Blockade	Marie Antoinette
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife	Men with Wings
Boy Meets Girl	Merrily We Live Of Human Hearts
Boys Town	Rage of Paris, The
Bringing Up Baby	Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Brother Rat	Room Service
Buccaneer, The	Shining Hour, The
Carefree	Shopworn Angel
Citadel, The	Sing, You Sinners
Cowboy and the Lady, The	Sisters, The
Crime School	Slight Case of Murder, A
Crowd Roars, The	Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Dawn Patrol	Sweethearts
Dramatic School	Submarine Patrol
Drums	Suez
Four Daughters	Test Pilot
Girl of the Golden West, The	Texans, The
Goldwyn Follies	That Certain Age
Grand Illusion	Three Loves Has Nancy
Happy Landing	Three Comrades
Having Wonderful Time	Too Hot to Handle
Holiday	Toy Wife, The
If I Were King	Trade Winds
In Old Chicago	Valley of the Giants
Jezebel	Vivacious Lady
Joy of Living	Wells Fargo
Just Around the Corner	White Banners
	Yank at Oxford, A
	Yellow Jack
	You Can't Take It with You
	Young in Heart, The

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1938

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"I'D rather be a receptionist in Hollywood than a social leader anywhere else," PHOTOPLAY's little redhead-at-the-telephone-desk told us.

"Now, tell me," she went on, "where else in the world could I answer the phone and find Donald Duck on the other end?"

"You're spoofing," we chided.

"I'm not. I tell you PHOTOPLAY's phone rang yesterday and there was Donald Duck in person, inviting us to a party at Disney's Studio."

"Gee," she added, "it's wonderful answering phones in Hollywood."

Our Sun, Our Sun

IT was half-funny, half-pathetic, the statement young Peter Holden (late of the Broadway hit, "On Borrowed Time," now in RKO-Radio's "The Great Man Votes") made about California's famous sunshine shortly after his arrival in Hollywood for the first time.

They were making stills of him at the studio one day and after every shot he would rush over to the thickly curtained windows and, pushing them back, would look out fearfully.

"Why do you do that, Peter?" the cameraman asked the youngster.

"I'm afraid the sun will be gone," Peter explained.

Way Down East in Astoria

NOW that picture production is booming again in the East, current activities at Eastern Service Studios in Astoria have elicited much attention.

Starring Sylvia Sidney, "... one-third of a nation ..." is about ready for showing, with Producer William K. Howard now putting the finishing touches to "Back Door to Heaven." Both productions are highly budgeted and will be distributed as outstanding pictures by one of the major companies.

There is nothing glamorous about the Astoria studios. The subway takes you directly there and the studio itself is surrounded on four sides by modest Queens apartment houses. The huge sound stage, like any Hollywood sound stage, is merely a vast gray building, a block square, looking more like a blimp hangar than a stamping ground for glamour boys and girls.

Stepping gingerly over a mass of wires, cables, planks and incipient sets, you soon find yourself in a corner of the stage where Bill Howard is supervising the final scenes of "Back Door to Heaven."

Bill is a sentimental Irishman with a long string of screen successes to his credit and a proclivity for hilarious anecdotes. At the moment, however, he is in dead earnest, for he is guiding Patricia Ellis, Wallace Ford and Aline MacMahon through the climactic sequences of his picture and he's taking no chances.

The cast of "Back Door to Heaven" numbers numerous Broadway thespians. The actor emotes before the camera in the afternoon and tears theatrical passions to tatters in the evening on the Great White Way.

In fact, the talk in New York nowadays is all of pictures. Even visiting Hollywood stars, fleeing the West Coast for a change of air, arrive in the East to find conversation tending toward such abstruse subjects as camera an-

(Continued on page 91)



MEN FALL FOR
SKIN THAT'S
SMOOTH AND
SWEET



GIRLS WHO
DON'T PROTECT
DAINTINESS
LOSE OUT



EVERY WOMAN
REALLY WANTS
ROMANCE

LORETTA YOUNG



WHY ARE
SO MANY SO
CARELESS ABOUT
DAINTINESS?

Protect daintiness—keep skin **SWEET**—the Hollywood way. The screen stars use **LUX TOILET SOAP** as a **BATH** soap, too. Use it every day. Its **ACTIVE** lather carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate, clinging perfume on the skin.



9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



WITH FRAGRANT
LUX SOAP IT IS SO
EASY TO BE **SURE**
OF THIS CHARM



MAKES A
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LEAVES SKIN
REALLY FRESH
AND **SWEET**



SMOOTH AND
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT, TOO!



IT'S A WONDERFUL
WAY TO PROTECT
DAINTINESS.
TRY IT!

"I Can't Wait to Be Forgotten"

(Continued from page 32)

stars have turned down. When I commented on her tractability, she said, "I don't think a star knows when a story is right for her—or him. We read a script with an eye to our own part rather than to the story as a whole. The studios have done pretty well for me. They've made me an important star and they pay me good money. If they put me in poor stories they lessen my box-office value and the returns on their investment won't be so good. Why shouldn't I rely on their judgment?"

Today, when I recalled this conversation, she said, "Perhaps I'd have been better off if I had fought for better stories, but the end didn't justify the means. I'd have been suspended and the time I was under suspension would have been added to the end of my contract. So, instead of being free now, I would probably have had another year to go. And, even then, I'd have had no guarantee the stories I picked would have been any better. Even if they had been, the only difference would have been that I would be retiring in a blaze of glory instead of more or less inconspicuously—and this is the way I want it. I'll be forgotten quicker this way.

"I HAVE never brandished a sword for the Little Theater Movement. I have never kidded myself about Art for Art's sake. I went into this business because I thought I could make more money in it than any other.

"A man may manufacture automobiles or tires. He may make better cars or tires than his competitors. The knowledge that he does may be a satisfaction to him, but he doesn't do it primarily for that reason. He does it because that's how he can make the most money. After he's made his pile, if he has any sense, he retires and enjoys it. That's the way I feel. I hold firmly with the theory advanced in 'You Can't Take It With You.'

"I've done everything I set out to do and now I'm going to enjoy myself. I've given ten years of my life to accumulating enough money to do the things I want to do. Ten years of never being able to travel when I wanted to, never being able to entertain when I wanted to, or go out when I wanted to—because picture schedules always had to be consulted before I could make plans. Now, I'm free!

"My mother's future is provided for. I built a house for her and furnished it without her knowing anything about it. When it was all done I planned to move her into it on her maid's day off. The maid, instead of taking the day off, went over to the new house. I had picked up Mother's dogs the day before and told her I was going to take them to the veterinarian to be washed. Instead, I took them to the new house. Then I took Mother driving and when we passed the house I said, 'That's a cute place. Let's go in and look at it.' Her own maid answered the bell. Her dogs jumped up and down in welcome. I had arranged to have her best friend drop in for tea.

"Afterward, the friend stayed with her when I left and I went home to telephone her so the call from me was the first she received in her new place. I established a trust fund for her when I first began making important money, so she is taken care of.

"As far as I, myself, am concerned, I have just recently built the sort of house I've always wanted. It's what you might call 'a big little house' or 'a little big

house.' It's all paid for and I have managed to save enough money that I can always keep it up on my income. It isn't an expensive place to run and the investment isn't so large I can't afford to close it up when I want to go away—although I'm thrifty enough to ablet it, probably."

"What about your forthcoming marriage?" I asked bluntly.

Kay laughed. "I honestly don't know when it will be. If I did know, I wouldn't tell you—but I honestly don't know. When I am married it will be as a private citizen of no consequence. I won't be in the limelight any more and there is no reason my wedding should be given more than passing comment. It won't be immediately, though. I have rented my house because I intended going to Europe. On

Santa Barbara and San Francisco but I could never see them as often as I wished. Now I can renew all those friendships.

"I've been fortunate in acquiring more real friends than most people have. I think they are fond enough of me that they'll still enjoy seeing me whether I'm prominent or not."

THAT last scene had been finished during this conversation and Kay prepared to leave the set. "May I come along to your dressing room and finish this conversation?" I asked.

Kay looked at me for a moment and her eyes misted.

"I have no dressing room any more," she said simply. "I purposely gave it up about a week ago. For the past week I've been going to the make-up

ture pictures. I plan to be gone indefinitely and it may be that when I return no one will want me. But, as I told you before, if a producer should offer me a good part when I'm in Hollywood, I'll jump at it.

"The second thing concerns my age. When I first came out here I was under contract to Paramount. I have never been sensitive about my age and was perfectly willing to have it published. But Paramount said 'No!' They merely publicized the fact I was born on Friday, the 13th of January. Reporters consulted almanacs and found the 13th of January fell on Friday in the years 1899 and 1911.

"One made me younger and the other older. They arbitrarily selected 1899 as the year of my birth. Actually it was 1905 and I am 34.



Kay's marriage to Erik Barnekow will give her that long-desired opportunity to travel

account of conditions there I am going to take the South Seas cruise instead and when I return I will have to live in an apartment until the lease on my house expires.

"When I built the house I had no intention of being married and now, when the lease expires, it will have to be remodeled slightly in order to provide accommodations for Erik. But whether we'll be married here in Hollywood, in New York or eventually, in Europe, I still don't know.

"Erik Barnekow, whom I'm going to marry, is in the aviation business. His interests necessitate his spending six months of the year in Europe and six months here.

"We'll take side trips during the time we're abroad and of the six months we're in this country some of the time will be spent in New York (which I adore) and some of the time here in Hollywood.

"I have many friends in New York in no way connected with pictures. When I first came to Hollywood I had outside friends here, too, but it is almost impossible to keep up those friendships when you're working. When I've been in New York it has been on vacations, so I've been able to do as I please, but in Hollywood it has been different. I used to have friends in

department every morning and using the dressing room here on the set. I didn't want to become maudlin or sentimental.

"This is the first picture I've finished out here that I haven't had a party for the cast and crew afterward. But this time is different. I knew I'd start crying and so would some of the others. I didn't want to say good-by that way. I want to remember all these people as friends with whom I used to kid—with whom I had swell times. I don't want to remember them—or have them remember me—with long faces and red eyes. I want to saunter off the lot and out of their lives as casually as though the picture weren't finished and we'd be meeting again in the morning."

She faced me suddenly.

"Dick, there is one favor you can do for me. There are three things I would like cleared up before I'm the 'Forgotten Woman.' As a private citizen none of them is really important, but the public has been kind and loyal to me and I don't want to leave it under any misapprehensions. The first thing is my retirement. Please emphasize that I have never—despite anything they may have read to the contrary—said I will never make another picture. I have only said I will never sign another long-term contract. I have no plans for fu-

"The last thing concerns my marriages. Reporters insist I have already been married four times and this will be my fifth. When you've been married that many times, one more or less doesn't matter, but I have actually been married three times and this will be my fourth. I'm not trying to make excuses but two of those marriages and divorces took place before I was 22. The first was to Dwight Francis, the second to William A. Gaston. My supposed third marriage was to John Meehan, a writer. When this news broke he sent me a kidding wire: 'When did all this happen? I must have been asleep or on a trip around the world.' He was dialogue director on my first picture and while we're good friends we were never married.

"The third marriage was to Kenneth MacKenna and now this one to Erik Barnekow."

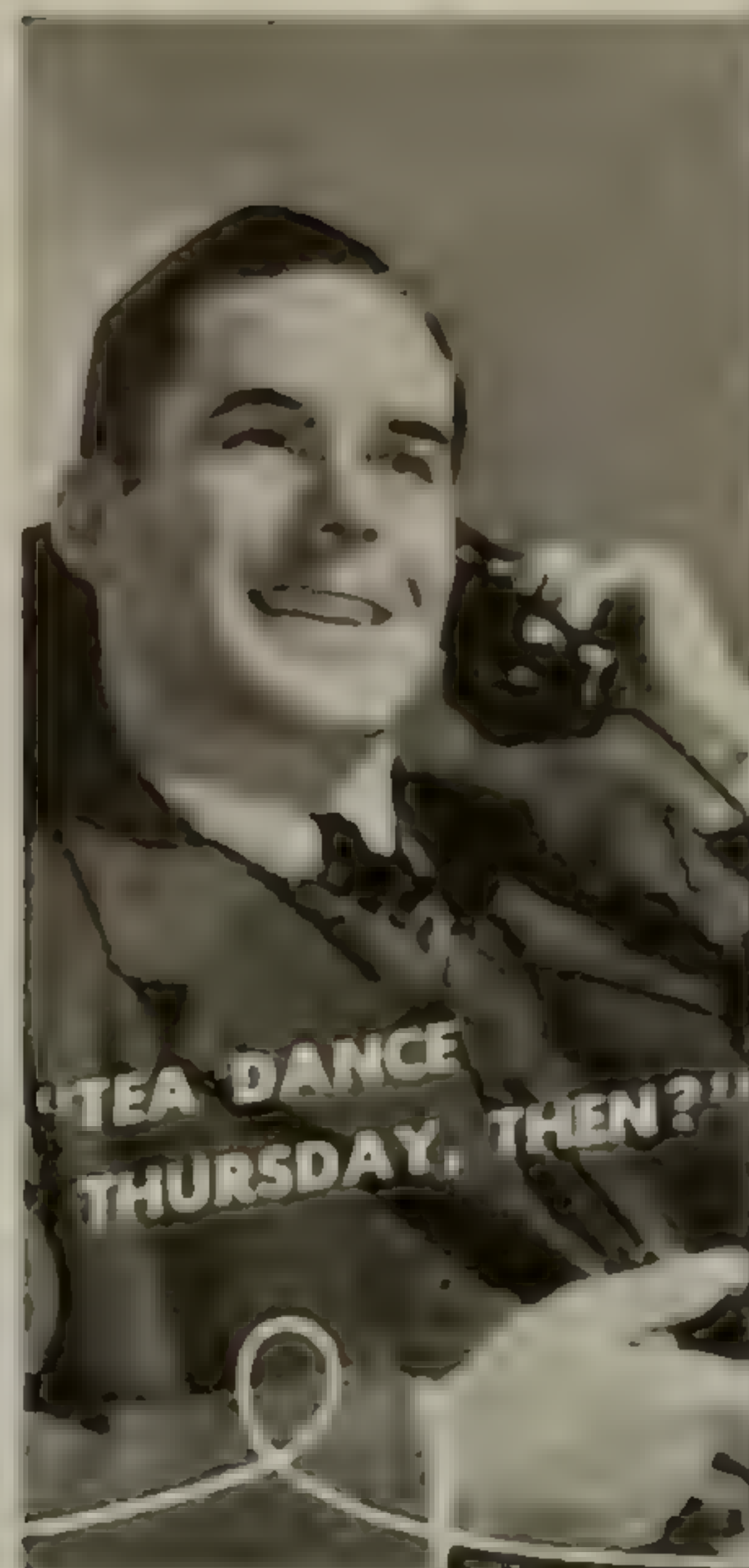
She held out her hand.

"Good-by, darling," she whispered huskily. "You've been awfully sweet to me. Come and see me when I get back. You—" Suddenly she dropped my hand, turned and ran off the stage—out, into her car.

I watched the car move down the street and out through the studio gates. My own eyes misted.

A star was dimmed.

Life's a Whirl!



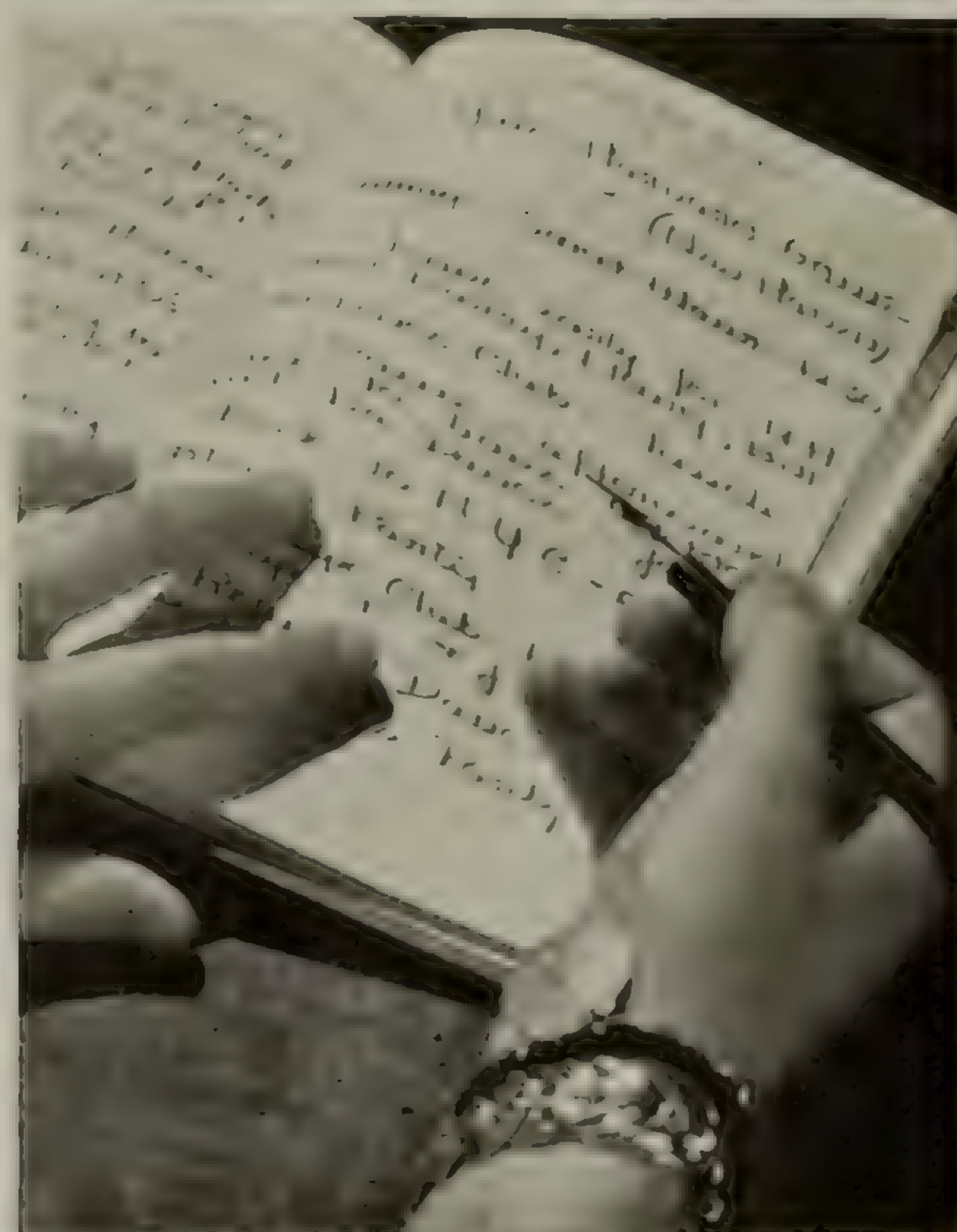
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Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up glamour plus."



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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Two famous designers, Howard Greer and Travis Banton. Two famous stars, Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard. This glamorous quartette was photographed by our own Hymie Fink at the recent opening of the Greer-Banton fashion salon, Hollywood



Letter

BY GWENN WALTERS

In spring a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of clothes. Brand-new ones to match the fresh, gay mood of the season itself.

PHOTOPLAY brings you Hollywood's side of the spring fashion story direct from two of cinematown's greatest designers—Howard Greer and Travis Banton—who, from their famous custom salon, create clothes for the personal wardrobes of the stars and the Southland's elite, as well as for motion-picture wardrobes on special assignment. Howard Greer's is an old established salon—Banton added his name to it shortly after his resignation from Paramount Studios last fall where he was head designer. Of course, you remember seeing the Greer models worn by Ginger Rogers in "Carefree" and Katharine Hepburn in "Bringing Up Baby." Likewise, Banton's glamour gowns brought to movie fame by Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard!

The spring fashion horizon, as seen through the eyes of Greer and Banton, is one of the most interesting and brilliant viewed in many a decade!

This coming season there will definitely be no set trends—no traditional "musts"—no prescribed fashion laws. One will not have to wear a straw hat to be chic in 1939, or select a town ensemble of print, or one of navy with trim of white piqué, or wear patent pumps, or even purchase a tailored suit.

In general, the trends will have a "little girl" look because of the old-fashioned dressmaker detail and the dainty femininity of line and trim. Skirts for daytime will be a wee bit shorter; the silhouette will be varied; there will be bloused models in both frocks and coats; pleated skirts; wee, flaring jackets and numerous modifications of the bolero; classic drapery for afternoon and evening gowns; corseleted and pinched-in waistlines; sleeve shoulders that jut out or up by means of shirrings, gathers, pleats or paddings.

Necklines will be variable. Many skirts will boast flounces: the dinner suit, long or short, will remain in great popularity; jacket suits, jacket frocks and coat and frock ensembles will have wider appeal than ever. Gaiety will persist in play clothes, with stripes, checks and plaids outstanding in the collections.

Hand-knit sweaters will see a smart revival

and many will be seen in short dressy versions for formal wear.

The latter ones will frequently be embroidered with gay yarns or glittering paillettes. Hats will have more brim and less crowns; they will be made of exquisite fabrics as well as felts and straws; they will be tied round with plaid and velvet ribbons and novel veilings; they will have a posy perched "now here, now there"; they will be piquant and picturesque!

SHEER woolen will become an important fabric for all daytime apparel as well as for evening wraps and formals—this fabric will smartly challenge the previous popularity of "crepe" for spring. Prints, of course, will be shown, but their greatest interest will lie in the medium of tie silks.

They will fashion these tie silks into casual frocks for wear under sport coats; into those that will be worn with a companion coat or with one of sheer woolen colored from one of the lighter dominant figure notes of the tie silk; and into the perennially important "coat dress."

The so-popular coat dress will boast a brand-new picturesqueness in its spring interpretation. Its styling will have a quaint femininity. Like all the clothes in the Greer-Banton spring collection, it will have a "dressed-up" look, for these two men stress femininity in women's fashions.

Likewise, their redingote ensembles stress femininity. Colorful coats top frocks of contrast sheer woolens or, as mentioned previously, those of silk.

The soft little dressmaker suit of sheer woolen which allows feminine styling as well as the

addition of bits of froufrou and a chapeau that is veiled and flowered and flattering is more in the mood of the season than the strictly man-nish tailleur. The former suit is more becoming and yet it embodies all the essentials of smart street grooming.

Even sports frocks heretofore plainly tailored for ease and action will take on a new feminine glory. For example, Greer and Banton suggest a shirtmaker frock of tie silk in shaded blues with collar and cuffs of white hand-embroidered batiste edged with lace—or one of pale green woolen (green in all its shades is the color news for spring) styled "jumper fashion" with a contrast blouse of pale yellow hand-embroidered linen edged at neck and sleeve with narrow baby lace.

Sport tweeds are as important as ever this spring. Stripes, subtle colorings and soft, open weaves are the high lights of these tweed collections. One of the loveliest color combinations I saw was of lettuce green, soft pink and mauve.

Tweeds will be featured in greatcoats and in separate jackets that will top plain skirts that have plucked their coloring from one of the hues in the jacket tweed. Greatcoats will stress shoulder yokes and back flares—jackets will stress ample draping and long lines.

Greer and Banton, of course, favor the little jacket suit of navy. But they accent it with a colorful blouse of red and white checked gingham instead of "yesteryear's must"—white piqué.

In summary, Greer and Banton feel that fashion this spring will reveal all there is of beauty in silhouette, color and fabric—that it will be truly feminine, truly picturesque!

Play Truth and Consequences with Claudette Colbert

(Continued from page 24)

8. (Q) As a girl did you ever have romantic dreams of marrying some famous personality, and who was he?
(A) Yes, I remember that I definitely thought I was the girl for the Prince of Wales. When he arrived in New York some years ago I was one of several students selected from our school to greet him at an official luncheon. I went representing the French children of the school and presented him with an American and a French flag and for months afterwards I went around in a daze. I reminded him of the incident recently when I met him in Europe, as the Duke of Windsor, but alack—he didn't even remember!
9. (Q) For what particular devilment were you most severely punished as a girl?
(A) For talking back to my mother. I always wanted the last word—she still criticizes me for it.
10. (Q) Do you feel fans are disappointed in you when they see you in person?
(A) I'm too busy worrying about how I look to feel anything.
11. (Q) What attempt in your life turned out to be the saddest fiasco?
(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Draw a picture of yourself.)
12. (Q) Have you ever been guilty of laughing in church and what was the occasion?
(A) No. I was brought up too strictly for that.
13. (Q) What has ever caused your husband to put you "in the doghouse" for a time?
(A) I am always forgetting to tell him ahead of time about dinner parties we are going to attend.
14. (Q) How well do you keep a secret?
(A) As well as the average woman.
15. (Q) How do you react when your husband makes an admiring remark about another woman?
(A) If I like her too, it's okay, but if not—well!
16. (Q) Do you consider yourself an easy person to get along with?
(A) Yes, because I'm one of those lucky people who just happens to have a good disposition.
17. (Q) What rôle have you secretly desired which was won by another actress?
(A) *Mary of Scotland*—I was terribly envious when Katharine Hepburn played it.
18. (Q) Do you wear false eyelashes off the screen?
(A) No, they're too much trouble—and you can always tell that they're false, anyway.
19. (Q) Before you were married were you inclined to be flirtatious?
(A) No. I have a horror of flirtatious women.
20. (Q) Before your husband asked you to marry him, had you already made up your mind that you were going to?
(A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Let us publish a picture of you without make-up.)
21. (Q) Should you adopt a child, what would be your attitude later in informing him or her of the adoption?
(A) I feel it is only fair to tell the child as soon as he is old enough to understand—to tell him before someone else does.
22. (Q) Which comedian amuses you most and why?
(A) Charlie Ruggles, because his timing is so perfect. It isn't always what he says, but how.
23. (Q) Do you like to get together with close girl friends and talk about other women?
(A) Yes, and I'd be fibbing if I said differently.
24. (Q) What mannerism or style of grooming have you changed to please your husband?
(A) He's one of those men who dislikes bright-red nail polish. Ergo: I go colorless.
25. (Q) What one thing which you haven't do you wish you had more than anything else in the world?
(A) The part of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind."
26. (Q) Are your charge accounts carried under the name of Claudette Colbert or Mrs. Joel Pressman, and which name do you prefer to use in your personal contacts?
(A) I always use Mrs. Joel Jay Pressman and I am very put out when business or personal friends fail to address me by this name. I feel that every career woman in her private life should use her husband's name—for courtesy, as well as sentimental reasons.
27. (Q) About what things are you most careless?

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

Letters have poured in questioning, "Why don't you publish more Errol Flynn stories?" So—LET'S HUNT FOR TREASURE by Errol Flynn will appear in the April issue. Hidden gold, pirates' jewels, mysterious islands golden in the sunset, all are here—and true, too—from the pen of this remarkable young actor-adventurer. You'll enjoy every word of it

In April PHOTOPLAY

The girl is Hollywood star **ANDREA LEEDS** now in Samuel Goldwyn's screen play "The Last Frontier." Her dress is made available to you through **DOUBLE MINT GUM**. Just buy **SIMPLICITY** pattern 2978 at Simplicity -dealers. Or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N.Y. City.

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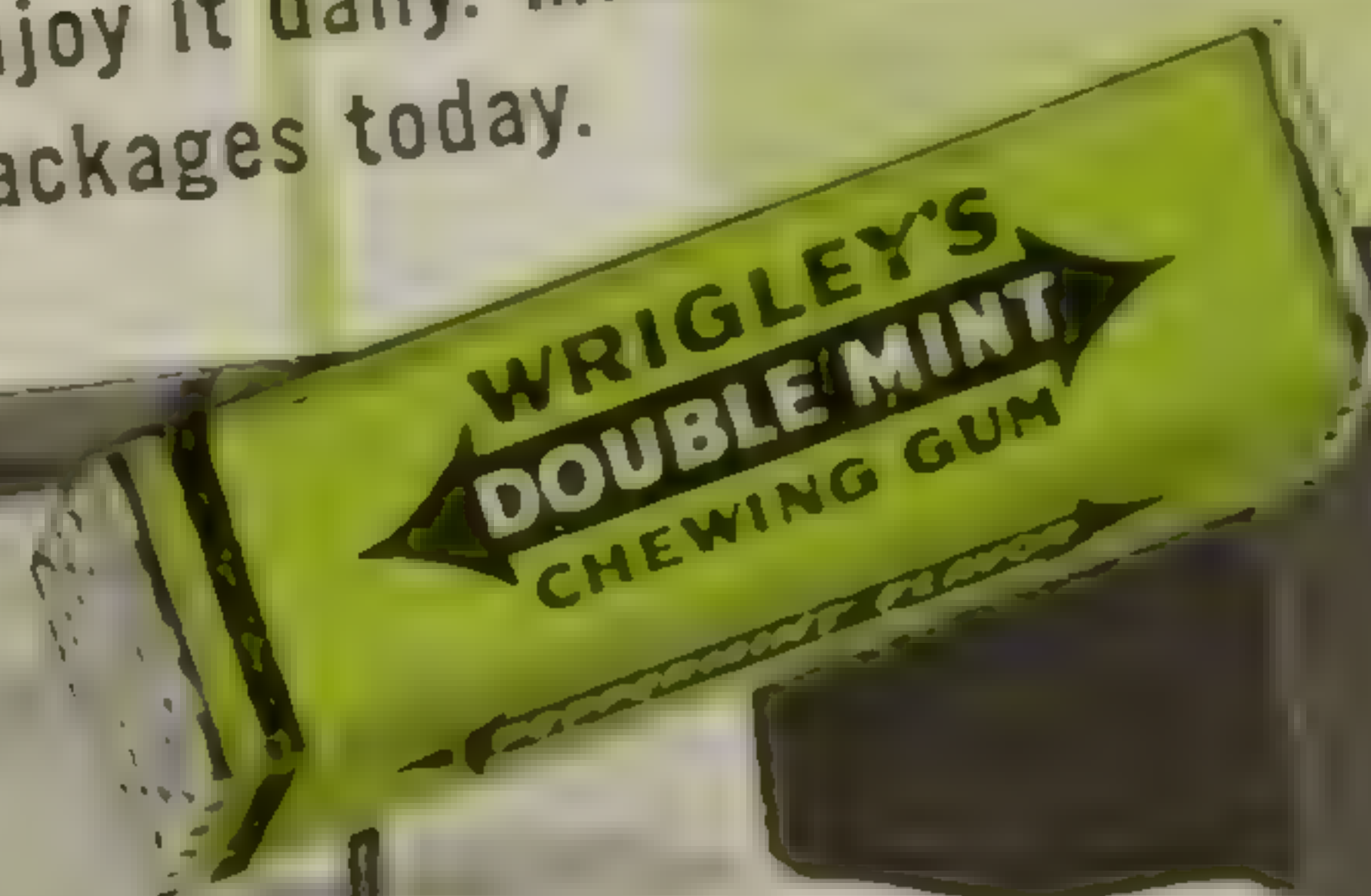
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Yes Once you taste Double Mint Gum you realize how long lasting and satisfying its mint flavor really is!

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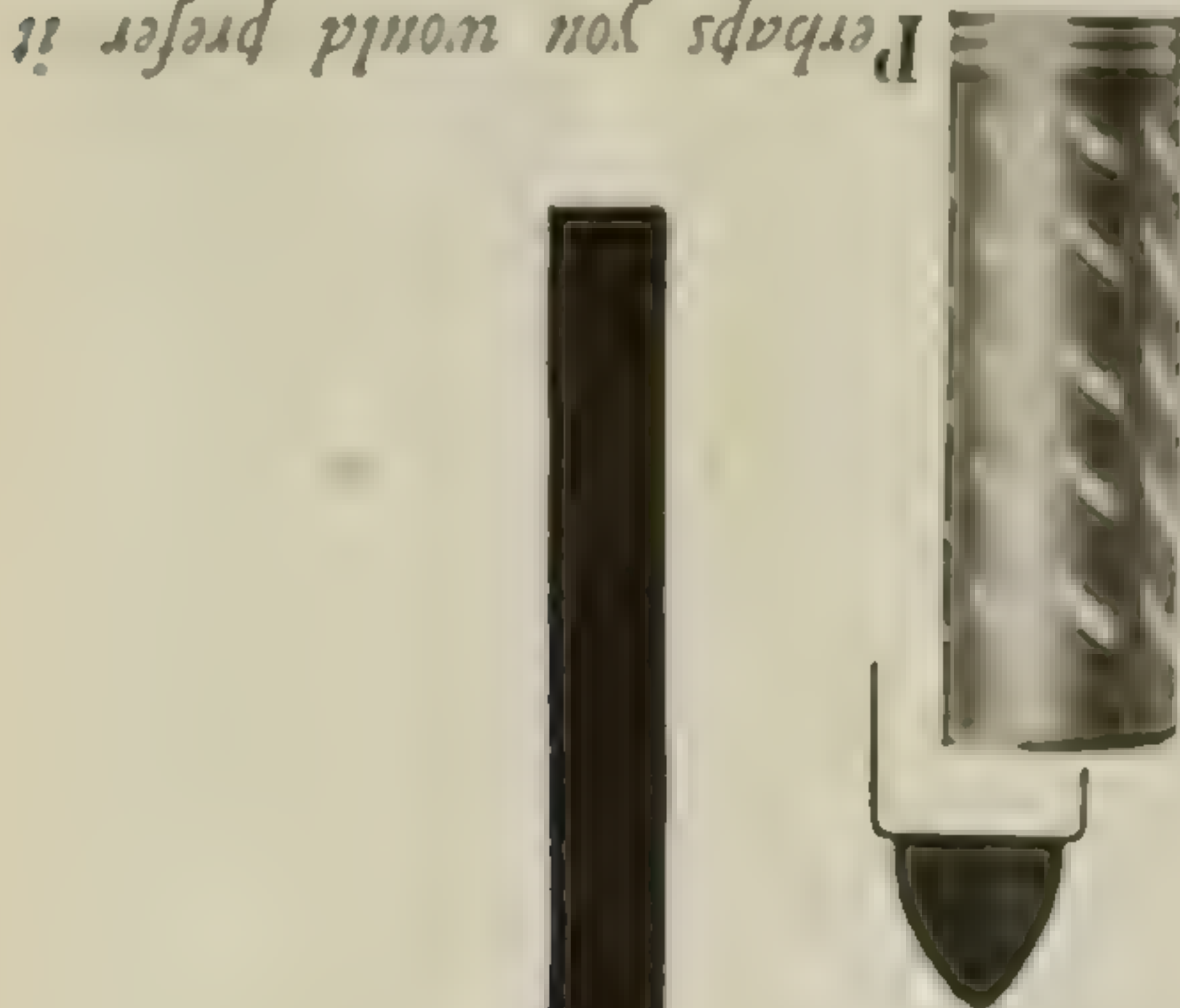


VOLUPTE



How will
you have
your
INTRIGUE?

Flaunt a dash of purple in your beauty life. Wear Volupté's exotic mauve-tinged shade, INTRIGUE! Wear it shamelessly shiny in that dazzling HUSSY of a lipstick "H"... **OR** ... in either finish, let there be INTRIGUE of a lipstick "L". But by all means, softly seen-less, in that lovely LADY Perhaps you would prefer it



VOLUPTE

- (A) I am constantly losing things, handkerchiefs especially—at the rate of two a day.
28. (Q) In selecting a list of Hollywood's ten best-dressed women to include you, where on the list would you rank yourself, and why?
- (A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Write an essay of a hundred words or more, à la Bob Burns.)
29. (Q) At what, acting excluded, do you consider yourself expert?
- (A) Fishing! I cast a mean hook, let me tell you.
30. (Q) What slang expression do you most constantly use?
- (A) "So what."
31. (Q) What do you consider your least attractive physical feature?
- (A) My nose. It's not so much the bane of my existence, but cameramen don't like it much.
32. (Q) What do you weigh, and what weight problem do you have?
- (A) One hundred and fourteen pounds—and I am constantly stuffing to keep it up to that.
33. (Q) What percentage of your income do you save?
- (A) One-tenth.
34. (Q) Has your happiness increased with your income?
- (A) Not particularly. Naturally I have been able to enjoy more luxuries and a greater feeling of security, but happiness deals with something more important. Being happy is a talent which everyone should try to develop—and it can be developed without riches.
35. (Q) For what type of portrayal do you consider yourself best suited?
- (A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (From your own collection grant us the most unglamorous photo taken of you on one of your trips.)
36. (Q) What personal wish or like have you spent the most money to satisfy?
- (A) I spend all my money on my home... it gives me more gratification than anything else in the world.
37. (Q) How old were you when you had your first date, and what was it?
- (A) I was seventeen and was invited to a Masonic ball. The poor young man was much surprised when my entire family came along, too. One or more members of my family always chaperoned me everywhere.
38. (Q) What do you think has been your greatest handicap in your career?
- (A) Neglecting to pose for sufficient publicity pictures.
39. (Q) What do you think has been your greatest asset?
- (A) Always worrying about getting good stories, rather than good parts.
40. (Q) On what occasion and by whom have you ever been told to "mind your own business"?
- (A) I always mind my own business. I have a terrible curiosity about other people, but I manage to control it.
41. (Q) Was there anything about you or your looks when you were a child which caused other kids to ridicule you?
- (A) Yes, I had to wear little ankle socks all year round as French children do and the others teased me—said it was because my family was too stingy to buy me stockings.
42. (Q) When have you ever resorted to tears to get something?
- (A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Write a verse about La Conga, the dance being introduced in "Midnight.")
43. (Q) Do you bestow a great deal of attention on small aches and pains?
- (A) I used to—I was almost a hypochondriac, but marrying a doctor cured that.
44. (Q) In case of a misunderstanding are you quick to apologize or do you wait for the other person to do it?
- (A) I apologize immediately, because I can't stand friction.
45. (Q) Do you try to conceal your age?
- (A) I can't conceal it, because it's been published for twelve years every place in the world; but I would like to forget it.
46. (Q) Do you consider yourself an informal person?
- (A) About many things, yes... but in some connections I prefer to be formal. I dislike very much to have people "drop in" on me at home, for example. I'm not good at potluck hostessing... it gives me the jitters and all my friends know it by now.
47. (Q) Are you spoiled?
- (A) Not enough! I love to be spoiled—especially when I'm feeling sorry for myself. Then I want lots of sympathy and to be told that I'm right.
48. (Q) Do you fear death?
- (A) Yes, terribly.
49. (Q) What is the least amount of money per year on which you believe you could live comfortably?
- (A) Miss Colbert took the consequences. (Since you admit, in your answer to question 38, that you haven't posed for enough publicity pictures, let us have a typical one of you now.)
50. (Q) What are your plans for retirement?
- (A) I haven't any—I hope to go on and on.
51. (Q) On what subject do you believe yourself most qualified to advise someone else?
- (A) Advice is awfully cheap and about as unwelcome... I know, because I've received lots of it and that's why I don't give it now.
52. (Q) When did you last make a faux pas?
- (A) Last evening, and that was the third one yesterday. I am always making them—speaking out when I shouldn't, stooping to pick up something I dropped instead of waiting for the gentlemanly gesture of the man with whom I'm talking—bumped heads the result! Using the wrong fork, just because I'm absent-minded about such things. The result—I blush always and make foolish stuttering remarks trying to cover up.
53. (Q) If you had a daughter of sixteen would you allow her to smoke or drink, or to go out unchaperoned?
- (A) No. Decidedly.
54. (Q) Is it easy for you to trust people or are you inclined to be suspicious and on the defensive?
- (A) I am very suspicious and on the defensive... always have been... and make dozens of inquiries before accepting any plan or business proposition put up to me.
55. (Q) Do you think women should dye their hair to hide grayness?
- (A) If they work for a living, yes.
56. (Q) How do you act when being interviewed?
- (A) Very cagey, because I dread being misquoted.
57. (Q) Are you superstitious?
- (A) Yes, I'm a wood-knocker.
58. (Q) Do you prefer the company of men or women, and why?
- (A) Miss Colbert took the consequence Jean Arthur thought up last month. (Arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style and have your picture taken.)
59. (Q) Do you believe women should take an active part in politics, voting, etc., and do you?
- (A) No, and I have never voted yet.
60. (Q) What bad habit do you have which annoys your friends?
- (A) Slipping garlic into the soup when I invite them for a French dinner.



Penalty on Question No. 58. This is a "consequence" Jean Arthur thought up last month—arrange your hair in its most unbecoming style and have your picture taken that way



Illusion

*There is something about her
that makes you think of
willow saplings swaying in the wind
...that something is known
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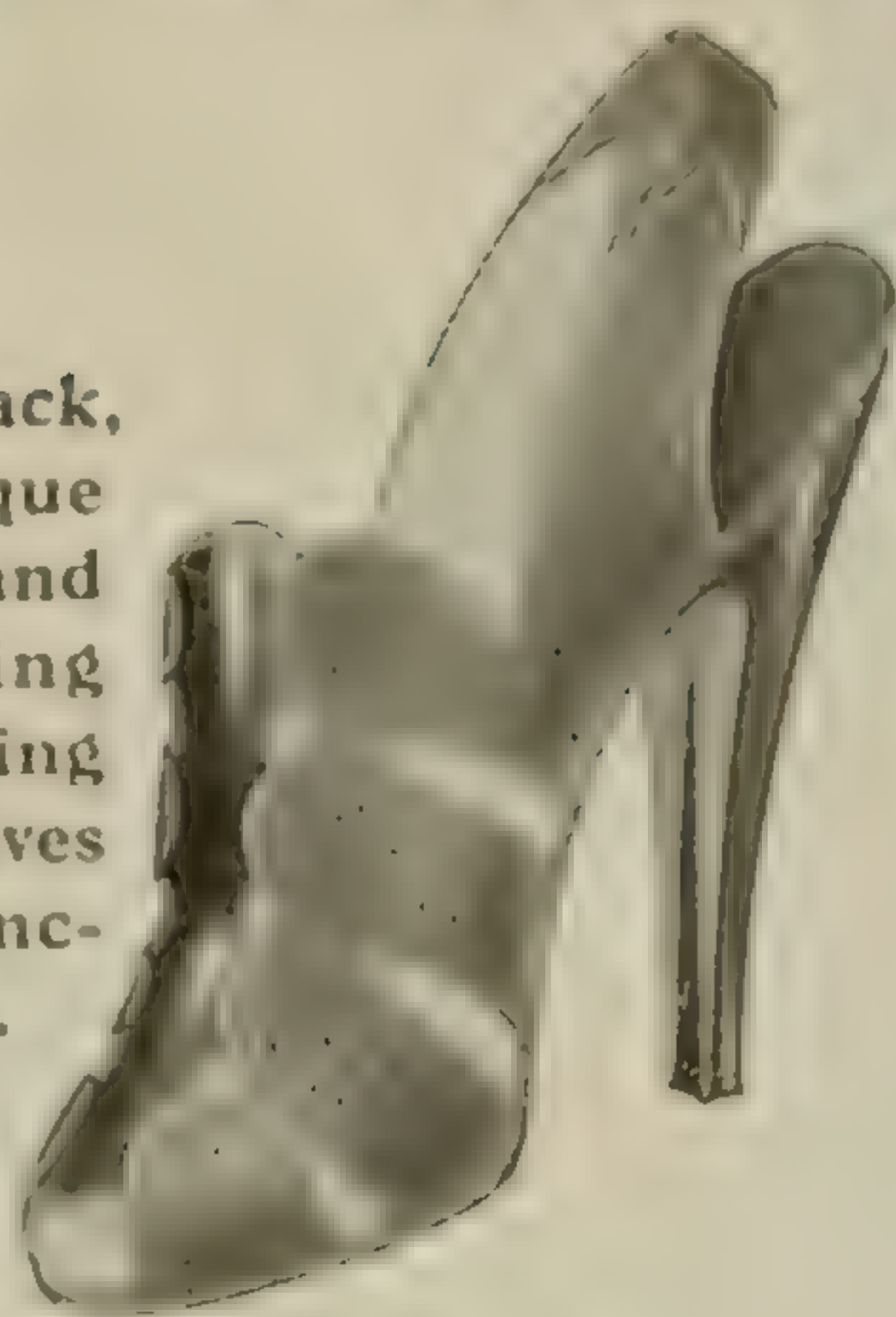
Paradise ON EARTH!



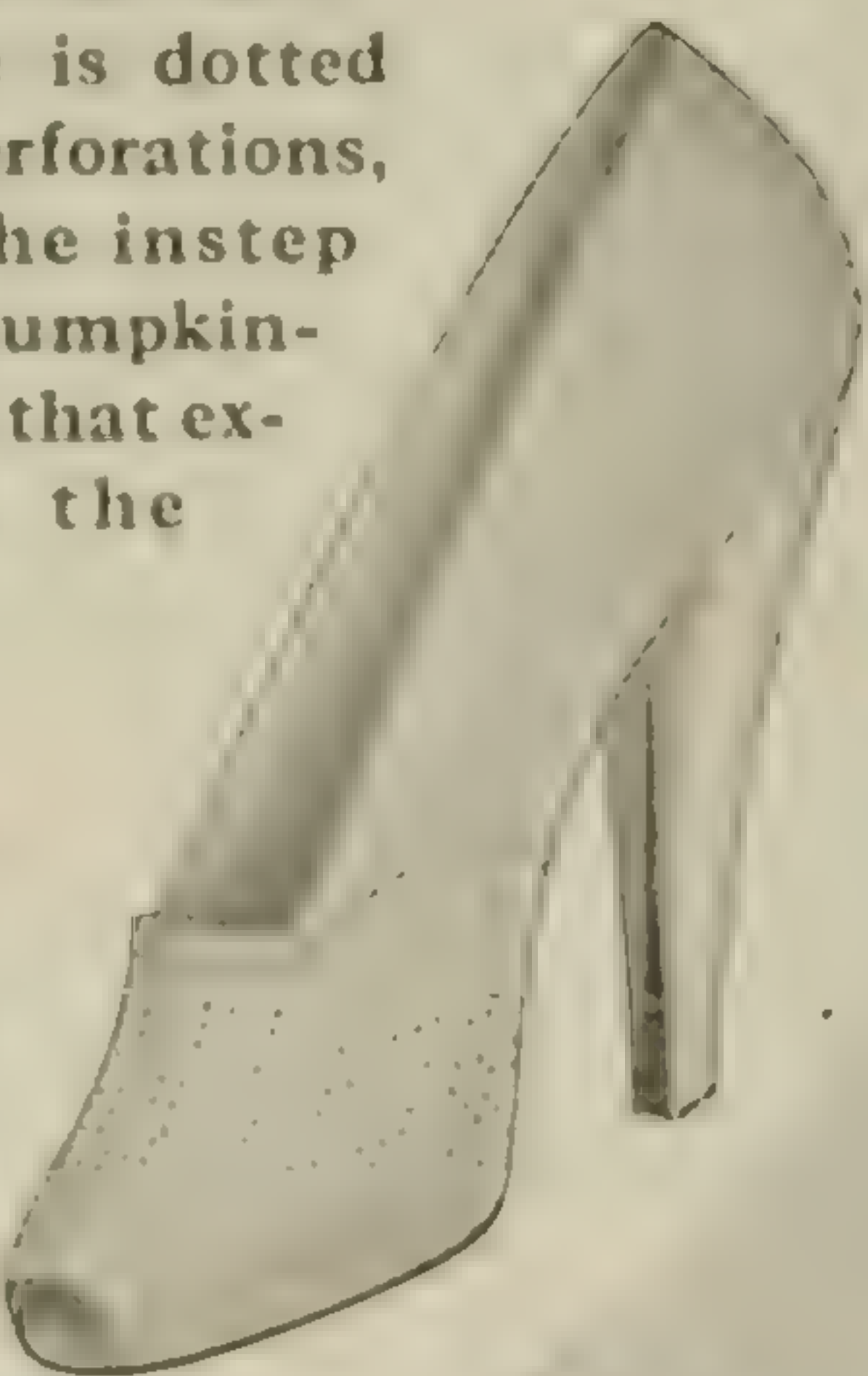
THIS SPRING'S PARADISE SHOES ARE AS GLAMOROUS AS THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

Glamour — charm — beauty — romance — they've all been created for you — fashioned into this Spring's Paradise Shoes. You'll simply adore this heavenly footwear that so perfectly reflects the spirit of the new season — and that's priced so amazingly reasonable!

The Randy—An open back, open toe step-in of bisque suede with the heel and in-step of contrasting copper calf. The interesting cut-out treatment gives this shoe added distinction—added smartness.



The Garnet—Glove fitting, because it's made of stretchable patent leather. This shoe is dotted with tiny perforations, relieved at the instep by the new pumpkin-seed cut-outs that extend down the front.



The Toby—Interestingly spaced perforations cover this lovely shoe from heel to open toe. The comfortable Tango flexible in-step feature makes this pump doubly important in your Spring plans.



Brauer Bros. Shoe Co. ST. LOUIS
Makers of Paradise Shoes and Tango Pumps



Sonja Henie's New Prince Charming

(Continued from page 29)

because I wanted to do something different. I had done only solo numbers for so long, I thought perhaps my audiences would appreciate a change."

"I am sure they appreciate this," I murmured.

"As for choosing Stewart Reburn..." she smiled again, "well, in considering possible partners, I could think of only two, but one of those two was a solo skater like myself which really simmered the situation down to one choice—the one I made."

"I had seen Stewart skate at Lake Placid in the 1932 Olympics and again at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in 1936. He was paired with a Canadian girl named Louise Bertram and I never forgot him. He had, as you say, 'what it takes,' not only as a skater, but as a personality. And so..." she made a little gesture with hands and shoulders, "I wired him in Toronto and asked him to meet me in New York upon my return from Norway last summer. He met me there and the agreement was made."

"Did you skate together before he was signed up for the Revue?" I asked her.

"No," she said and the dimples played hard in her cheeks. "I suppose it was very unbusinesslike of me, but I was so sure we should get on perfectly, and there was no ice available just then, and so... well, actually, we never skated together until just two weeks ago today."

"I'll admit," she added, "that I was a little nervous the day we met in the Palace, here, for our first rehearsal. But it worked out all right."

YES, it "worked out all right." A friend of mine who had witnessed that initial rehearsal told me it "worked out" from the instant those two joined hands on the ice.

Sonja had selected the music and had planned the steps they were to do. "I'll show you," she said to Reburn. But almost before she finished the first figure, he was at her side, timing his own strokes to hers, sensing, as only a trained pair-skater can, what would come next. And before that brief hour was over, the Gade tango was a beautiful thing to see.

"You're good," Sonja said simply, when they had finished.

And he, blushing with pleasure at this praise from the queen of all skaters, withal he is himself a champion, replied, huskily, "Thank you, Sonja. This is a proud moment for me."

"And what about it?" I asked Sonja on the night of the premiere. "Wouldn't you like to have him in a picture with you?"

Her answer was ready and frank. "Yes, I would. I hope he can be in my next."

And so, since Sonja is a young lady who almost always gets her own way, we might be seeing him at our neighborhood theater one of these days when the tour of the Hollywood Ice Revue is ended. You can't tell. . . .

I ALSO met the young man in question, that night. He has the clear complexion and clipped speech of a Dick Greene. His hair is light brown, thick and slick; his eyes are gray and smiling; his mouth full, yet finely chiseled. When he speaks, he looks at you with engaging directness; when you speak, he listens with flattering attention. He is of medium height and finely proportioned. If too tall, he would appear incongruous beside the diminutive Sonja.

The two of them met in 1934 on a Saturday afternoon at a waltzing session in the Toronto Skating Club. Sonja, then an amateur, was there to headline the Toronto carnival. Howard Ridout, president of the club, introduced them. Young Reburn remembers all of this perfectly. He remembers, too, being so thrilled that he stumbled over his skates "like a clumsy lout." Of course, they had seen each other skate at Lake Placid two years before.

"At least," he adds modestly, "I saw her. Who wouldn't?"

It was a strange thing the way fate brought him to Sonja's side and back into skating. After winning a list of championships a yard or so long, he and his partner, Miss Bertram, captured the Canadian Pairs Championship and the Minto Cup which, he confided to me, was their goal. They retired, then, undefeated, and Stewart, deciding it was high time he made a niche for himself in the world of business, started to sell advertising. Then came the wire from Sonja, the trip to New York, the Hollywood Ice Revue, a new life.

ROMANTIC? Of course it is! Two people—so young, so attractive, neither in love with anyone else, and they have such fun together!

Naturally, I didn't ask them, "Is there a romance in the offing?" Such a question would only have embarrassed them. But I said to myself, if there is not, there should be.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 11 with these correct ones:

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|---|
| 1. Donald Crisp | 7. James Cagney | 14. Richard Barthelmess |
| 2. Gary Cooper | 8. Gene Lockhart | |
| 3. Ann Sothern | 9. Frances Farmer | 15. Lionel Barrymore in "A Family Affair" |
| 4. Charles Chaplin | 10. Claudette Colbert | |
| 5. Gale Page | 11. Wayne Morris | 16. Nancy Kelly |
| Ann Sheridan | 12. Mickey Rooney | 17. Shirley Temple |
| 6. George Raft | 13. Henry Fonda | 18. Richard Greene |
| 19. James Roosevelt | 20. Joan Crawford | |

Melvyn of the Movies

(Continued from page 67)

rejoicing and entrained for Chicago, furiously convinced in his seventeen-year-old mind that there was no honor or justice left in the world and that all women were inherently untrustworthy.

Melvyn Hesselberg had spent an entire adolescence eagerly protesting against an order of things that was conventional and hidebound. Perhaps it was his mixed ancestry . . . Edouard Hesselberg, his musician father, was Russian-born; his mother a Kentuckian, with muddled English and harsh Scotch blood in her veins. They were people of a small world, of intense possessiveness.

In retrospect, Melvyn could remember many things that directly or indirectly had influenced him: the Macon, Georgia house, furnished for comfort but not stylized; the music his father made which frightened him; the new house in Nashville; then a year in Germany; there was being eleven and moving to Toronto; his attempt to join the army at the age of fifteen and having his father quietly obtaining his release; and the girl from the burlesque show he had met; then there was the break with his family, back in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1917; so there had been no one to stop him from joining the army. But the war had ended and now he was on his own again.

WITH the mad winter of 1918, his new adult life began. He had gone to Chicago because the break with his family had been a clean one and he was determined to keep it so. There was that winter, and his first job, which was selling pianos, and the room he took: faded wallpaper, stained bathtub, the peculiar smell old rooming houses have; and there was quitting the job, because there wasn't enough work attached and his conscience hurt at taking the money, and there was the next job, in which he read gas meters, and there was the next job after that, as salesman in a store.

He met William Owen then, through the intervention of some strange providence. Owen was a retired stage star with a penchant for helping young theatrical aspirants; and he was impressed with Melvyn, so that within a week the boy was established comfortably in Owen's residence, working at sundry jobs to pay his way, and studying Shakespeare under Owen's tutelage, and eating at Owen's table, and generally being a pet protégé of Owen—which suited them both.

Thus, sheltered and protected, Melvyn had the freedom of time and energy to flounder with his fellows in the immediate post-War mire. There were many to keep him company, acquired through Owen and Owen's circle, and there was plenty of mire. His acquaintances were sundry, but all of a kind of pattern; they were young writers, artists, actors, intellectuals with a leaning toward much conversation, and they had sporadic creative intervals. They liked Turgéniev, the early Greeks, gin and four o'clock in the morning. They were Chicago's Greenwich Village set and, because of their vitality and the scope of their ideas, they were good for Melvyn.

He spent five years in Chicago. A few things, names, events—vividly remembered now—are typical.

There was the arrival of Prohibition. Melvyn and his friends collected other friends and all the money all of them had and, having spent the resultant large sum (there were 150 in the party)

on liquor, settled down to a celebrant bender. It lasted three days, during which a little over 100 of the guests passed or dropped out of the group, unmissed.

The remainder, led by Melvyn, were still going strong on the last night; with what change they had left, these hearties tramped down to the Congress Hotel where they found most of Chicago tipsily lined up at the bar. At the far end was a coffin containing the recumbent figure of John Barleycorn; and the crowd was filing past to kiss him good-by. This was not too sanitary a gesture but it had its value, since, as each mourner's lips touched those of John, a squirt of liquor shot out to cheer the parting.

NINETEEN-NINETEEN drifted past, with the main difference to Melvyn that Shakespeare began to make infinite sense and that Edouard Hesselberg began to have financial difficulties; whereupon his son, with sudden renaissance of filial regard, felt he had better get busy and make some extra money. This was accomplished in the next year, when Owen organized a Repertoire Company, made Melvyn one of the leads, and went on the road.

When that was over the good Mr. Owen, whose health had failed, planted his protégé as first lead with John Kellard's road company, at \$60 a week.

Melvyn's 1920 tour with the Kellard company ended abruptly in Toronto, where Melvyn found himself without a nickel but with a wealth of experiences to consider. These, however, were not negotiable; and he was hungry. He walked along the early autumn streets of the Canadian city, his coat collar up against the cold, his hands deep in his empty pockets, and confronted Crisis.

There were alternatives. He could wire home for money, return to the possessive Lena and Edouard. Or he could call Owen collect. The first was refuted by the decisive pattern that he had been building in his mind through the years; the second, by shame.

He stood staring into a shop window, blind to the contents, trying to think. A man, shabby and with a face that showed only resignation and a disinclination for the razor, came to stand beside him. After a moment the man said, "I was going to ask you for coffee money, Bud. But you're flat, ain't you?"

"How did you know?"

"Y' get so you can tell, after a while. Listen. The cardboard from packages is better in your shoes than the kind the laundry puts in shirts, because of the glaze. It lasts longer." After a moment the man added, "No friends, Bud?"

"No," Melvyn said. Then he turned to stare at the fellow. "Yes! I'd forgotten . . ." He reached in his pocket and found a quarter. "Here. And thanks."

Melvyn began to trot down the street.

He found a phone booth in a drug-store. "Information," he said into the mouthpiece. . . .

A moment later he was saying, "Johnnie, I punched your nose once at school and now you're going to invite me to dinner."

THAT night, at dinner, he watched his host plunge a fork into a plump roast chicken and saw the golden juice of chestnut dressing run out. His stomach fluttered impatiently. "Now then," the host muttered, carving.

By the open fire, afterwards, Melvyn

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet

MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING!

WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

ALL THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

CUT IN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! NOT WHEN I'M DANCING WITH ANNE!

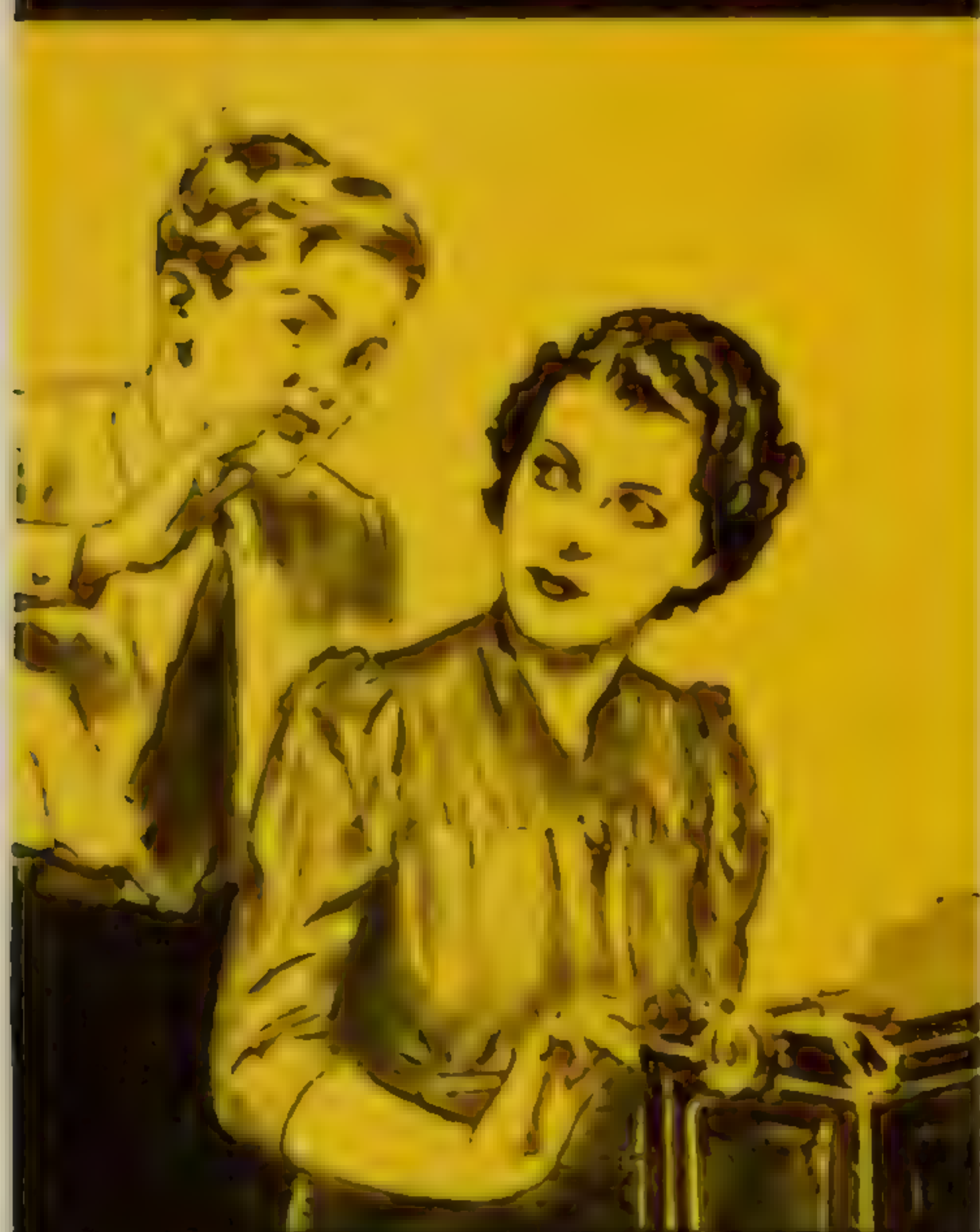
IT'S TRUE! A GIRL DOES HAVE MORE ALLURE WHEN SHE BATHES WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP...IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!

I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!

Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



"HOW IN THE WORLD
DOES THE BOSS
REST WHILE
WORKING
SO HARD?"



HERE'S HOW he does it. He keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum on his desk. What a pleasant way to relieve the tension!



One of America's
GOOD habits

Beech-Nut



Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N. Y., and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

stretched his legs and blinked vaguely. "But, of course, I'm still in a spot," he said. "Not that I wouldn't like camping in the middle of your dining-room table. But what goes on from here?"

"Why not get a job in Toronto and stay? It's not so bad."

"A job?" Melvyn raised an eyebrow. "I'm an actor. It's the winter season, you know that."

His friend shrugged. "Those who can't, comma, teach. You're stalled just now as an actor. So teach other people to be actors. Open a dramatic school."

There was a long silence, while Melvyn considered. Then he said, "God pity Canada's future crop of actors. I will do it."

Three months later he sat in his rooms, checked his resources, and found he had been able to save a hundred dollars. Methodically he cut two pieces in the shape of inner soles of glazed cardboard from a package, put them away as mementos of the summer and on the rest of the package printed in block letters: "Sorry. But you're in a rut anyway." He opened the door and tacked the sign in the middle of the panels, for his students to find the next day. They had not, after all, paid him for the past week.

Then he packed his clothes and caught the first train for Chicago.

THE years blazed by, then, in a bright procession: 1921, and the summer, and the song that said, "Tomorrow, tomorrow, how happy I will be," and the community house for actors at which Melvyn Hesselberg lived, after the hundred dollars was gone. The classical theater, with stage and settings hand-built in the back yard of the community house, which he conceived and created with a friend named Gale Sondergaard; and the success of the theater, with resultant prosperity and expensive hilarity.

That summer he met the girl who, at long last, made him forget Anne. . . .

But she had Anne's propensity for hurting him, so that in the following winter he came one afternoon to his room, once again packed his bags, called the Chautauqua Troupe manager to accept the job he had offered and left on tour that afternoon.

It was the end of the Chicago interlude. Essentially, he was unchanged.

And it was 1922—the Chautauqua company was a kind of Evangelical Society arrangement, playing week-long stands in tiny Wisconsin and Illinois hamlets; through it Melvyn got a little closer to raw America, the bigoted, the intolerant, the childishly unsophisticated America.

Observing with detachment, he found that he had no feeling of scorn for the country people whose ideas were so different. Rather, he caught himself studying them, understanding their viewpoints, liking and envying the simplicity of their emotions.

The change, the growing up, was happening to him slowly. It would take a shock-incident (which would be inevitable, of course) to snap him clear. But that would come later. . . .

AMERICA rolled full blast, shouting gleefully, into its most prosperous decade. A young intellectual Melvyn had met earlier, named Ben Hecht, wrote a play and got it produced. The manuscript which another contemporary of Melvyn's had been working on had been published and now formed an endless pattern in the windows of bookshops across the nation: "This Side of Paradise," read the bright jackets, "by F. Scott Fitzgerald." "What Price Glory?" asked theater marquees, everywhere. Mahjong came in, and went out. Radios grew loud-speakers. And in Sioux City, Iowa, progress came to Melvyn Hesselberg when a modern stock com-



May we present Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris! The bride was Bubbles Schinasi, daughter of a New York tobacco importer. Is Wayne the proud husband!

pany, full-rigged and really professional, hired him as leading man to an experienced lady for \$50 a week.

By the time, some months later, the company was ready to move to Madison, Wisconsin, his salary had been raised to \$65 and he was an official asset.

Although he could not know it, the highly evolved personality toward which he had been working was crystallizing. His wild, uncharted rebellion against convention was assuming an intelligent aspect, despite the fact that his emotions were as muddled as ever. In any case, he was shrewd enough, when the chance came, to leave his job and start his own stock company with backing from friends.

In it he alternated the Up-In-Mable's-Room type of thing with classic plays. The experiment was pretty successful, except that the farces, by the overwhelming attention given them by Melvyn's college acquaintances, had to support the Art, which went almost unattended.

Nevertheless, this was accomplishment. This was something to get his teeth into. This was sufficient. . . .

UNTIL, on New Year's Eve, 1924 and the final adjustment of Melvyn Hesselberg to the social order in which he lived were ushered in simultaneously with the banging on his apartment door of the Madison, Wisconsin police.

He had, earlier, met an architect and subsequently had taken the upper floor of one of his apartment buildings. Here young Mr. Hesselberg lived, rehearsed and entertained the many people he had met during the long Madison residence. And here, on the last night of 1924, he decided to give a party to end all parties.

"Have a good time," he enjoined each one, upon arrival.

And they did—such a noisy, such an unfettered good time, indeed, that at eleven-thirty the landlady gave a shake to her ponderous bosom, donned her uncompromising pince nez and called the riot squad.

Melvyn himself opened the door to them. He had thought this might happen. He was ready. Now, for all time, would the riot-act be read.

He launched into it with fervor.

After ten minutes his audience found him still impassioned but repetitious. They took him, and his guests, away.

The night court judge, peering benevolently over the bench, released them, of course. But during the next weeks Melvyn could not help admitting a chastened mood; further—he knew suddenly that he was bored with the life he had been leading, that he had a case of mental indigestion.

At the end of three weeks, his tradition of rebellion shaken because its basic reason was lost, but with rebellion still a necessity since he was what he was, Melvyn stopped one day before the show window of a travel agency. The gaudy placards, inviting him to far and romantic places, seemed to hold the answer to his immediate problem. He went inside to ask for some folders and came out with a ticket—to Europe.

The stock company had been going great guns all winter. It was at the peak of its success. But for the first time in his life Melvyn had a respectable sum of money in the bank; he needs must prove this accomplishment to himself in some special manner.

Also, he was thoroughly sick of this guy Melvyn Hesselberg, who couldn't seem to make up his mind clearly about life. Maybe, in a different and older world, he might find the answer to everything, if there were one. . . .

HE had \$1200. It kept him in Europe for the entire summer—in Paris for a time, then in a small coast town where the people were simple and real and where he could learn French at first hand; he went for a long walking trip up the coast of Normandy; he met an American architect who had just returned from bicycling across the Continent and, taking the cue, Melvyn bought a bike and set out.

When the summer was over, he caught the boat home with a sense of relief. In the mirror his eyes returned his stare, clear and untroubled.

The cure had worked.

As he got off the boat, with \$68 in his pocket, a Western Union boy was monotonously calling his name. He took the wire. It was from a girl he had known for years in Chicago, and it said simply: "I've missed you."

He remembered the way her mouth looked when she smiled and the amber glint of her hair under light. He remembered her voice. It was enough.

He went directly to Chicago.

On the table damask in the Edgewater Beach Club's dining room he told her, "Something's changed me. I don't mean I've gone long-hair—but when I do things now I know why. I know what I want. One thing—I want you."

She was silent.

"Will you marry me?" Melvyn asked her.

"This minute?"

"I mean tomorrow."

She smiled slowly. "I'll have to give up a luncheon date. But I guess it's worth it. Okay."

It lasted a year, and netted him a son, a confusion of experiences, twelve months of anxious, hard work and, finally, a divorce.

The trouble had been that he had mistaken her for love—for which he was ready at last—when in reality she was only the symbol of that love. . . .

There was just one woman with whom Melvyn Douglas could find happiness. His meeting with her, their life together in Hollywood and his fight against film success conclude Douglas' unusual story

In April PHOTOPLAY

Tyrone Power's Own Story

(Continued from page 19)

the airport with huge bunches of flowers. It's their charming custom to bid visitors a successful crossing in this manner. We couldn't get out of the plane. The actual place where we crossed the line was called Quito, but we landed at Guayaquil at six. After a quick dinner, made a personal appearance at the local Fox theater and then to bed.

The Count Theo Rossi whom Ty mentions is one of the world's most eligible bachelors and the heir to the famous Vermouth millions of the famous Martini & Rossi firm. So can you imagine what it must have done to the babes of Ecuador to have two such bachelors pile out of one plane—to say nothing of Bill, who is a bachelor, too, and most eligible, though wary?

Thursday

AT the airport at five-thirty A.M. to take off for Arica, Chile. This early-to-bed, early-to-rise stuff is just like being on a picture shooting schedule. It's worth it, though, if for no other reason than seeing the sunrise from the air. That's always a thriller. Our first stop, at Talara, Peru, very surprising on two scores. The place looks just like any other oil town, only here it is completely surrounded by desert. Then three girls turned up who proved to be from Tulsa, Oklahoma. Only came down at Lima long enough to refuel, but the city looked so beautiful from the air I wish we had arranged to stop here for a few days. We flew over some Inca ruins this afternoon and climbed up 6,000 feet to land at a city named Arequipa. It is situated at the base of Mt. Chachani, which is 20,000 feet high. With two other mountains of almost equal height towering alongside. Pushed on to Arica, getting there at six, so dog tired we didn't even stop to eat. Just registered at the hotel and made a dive for the hay.

Friday

THE first dull day of the whole trip, all the fault of stormy weather. Out at seven this morning headed for Santiago, but held out dodging thunder storms and barely got in in time to be met by Mr. Ruscica, the 20th Century-Fox representative down here, and to go with him to a dinner given by the representatives of the major motion-picture companies. Bowling after dinner at the Union Club; got back to the hotel at two A.M.

Saturday

NOT going up in a plane this morning. Down to earth for three whole days, which is a relief for a change, and the city looks charming. Took a drive to Valparaiso and Viña del Mar. (Wonder if the "Bad Girl" author got her name from this town.) Lunched with members of the local press in the Castillo, a very modern restaurant overlooking the harbour of Valparaiso. In the afternoon, after a sight-seeing trip around the city, I had the pleasure of meeting the mayor of Viña del Mar, who invited Bill and me to be his guests at a dinner at the Casino. Did we feel sappy when we arrived in our old slacks, open-neck shirts and sports coats and everybody else formal?

Sunday

DIDN'T stir till lunch which I had with Darryl Zanuck's mother, Mrs. Norton,

who happens to be visiting here, too. We went on to the races and in the evening were guests of the American Ambassador for cocktails and then for dinner at a local golf club.

Monday

TWO weeks out of Hollywood. It seems like two years, not restful ones, certainly, but better, exciting ones. Could have stayed on in Santiago for another month, but we're scheduled to plane out today for Buenos Aires. Up over the Andes we had to sniff oxygen as were flying at an altitude of 19,000 feet. From the plane it looked as though you could reach out and touch the sides of the mountains, but the steward said we weren't within a mile of the nearest peak. It adds up to one of the most thrilling and beautiful plane trips it is possible to take.

Before I even stepped out of the plane, they came on board with a microphone and asked me to say how I liked the city. And I'd only seen it from the air! Later, though, prowling around it I discovered how beautiful it was. Grand surprise here. Met two old pals of mine who are living down here and they insisted Bill and I be their guests during our stay here, which will be for five days. Delighted to accept.

I asked Ty if the press was just as horrible wherever you hit it. He said in that voice of his that could mean anything, "Why I love the press." Bill it was who explained that reporters are tough enough when you all speak the same language, but when a star has to speak through an interpreter, then the going gets really rough. Bill said, though, that Hollywood reporters might add some of the extreme Spanish-speaking politeness to their repertoire to which Mr. Power simply murmured, "Tsk, tsk," still very mockingly.

Sunday

SORRY couldn't keep up with a diary. Hardly could keep up with myself. We've been all over Buenos Aires, shopped for shoes, shirts and some badly needed fresh linen; have seen the polo matches, the races, the opening of a midget auto race track; visited two movie studios; drove out to a estancia to watch the gauchos give a demonstration of their superb horsemanship. Talk about going to town and what a town this is to go to!

When Tyrone went to make a personal appearance at the Buenos Aires Fox theater, the house manager cautioned him, just before his going on stage, "not to fall in the hole." This puzzled the star of the evening no end, as the theater was a very grand, new one. But, when he stepped out, he discovered the whole front row of seats and part of the stage had been removed and a stout iron railing put in back of this "hole" to keep the fans where they couldn't clutch him personally. What happened, however, was that the entire audience rushed for the rail and stood there en masse, gazing adoringly up at him. This close proximity to his audience upset even the Power poise.

Monday

OUR third week ended. We're leaving for Rio de Janeiro. When we land there, we'll be down for another complete week, too. That means half my vacation is over. I can't believe it's gone or that I've seen half what I've seen. It's

DON'T LOSE THE MAN YOU WANT MOST TO KEEP



No smart woman risks offending—
make sure of your charm with MUM

HIS FIRST "I LOVE YOU"—the thrilling proposal, then the honeymoon—those are memories every woman hopes will never die. But it's so easy for a wife to think that time will strengthen love—to feel that, because her husband loved her *once*, he'll love her *always*!

Don't make that fatal mistake! Don't risk losing out in love because you're careless about underarm odor. Before you've won him—and *after*, too—avoid the dangers of offending. Prevent underarm odor with Mum!

Remember, no bath is enough to pre-

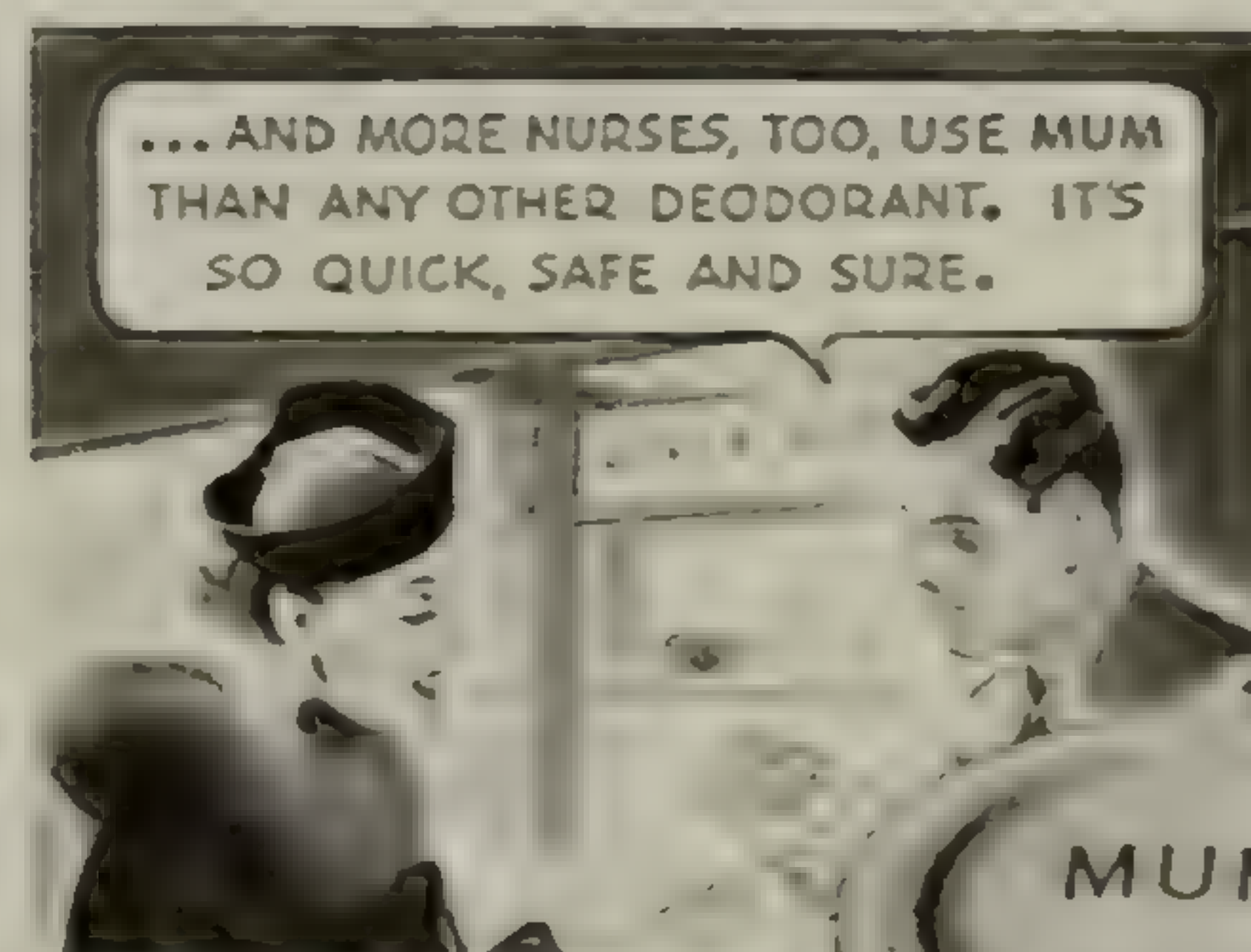
vent odor. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—Mum prevents odor *to come*! Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps you fresh!

SAVE TIME! Pat Mum under each arm until it disappears. Takes only 30 seconds!

SAVE WORRY! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum is actually soothing to your skin.

SAVE ROMANCE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today—use it daily and be sure of charm!

WHY NURSES PREFER MUM'S QUICK, SURE CARE!



For Sanitary Napkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I DREW A
SALUTE
FROM THE ADMIRAL



The Admiral looks grim but he's a great guy! At the formal reception to the fleet, he asked me did I have any Beeman's Gum. When I drew a fresh package out of my bag, his eyes twinkled like harbor beacons.

"Just the life preserver I was perishin' for!" he said with a grin. "The refreshing tang of that Beeman's flavor makes even shore duty a pleasure. It's fresh as a 20-knot breeze. Beeman's is the code word for a delicious treat any time. A salvo of thanks, my dear!" And the Admiral actually saluted!



beyond words, all of it. Porto Algere our only stop between Buenos Aires and Rio, but the most enthusiastic reception yet there. Landed at Rio in the early afternoon, saw the press, and then, with Darke de Mattos to be his guest for a day on his island of Paqueta. It's about fifteen miles off the mainland, a lovely spot.

Now right here, children, is where Ty begins not telling the half of it. He doesn't tell you that in Buenos Aires four hundred women, braving a heavy rain, broke a police cordon at the Moron Airport (we did not make that name up; that's really what it's called). Windows in the airport administration building were broken as the lovelorn ladies tried to make a grab at our hero. A couple fainted; several got hysterical; Ty escaped through a back door and into a waiting taxi. He wasn't feeling too elegant, anyhow, what with an arm that had been nearly pulled off by the frantic mob in Porto Algere.

But that omission is as nothing against his not reporting that Annabella was in Rio de Janeiro and that she, too, went out to the island of Mr. de Mattos for the day. In fact, she had lunched at the Santos Dumont airport, apparently awaiting his arrival, but when she saw the crush of other women who were likewise waiting there—and for the very same purpose—she left and returned to the Copocabana Hotel where her suite was two floors above the one reserved for Ty. However, before he arrived there, she had checked out, only to meet him later in the day in Mr. de Mattos' launch.

He doesn't mention, and no one would expect him to, that when Annabella was interviewed in Paris in late October after she got her divorce and was asked if she were going to marry again, she said: "I marry Tyrone Power? But that is silly. He is a nice boy, but that is all. Hollywood is the reason for our (she meant herself and M. Murat's) divorce. Our work separates us for so long that it is impossible for us to remain married."

At that time, the papers said that she planned to sail for America about the middle of November. All of which seems to have been true, except that she didn't say which America, and it turned out to be South, not North.

Tuesday to Monday

BACK to Rio de Janeiro for another crowded week. I guess I'm a genuine tourist, for I always want to see all the local sights and I never fail to get a kick out of them. I got something more than that here, though, for I shall never forget the sight of that statue of Christ of Corcovado, which dominates the entire city and the harbor. The bird's-eye view of the city and its beaches from there is of breath-taking loveliness. We went up to see this statue by daylight and then stayed on so that we could see it when the sun was down and the lights were on it. It was the great moment of the trip and I shall always remember the beauty of it. We did lots of other sight-seeing, too. Went with Annabella to a charity dinner given by the wife of the President for the newsboys of Rio. We visited a night club where we heard the native carnival music, the Samba, of which I bought all the recordings I could find. We toured to every spot anyone recommended and they were all marvelous.

Here all I can remark is that "we" is a wonderful word. "I" can only mean one person, but "we" can mean anywhere from three to three hundred or, more important, it can mean just two. Certainly Tyrone and Annabella dined and danced and went sight-seeing to-

gether for that week in the romantic South American capital and most certainly there is no reason why they shouldn't have, particularly if they are in love, and nothing would surprise me less. For I have seen them together and I've heard the special note that comes into Ty's voice when he speaks of Annabella and if it isn't love it is, at least, a major interest that might ripen into almost anything.

Fame makes it hard, however, to capture the moments of "we two together and the world shut out" which all romantically interested people crave. Still, if all the world loves a lover, even when the lover is just Joe Smith who works in the Stevens garage and the girl is Mary Brown who lives on Main Street, Averageville, what can anyone expect when, as in this case, the boy is one of the handsomest and most regular young men ever to come to fame, the girl is a honey-haired charmer from Paris with laughing eyes and a seductive voice, and the setting of their possible courtship is lighted with a tropical moon, and shot through at long distance with the glitter and glamour that Hollywood sheds so lavishly over its favored children? Naturally, the public is interested. Both these stars understand that interest. Just the same, it got too difficult for them, what with reporters and photographers dogging their very footsteps. Thus the next diary entry reads:

Monday

SAW Annabella off on a plane to Buenos Aires in the morning. In the afternoon returned to the airport to meet Count Rossi.

Thursday

BILL and I have decided to finish our journey by boat. Within two hours (plenty rushed, however) we had arranged passage, cancelled our plane res-



That the well-dressed gal wears mink and the well-dressed man stripes and plaids is indicated by Janet Gaynor and Adrian, a happy twosome

ervations and packed. We boarded the boat from a launch just before sailing time and stood at the rail of the ship till Rio, that beautiful city, disappeared from view.

There was one very amusing incident that Ty forgot to record in those last three days in Rio. One night he and Bill were invited to a formal evening party. While they were dressing, they discovered that somewhere in their travels they had lost a dress tie. It left them with just one black tie between them, since, naturally, traveling by plane they were traveling as light as possible. They checked all the neighborhood shops, but found them all closed. So, since two men can't go out for a formal evening with one black tie between them, they tossed for it to see who'd get the date, and Bill won. Just as the Power was sitting there, wondering what he'd do with the empty evening and wishing he had brought along some money with heads on both sides, a waiter came in to inquire what they'd like done about their breakfast. The boys took one look and then tried to explain, in their limping Spanish, that they had no interest in breakfast but that they were fascinated by his tie—in fact, they wished to borrow it. The waiter finally understood what they wanted, but not why, and I'll wager if he told his wife about the incident when he went home he's never seen that particular tie (which was returned to him the next morning) again. Madame Waiter will undoubtedly have tucked it away to show to her grandchildren some day.

Friday

SPENT the day exploring the ship. When dinner was announced I made a sudden dash for the dining room. The sea air had really given me an appetite. Halfway down the stairs to the dining room I paused and decided I didn't need any food at all that night. In fact, I nearly gave up what I had. Mal de mer had caught up with me.

Saturday

FEEL fine again. No more seasickness. Bill and I spent all our time on deck in our bathing suits, that is, every possible second we could. I played the usual deck games, but swimming suited me best. In the evening we played bingo and saw some motion pictures, the first since leaving Hollywood.

Friday

OUR first sight of land in over a week. We have put in at Trinidad. Had five hours on shore stretching our legs and looking over the town. Sailed at midnight. The last leg of our journey. I'll be glad to get back but, in another way, I hate to give all this up.

Tuesday

WE land in New York tomorrow. We are in the Gulf Stream and heading into a heavy storm and the first cold weather we have experienced (except that one moment in Mexico) since leaving Los Angeles. We wish now we hadn't been so hasty in leaving that swell weather in Rio.

Ty and Bill did come into New York the next day, and went up to the Pierre Hotel where Annabella was staying. All three of them took a plane out from Newark for Hollywood at five that afternoon. And there we leave them—and Mr. Power's journey and diary—with a deep bow for his courtesy in giving it all to PHOTOPLAY and with a bless you, my children, which is very much from the heart, too.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

more, Francis Lederer, Mary Astor and Hedda Hopper, very much at home, all in the super-luxurious setting.

John Barrymore, in fact, is all over the place—even on the walls. As a sly joke, Director Mitchell Leisen had the decorator paint all the gallant French beaux on the murals with a Barrymore profile.

You can sum up the plot of "Midnight" pretty much like this: an American showgirl (Claudette) gold-digs her way through French society only to end up with no money—but love instead—and that with a taxi driver! That's Don Ameche who is over from Twentieth-Fox for his first loan-out.

On the new and interesting side, "Midnight" offers the "La Conga" (see the poem C. C. wrote on this dance, page 25), a dance that might be called the Big Apple or the rhumba, if you can picture that. They're planting it all through the picture; so, after one trip to the theater, you can swing it yourself.

Our next two studio stops grow more important each month—Walter Panger and Hal Roach are making the majors sit up and take notice by daring to give us something new and making us like it, too.

With "Algiers" and "Trade Winds" to live up to, Wanger is just winding up "Stagecoach," another Early West saga with the All-American touch.

We've been chasing "Stagecoach" around for weeks, but it's as elusive as soap in a bathtub. Director John Ford is using six different Western locations to make its Wild West really wild, so Hollywood has hardly seen the company.

We won't go into the plot except to say it all centers around a stagecoach ride through the Apache country that is pretty important to all the passengers—John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Andy Devine, George Bancroft and Louise Platt, among others.

The scene we see is the one where Indians threaten the Apache Wells stage depot, as Louise Platt is about to have a baby. They're almost ready to go when a messenger runs on the set.

"Mr. Devine," he says.

Andy ambles over. The messenger says something and Andy almost does a cartwheel. "It's here!" he cries. His wife has just presented him with a real baby!

"Go on home," says Ford.

Well, we can hardly believe it ourselves—but while we're there another call comes and this time John Wayne rushes back, stammering that his wife is about to present him with an heir, too!

"Go on home," says Ford.

With the cast depleted by two real blessed events, there's not much chance to film the make-believe one! So

LAST-MINUTE REVIEW



★ JESSE JAMES—20th Century-Fox

THE story of America's most famous, at least most romantic, outlaw is brought to the screen as a minor epic in this rousing, slam-bang Wild Western.

Jesse James was an exciting personality and the pace at which he lived is caught up on celluloid in an hour or two of the fastest action you ever saw. Tyrone Power offers his own idea of what James is like and, in the main, you will find him personable, although Hank Fonda, as his brother Frank, sometimes outshines him with quiet underplaying. Hollywood must always find reasons for things and, it will have you know, the James Boys were forced into banditry because of villainous railroad representatives, who killed their mother with a bomb. Whereupon, the two sons rush away to take their vengeance on the company. Finally, Jesse's Robin Hood complex is tinged

with a Dillinger neurosis and he holds up trains and banks, just for the devilry of it. The piece rings true after that.

Nancy Kelly plays the Western girl who loves Jesse despite everything, shares his exile with him and bears his child. One is grateful to her for not looking beautiful except in accidental moments. In fact, the Technicolor camera is brutal to everyone, but this lends an authentic feeling. As for the action, you may expect plenty of shooting, several buckety-buckety chases, a jail break, lots of holdups and goodness knows what else. Randolph Scott, for the first time, is at home in his rôle of the marshal. Henry Hull is terrific as the country paper editor; John Carradine plays the Judas and Donald Meek is amusing as the railroad president. All the bits are beautifully done; production is tops.

BEST PERFORMANCES—Henry Fonda, Tyrone Power

*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".



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...usually goes on home and we go to the Culver City and Hal Roach

It's "Spring Again" sounds so much like a love idyll that we can hardly believe it's the tag for a—we were about to say Laurel and Hardy comedy—but Harry Langdon is Babe Hardy's partner now.

Oddly enough, Harry Langdon was working for Stan Laurel as a gag man before his big chance for a comeback arrived. When Laurel stepped out, Harry, who has had more bad Hollywood breaks than a china store in the past few years, was offered the spot. He thought he was out—but found he was in again. He and Stan Laurel are still great pals.

This story happens in 1870 in a Mississippi town and the love theme between Jean Parker and James Ellison is strictly family pride versus stubborn love. The comedy enters when Harry Langdon and his sick elephant come to town. Oliver Hardy, a horse doctor of sorts, cures the pachyderm who immediately gets a crush on him and Harry sues for alienation of affections.

THE secret of making Zenobia care in a big way for Oliver is a pocketful of apples. But there's no way to make Oliver care for Zenobia. In fact, it looks to us as though he's scared to death of his little playmate. When the poor beastie trumpets in his ear for another pippin, Babe steps out like Jesse Owens and yells bloody murder. It takes half the camera crew to haul him back.

"She doesn't like me," says Oliver. "Let's rewrite the script and have her get a crush on Harry!"

Harry isn't around to defend himself. But the trainer pooh-poohs Oliver's fears. Zenobia, he says, is very affectionate and he'll prove it. Whereupon

he gives the order and Zenobia's huge trunk coils out and embraces Oliver. The horrified Hardy shouts and screams are terrible to hear.

Billie Burke, we hear, is the only member of the cast who goes for Zenobia in a big way.

THERE'S not one super-special on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot when we call. In a way, though, it's a relief to dodge the high-powered press agent adjectives and slip quietly on to the "Mr. Moto in Porto Rico" set.

We like Mr. Moto. Charlie Chan is such a gentle, calm and unctious fellow, but Mr. Moto is more exciting.

The action, though, is a little stuffy today—everybody's in white dinner jackets, everybody leers, everybody insinuates and looks mysterious—but nothing happens to raise our blood pressure, so we go over to Warners, hoping to see Errol Flynn, the battling Irishman, do a ki-yippee in "Dodge City." Errol must have heard about our plans, because the company retreated too far into the mountains for us to follow. Errol is a little sensitive about the kidding he's getting for playing a wild and woolly Kansas gunman—with his accent.

The best comes at the last of our studio circuit this month. We've been waiting far too long, it seems, for W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy to square off on the screen and for these delightful little schemers, the "Three Smart Girls," to get to work again. "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" is the title Universal picks for Deanna Durbin's sequel to the film that made her famous.

The trio are Deanna, Nan Grey and Helen Parrish. Charles Winninger and Nella Walker handle the adult side of the story, which isn't so important this time. Deanna devotes her busybody

energies to fixing up romances for all the girl friends and ends by getting them in trouble instead.

Henry Koster directs Deanna in an easy, rollicking manner. Every time he says something she curtsies with her fingers to her chin and says, "Yes, Monsieur Kostaire!"

It seems strange to find W. C. Fields at Universal, after all his years with Paramount. But there he is, the one and only Fields, fat and sassy again after his multiple miseries. And there is Charlie McCarthy, too, pert and impertinent as a miniature maharajah.

"You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" is the marquee wrecker Fields himself cooked up to usher him back into a movie starring picture. It's Bill's story idea, too, and most of the gags are his.

W. C. has cast himself in this film as the proprietor of a tank-town circus, one jump ahead of the sheriff. He spiels, sells tickets, doubles for the bearded lady and even has his own ventriloquist's dummy, "Oliver," to slip in when Charlie is indisposed. There are plot complications, mainly about a son and daughter Bill tries to keep away at school and out of circus life. But the fun's all around the big tent—Bill, Charlie, and Bergen.

ON the Radio Rialto we find Hollywood stars very much in the headlines. Carole Lombard, with her usual flair for stealing the show, got caught between hot fires when she signed for two big national shows, scheduled to appear on the air only a few days apart. Both Kellogg's new Hollywood airevue and the Gulf Co.'s Screen Actors' Guild program signed Carole on the dotted line. Both contracts specified she couldn't do another radio act inside thirty days. They were still wrangling over her fair white body when we left.

Carole is the number one Hollywood picture draw on the air.

Maxwell House's "Good News" has moved into the new NBC building from the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. All the fans knew it at once; everybody, in fact, but Frank Morgan.

The first broadcasts after the switch, Frank was missing only minutes before the broadcast. His home said he had left for the broadcast. Somebody's bright idea sent a cab racing to the El Capitan. There was Frank, with his long gray hair sprouted for "The Wizard of Oz," hanging around looking very perplexed. "This is Thursday, isn't it?" he inquired. "Yes," they told him, "but the show has moved." "Well," said Frank, "I suppose I'll have to move with it—ha, ha!" They got him there one minute before curtain!

Frank and Ned Sparks have been trying to outdo one another in the rage for fancy costumes that has been making Hollywood stars a bunch of exhibitionists when they step before a mike. Ned's latest on the Texaco Star Theatre is a leopard skin and hairy legs à la Weissmuller. But the most amazing of all fancy costumes was Bing Crosby's full dress suit which he flashed the other day at NBC. Bing has been showing up for years in old flour sacks and something resembling Dixie Lee's kitchen curtains. The information boy wouldn't let him in the studio when he strolled in in tails!

Jean Hersholt's decision to desert movies after twenty years and give all his time to his "Dr. Christian" broadcast may be an indication of the trend of Hollywood talent. Jack Haley wants to make radio his life's work now and Lionel Barrymore may give the movie lots the go-by before long and find himself a steady job at the mike.

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PHOTOPLAY

Mr. Muni at Home

(Continued from page 27)

always doin' Miz Muni—thinkin' of the boss first."

"In other words," commented the boss, on hearing the story, "they're both killing me up."

The third cherished member of the household is Simon, the Airedale—so called after the character played by Muni in "Counsellor at Law." Some time ago they thought it would be nice to have a second dog and bought a schnauzer. From the moment he was introduced upon the scene, Simon languished. Concerned for the newcomer's welfare, Muni would steal out to the laundry a dozen times a day to see whether he was too hot, whether he wanted a drink, whether he was lying on a draft. Presently he got the uncomfortable feeling that Simon was watching him, counting the number of his visits to the intruder. He began feeling apologetic. "After all, he's only a puppy, Simon," he explained. It was no use. Simon lapsed into melancholy. He refused to make his regular morning call with the cook on Mrs. Muni. He refused to eat. He skulked under chairs. Even the magic word, "walk," formerly sufficient to drive him into leaping ecstasies, failed to move him now. He merely lifted an apathetic head and dropped it again.

So the schnauzer was sent to friends and Simon became a new man. "What could we do?" shrugs his master. "He's our first-born."

The house proper has three gathering places. "This is the howjado room," says Mrs. Muni, at the door of a lovely, formal drawing room. "We don't use it very often—only when we have to live up to the movies. This is the ranch room—"

The ranch room was transported almost bodily from the house in the valley. Even on this gray day it looked sunny. Except for one turkey-red beauty, the soft chairs and sofas are covered in warm creams and taupes, to harmonize with the nubby rug. Low tables hold cigarette boxes and bowls of flowers and book shelves have been built where they wouldn't interfere with windows.

"Up there was a Juliet balcony that asked for a Spanish shawl—"

"But Juliet doesn't live here any more, so we had it torn out."

"Here's where I'm allowed to sit on the floor," said Muni.

"And here's where he sits on the floor without permission," said Mrs. Muni, leading the way upstairs.

A paneled, book-lined room, with a fireplace at one end and a desk at the window that overlooks the sea, is Muni's study. Beside the desk, a small, pulpitlike stand held a large dictionary. Mrs. Muni displayed its points, while her husband squirmed—the light cunningly installed at the head of the incline, the cubbyhole for scripts behind, the catchall below.

Muni designed it. "I sort of snickered when he was telling me about it. Another of Muni's brainstorms. I thought. But it really works—"

"'S terrific," said Muni airily. "I'm an inventioner."

Here he does much of the work which will eventually be translated into one of those three-dimensional characterizations which he alone has brought to the screen.

He's an early riser, gets up at seven unless he's been out till two or three, when he may loll till eight.

Breakfast is brought to him at his desk. The morning papers and mail disposed of, he sets to work.

HIS new contract gives him absolute decision over what he shall and shall not play. This makes him, not less, but more conscientious. "If I fail, I can lay the blame at no door but my own. I have no alibi."

He reads and discards dozens of scripts.

Eventually he finds a script, "which seems to come within my scope." The present one is "Juarez," now in production. But before it went before the cameras, Muni had read every scrap of material he could lay his hands on that had anything to do with Juarez. That is the way he works.

Research goes on for weeks. When it's finished, Muni makes an ordered summary of his rough notes and dictates it to his secretary. The summary forms a basis of discussion with producer, director and script writers, with whom he works closely, though not by any fixed and orthodox rules—"just in this searchy way I've evolved for myself."

Through work and work and yet more work, he masters a characterization to a point where he can control its every shade and inflection.

His day at the desk is broken by a

YOUTH TAKES A FLING

The missing links in PHOTOPLAY'S picture story appearing on pages 46 and 47 are:

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Girl of the Golden West | 12. All Quiet on the Western Front |
| 2. Zaza | 13. Maytime |
| 3. Dramatic School | 14. Holiday |
| 4. Four Daughters | 15. Big City |
| 5. Beloved Brat | 16. 52nd Street |
| 6. Judge Hardy's | 17. There's That Woman Again |
| 7. Listen, Darling | 18. Mad About Music |
| 8. Boy Meets Girl | 19. Made for Each Other |
| 9. Man-Proof | 20. Vivacious Lady |
| 10. Young Doctor Kildare | 21. Having Wonderful Time |
| 11. There Goes My Heart | 22. Road to Reno |
| | 23. Bringing Up Baby |



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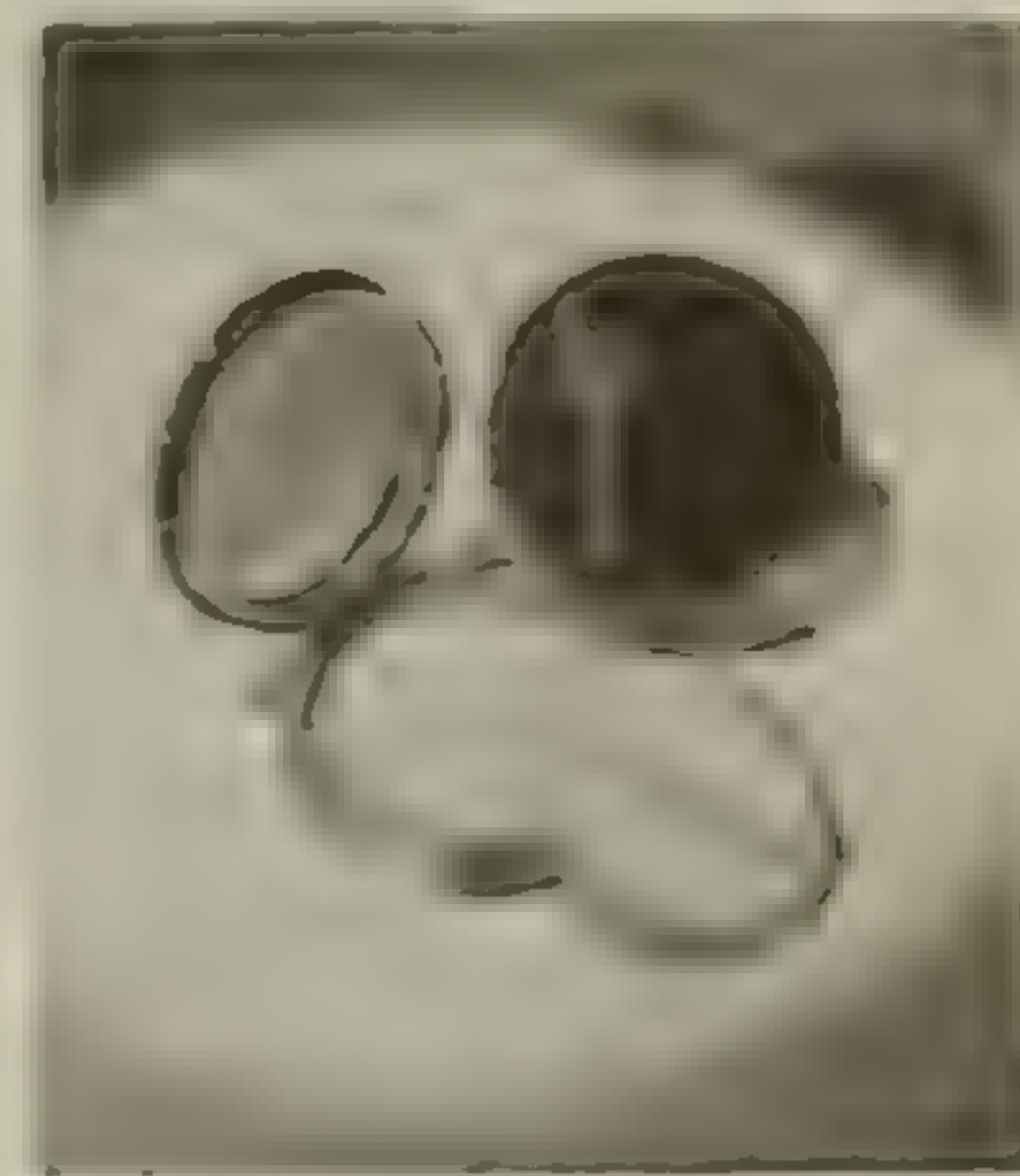
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walk among the hills, with Simon to keep him company. When he opens his closet door, Simon knows he's getting his coat. Then begins a frenzied leaping and bounding. He takes the stairs at one vault and beats his tail against the house door. If Muni's slow, he flies up again and pulls him by the hand, careful even in his excitement to do no harm with his teeth.

Ordinarily he's a welcome companion. "Minds his own business," says Muni, "yet gives you the sense you're with a friend." Now and then there's a moment of strain when, in the excess of his abandon, Simon threatens to entangle with the wheels of the occasional car passing that way, or to start up a hare in the underbrush.

So, absorbed in some problem, Muni may decide to leave him at home. On such occasions he opens his closet door soundlessly, tiptoes downstairs and whispers to his wife, "Ich geh' spazieren."

"Simon doesn't understand German," sighs Mrs. Muni. "Sometimes I think I'll have to teach it to him before he starts picketing the place—"

EXCEPT for an occasional game of Ping-pong and swimming in summer, walking is his only exercise. Every now and then, burning with good intentions, he'll start on a course of ten-minute morning drills and keep it up for two or three days. When he gets around to it, he plans to rig up a little gymnasium that will be a standing reproach if he doesn't use it.

The evenings are given to music and books. If a passion for symphony concerts makes him a high-brow, then he's a high-brow. If reveling in Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy makes him a low-brow, then he's a low-brow, too. Unless a book relating to his current rôle clamors for attention, he'll choose

history or biography or, less often, realistic fiction. He mourns the opportunities he missed as a youngster and considers his literary background negligible. His standards, however, are unique.

For instance, he wants time to read Shakespeare. Which doesn't mean that he hasn't read Shakespeare as the average man reads it, if at all.

But to be stirred by the beauty of the poetry or lulled by its music doesn't satisfy Muni.

"I'd like first to find out all I can about the man. Then I'd like to go through the preliminary studies, as a scholar does. Otherwise you miss the full value and significance of the poetry. I like to read a book over and over, till I feel I understand what was in the mind of the man who wrote it."

This he tells you with some hesitation, lest again he be branded high-brow, "that inane word."

The Munis find it hard to tear themselves from their home. Theoretically, they go to town for dinner on the cook's day out. More often than not, as the time for departure draws near, Muni gets a wistful look in his eye.

"O.K." says Bella. "We'll raid the icebox."

They came out to the tree-shaded court that lies between house and road, to see us off. Simon came, too. Suddenly he darted into a shrub, returning with a bird that he laid at Muni's feet. One look at her husband's stricken face and Bella knelt swiftly.

"See, he's not hurt, Muni. Simon wouldn't hurt him. He's only frightened. He must have fallen out of his nest."

The bird fluttered on her palm, peeped once and flew away.

Muni's hand dropped to the dog's head and he lifted his face, abashed but radiant. The sun had come out.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

white broadcloth or in gay flannels cut on the lines of a cowboy's shirt . . . both sexes hike about in jodhpurs shoes . . . the amusing part of all this severe tailoring with its emphasis on wide shoulders and narrow hips is that it only succeeds in making the girls look more feminine and the men more male . . . which was probably the big idea the Hollywood girls had in mind all the time . . . they are smart that way . . . another thing that they are smart about is the realization that while a man never understands why a simple dress should be so expensive as it is, he is always appreciative of the cost of good tailoring . . . maybe the Hollywood girls don't always know how to keep their men, but any of us can take lessons from them on how to get them. . . .

CAROLE LOMBARD hasn't re-signed with Paramount . . . she has a one-picture-a-year deal with Selznick International with whom she has made her biggest successes . . . Dick Powell and

Joan Blondell have got their release from Warners . . . it will be interesting to see how these three go it on their own . . . Cary Grant, who tried the same experiment, and Ronald Colman have done magnificently at it . . . Freddie March hasn't done so well . . . Carole has a percentage arrangement with RKO to make "Memory of Love" which Claudette Colbert turned down . . . that is, Carole will take a shade less than her usual salary for the straight shooting of the picture and then a percentage of the profits . . . it is interesting to see actors as business people . . . I don't see why they shouldn't do as well at it as many producers . . . as well as Sam Goldwyn, for instance, of whom it was said when he signed Jimmy Roosevelt as vice-president of his company that so far this year he had had three vice-presidents and one picture. . . .

Our Thought for the Month Dept.: Hedy Lamarr will go very far, but Miliza Korjus isn't so gorjus.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

Second Chance

(Continued from page 22)

to let bygones be bargains. You once said you'd never give me a job . . ."

He wouldn't even let me finish. "And I meant it!" he says firmly. "Once a troublemaker, always a troublemaker. We've got enough spontaneous combustion around here without buying dynamite!"

"But all that was years ago," I says, "and, Ben, I'm going to be frank. I need the money—badly!"

"I'm sorry it's that bad!" he said. "If a fifty. . ."

"Hold it!" I says. "I'm not after charity, thanks just the same." Benny shrugged and put his wallet away.

"Marie, I'm going to speak frankly," he says. "It's tough to be washed up, but take my advice and admit it. You haven't got a chance."

"Why Benny Rossman, you old fool!" I says indignantly. "I wouldn't dream of trying a comeback! I've had my day and it was an extra special fine one. But I've got a granddaughter. Even you can't be mean enough to hold what I done against her? Take a look at her anyways!" But Benny got up on those shoes of Al's which he was wearing so badly and walked me firmly towards the door.

"Sorry," he says, "but no jobs around here for any of your family. I'd be glad to send you and the kid home to where you came from, but nothing on earth would persuade me to have either of you on this lot!"

Well, I would never have expected even Benny to believe in feudalism to that extent, but the feud was still on okay. As I walked back to the hotel I thought, "Oh, well, what the deuce, there are plenty more studios in Hollywood, and the money from Jelliff will be in any moment now, so we will have a stake to go on with and not worry. Of course that money will be the last we have in the world, but when people won't give you a chance, you've got to take one!"

WHEN I got back to the hotel there, sure enough, was a letter from Jelliff and when I opened it the check I got was more like a complete halt.

"Dear Marie," he had wrote. "The thousand dollars was paid in last week and as you asked me to handle it for you, I have done so. To begin with a letter came in from the Wilkin Storage Warehouse about some old trunks of yours which it seems you had forgotten and they turned out to be yours and Jim's old theatrical trunks and I knew you'd want them, so I paid the back storage bill and have sent them out to you exp. pd. Then Joe Deems had appendicitis and, knowing you would never desert your old broken down publicity agent, I took care of that for you. I hope I have done right. As you yourself said, the money was small change and I know you have looked out for Joe for years. . ."

How is California? I still think you should not be out there without a man's protection! I miss you lots.

Your true friend,
Jack Jelliff."

Well my head and the room went round and round and then just as I was beginning to get both under control again Betty burst in, her face shining with excitement.

"Oh Gram!" she cried, "I've met the most wonderful man! He's a director and he's going to get me in pictures!" I took the worst possible view of Betty's announcement.

"Did he also tell you his wife didn't understand him?" I asked sarcastically.

"Now Gram," says Betty taking my chin in her hands, "if you knew how cute you look with that lavender hair and those blazing brown eyes of yours you just couldn't be mad. This is on the level. First of all, I ran into Lydia Watt! She's quite a social leader out here!"

"That old cat!" I snorted, so's not to show my relief. "So she's gone from strip-tease to afternoon teas, I suppose? Not with me, she hasn't!"

"Well, she's acting the part, all right!" Betty declared. "She took me to tea at the young palace she calls 'my little home' and there were scads of people there. So I met him quite respectably. He's young and good-looking and he really means it, Gram!"

"Means what?" I says sharply. Just like I'd expected, Betty blushed.

"A lot, I hope I hope!" she chanted. "Did we go for each other or did me? Wow! Am I happy—am I lucky? His name is Christie Beall and he has just signed to do his first picture for Goldmont!"

"Goldmont!" I says taking notice, "and he wants to test you? Betty, did you tell him who you were?"

"No," says Betty, "I thought it would be kind of fun to ride in on my own glory. So I told him my real name, Betty Smith. He's going to help me think up a better one. By the way, darling, how did *you* come out at Goldmont?"

"I came out," I says grimly, "and for the present that's where I'm going to stay. Ride in on your own power any place you can, of course. But for the moment, hold everything. I got reasons!"

"All right, I promise, Gram!" says Betty, so excited and happy she would have promised anything. "And now would you think me an awful pig if I went out to dinner alone with Chris?"

"Sure, run along with him!" I says, "but remember, you're not interested in etchings!"

WELL I was glad to be alone on account I had plenty to think about. I put on a red velvet hostess robe and sat down with the evening paper. At first I thought there was nothing in the paper, just a few murders and divorces and wars and stuff like that. Even the movie items were dull and so I turned over to the classified ads for amusement and there all of a sudden what did I see only something which gave me a very big idea. I tore out the item and put it in my pocketbook to help keep the few bits of folding-money remaining there warm and went to bed.

THE next morning I sure had a hard time shaking Betty, but as soon as I was able to do so I put on a plain old suit, slicked back my hair and with no make-up on started out for Beverly Hills. The house I was looking for turned out to be in the ritzy section and looked something like a giant wedding-cake. In fact, it was a super-colossal house and exactly what I needed. So I took the clipping which read, "Caretaker wanted" out of my purse and rang the back doorbell. And pretty soon I was talking to the lady of the house, only she was not a lady but merely rich. Well anyways, this Mrs. Phoofer says she is going to Europe for three months in the biggest suite on the *Queen Mary* and as her regular party has disappointed, she wants a

"Fathers
aren't
much
trouble"



"Dad was the original barefoot boy. Started at \$3 a week and ended up as president of his firm. He just couldn't understand why my stocking allowance was always in the red."



"He'd fume and he'd bluster, until finally I said, 'Well, why don't you tell me what stockings I should wear?' Father investigated . . . and bought me my first Berkshire Stockings."



"Now, Dad's economy complex is satisfied and I have my Berkshires—the prettiest stockings I've ever worn. They're sheer . . . they're color-tight . . . they wear! (P.S. Dad's so pleased with himself that he's no trouble to me at all!)"







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with
dancing slippers

for afternoon,
with
pumps or sandals

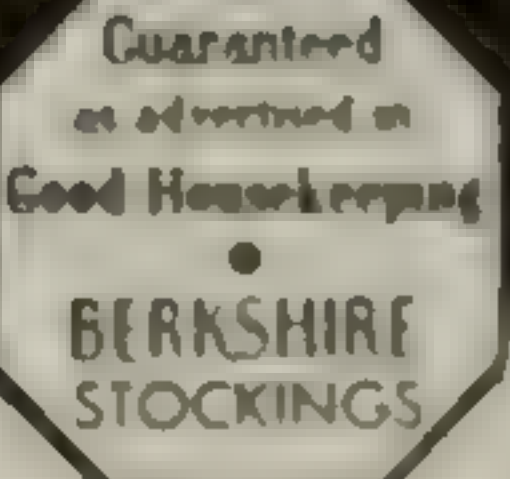
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Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

P E R F U M E R S

very reliable woman as caretaker but no children or dogs and the party she hires will get one hundred dollars per month and will naturally live in. And I says I will take it and she says what references have you got, so I got a brainstorm and told the truth.

"Mrs. Phoopher," I says, "I am going to tell you who I am, but please keep it strictly confidential on account I have never had to do this kind of work before. I am Marie La Tour."

"Oh yes," says she politely, the name not meaning a thing to her, "you used to be a writer, didn't you?"

"Well, I got to work for a living now," I says with quiet dignity, "and Mr. Benny Rossman of Goldmont suggested me getting a job of this kind! I think he will recommend me!"

"Oh, Benny Rossman!" exclaims Mrs. Phoopher impressed, on account that was a name she knew. "I'll call him right up!"

Which she did and Benny says I am okay and respectable which he had better, the crook, and Mrs. Phoopher signs me on and says I can move in next day, as she is sailing immediately. Also she agrees to call me Mrs. James Smith, which is my legal name, La Tour having been picked out of a French travel folder.

So that being that, all I had to do the following morning was take the keys, wave my new boss good-bye, put my make-up back on again and break the news to Betty that I had taken a big house in Beverly Hills for three months so's we could be comfortable while we looked around us. And not to get sentimental or anything, the look on Betty's face when she saw the house paid me back with usury for the humiliation I'd had getting in it for her.

"It's marvelous!" she breathed. "Now we can hold up our heads with the other stars! But can we really afford it?"

"Yes," I says, "for three months we can, if we don't spend money on foolishness. And now you just stand out on the terrace, Betty, while I take some snaps of the place. I want to send them back East so's the folks won't worry about how we are getting along!"

My main idea was really to prevent Jack Jelliff getting any funny notions, or feel he'd done wrong about that Grand he'd spent. And so I sent him one of these snaps of "our little place" and thanked him for helping me out, not mentioning that it had also been down.

It didn't take us long to get settled, for all we had was our clothes and those old trunks from storage which Jelliff had sent out the quickest, most expensive way he could think up. The clothes we hung up and the trunks I shoved into a closet without opening them on account of painful memories might have sprung out. And then we were ready for our campaign. But it seemed we were the only people who had decided we were to have one.

There is a grapevine in Hollywood which grows sour grapes and it didn't take me long to find out I was hung on it. Exactly what Benny Rossman had said I couldn't find out, but nothing gets around the studios so quick as word that a person is a troublemaker and I soon found out that I was tagged. I could tell it from the way studio secretaries told me to leave my phone number. Naturally, with my name I could get into any of the studios and take Betty along. The trouble was in staying at any of them. The worst of it was that Betty began to get wise and hold it against me and the more ambitious she got, the worse her attitude.

"Honestly, Gram, I know you mean well!" she says one night. "I love you

and all that, but can't you see how the studios feel about you? The one time I went out on my own I at least got the offer of a test and they didn't know I was related to you at all! Why won't you let me call up Chris Beall and say let's try it?"

Well, naturally, this was about as cheering as a deaf and dumb college at a football game. Here I was playing a janitress part for Betty's sake and running a risk by using the whole entire house instead of just the servants' rooms and Betty never suspecting anything except that I was a jinx! I hated to tell her why she couldn't go to Goldmont. But I did begin to see that maybe my campaign had failed, as Napoleon had said at Waterloo Station, and so when the next day I read in the Reporter where Benny Rossman had gone to New York for his annual trip, I finally told Betty to go ahead and call her young man.

"All right, I'll do that thing!" says Betty loftily, "but you keep out of this, Gram. I feel I can handle it myself."

AND she did! One evening she came in and threw down her hat like it was in the ring and shook her bright curls triumphantly.

"I've got it!" she said. "The test is in the can. And my name, from now on, is Gail Gallante!"

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Gallante!" I says mildly, "and I hope to see you on the screen, I'm sure!"

"You will on Wednesday!" says Betty importantly, busy at the mirror. "Of course you'll want to see the test, Gram, but you won't mind if I introduce you at the studio as Mrs. James Smith, will you?"

"I haven't been ashamed of my husband's name yet," I says, quietly. Betty could blush and did, to give her credit. She put an arm around me.

"Darling!" she says, "I didn't mean to be rude. It's just for business reasons."

Well, on Wednesday we saw the test. Chris Beall, a nice young man with a face as open as a California market, sat with us and treated me with great respect. The Front Office sat in the back as usual, all but the absent Benny, who had gone to New York, and they didn't go nearly as wild over Betty as they did over a trained duck, which also had a test shown, and no wonder, because if the duck did not click after they signed it, they could always eat it. But when we came out of the projection room Chris seemed satisfied.

"She's a little stiff," he told me, because somehow we got along fine right away, and he spoke as if Betty wasn't even there, "but they'll let me have her, I expect."

"Why, I thought I was quite good!" Betty puts in, hurt.

"Beautiful," says Chris. "You are easy to look at and I'm nuts about you, but making pictures is my business and if you work for me I'll have to talk to you just as brutally as if we were married! Practice relaxing until we meet again. I'll let you know what they think about your test."

WELL, I am not going to tax the patience of my public with all we suffered while waiting for the verdict. I had nursed Betty through measles, whooping cough, etc., and now I simply nursed her through an attack of artistic temperament, using calomel as before. And I had pretty near got her straightened out when she come down with a relapse, worse than the first attack, all on account of her getting a contract to play the slavey part in Chris' picture, which was called "Bringing Up Mother."

It was a small part with only a few sides, but Betty suddenly thought she had the fate of the industry on her shoulders and, what was even worse, she thought she could carry it easily. Well, I had no objections to believing her, especially as with all of her sudden attack of theater-fever Betty did not keep out of the kitchen.

The crowning burst of Betty's cooking took place, however, on the night we had a little celebration about the contract and invited that old cat Lydia Watt to dinner.

And right here was where Alex Lorm came into this history. He was the type who will do practically anything except work and was going around Hollywood trying to put himself over in an original adagio swing act—but not trying too hard. However, as the poet says, "All God's creatures have their use," and I suppose escorting an old trout like Lydia around had its use, to Lydia, anyways.

And I can't say as I entirely blame Lorm for going for Betty, especially after months of Lydia. But somehow as I watched him and Betty together I got the idea that the big house we were living in was what attracted Lorm most of all. Anyways, after that first evening he came back several times and once I got home unexpectedly and found him and Betty out on the terrace. They didn't hear me come in but I heard something I didn't care for at all.

"You must have a wonderful contract with Goldmont to afford this place," Lorm was saying.

"Oh, but that's not what pays for this!" says Betty.

"Then you don't have to work if you don't want to?" he asks her.

"I should say not!" says Betty. "My dad provided for me."

Well, I just turned away quietly without saying a word. Because, after all, what words could I say? Here it was plain that Alex Lorm figured Betty was rich and that I was living off her and, without realizing it, Betty had confirmed the idea. But while I said nothing I decided to keep an eye on that young heiress-hound.

WELL, about this time the studio was ready for Betty's stuff. The night before she was to go to work Chris Beall came to supper and when he got through he pulled me down on the sofa beside him, while Betty went for coffee.

"If that girl can act like she cooks," he says with a sigh of satisfaction, "the pictures will have come into their own at last!"

"Well, she ought to be good," I says, "she certainly comes from a family . . ." Then I realized where I'd pretty near made a bad break and clapped my hand in front of my mouth quick. But Chris drew it away and held it in his own, smiling gently.

"I know you are Marie La Tour," he says. "You didn't really think you were fooling me, did you? And now listen! I have the greatest respect for you and I want your help."

"Granted, of course!" I says rather dazed, "but about what?"

"About Betty!" he says. "She's nervous and strained, although she'd never admit it. I want you to be on the set tomorrow to give her the benefit of your advice and help her self-confidence."

"Holy Catfish, I can't!" I gasped. "You may not know it, but I am persona au gratin at your studio—especially with Mr. Rossman!"

"Nonsense!" he insisted. "Rossman's in the East on his annual trip anyway and I really want you there. You see, 'Bringing Up Mother' means a lot to

me. It's not only my first picture with Goldmont, it's the first big job I've had. It's got to be good! Every foot of it!"

"And Betty is probably the weak spot in it," I says, "or at least you are scared she may be. If you felt like that why did you cast her?"

"Because I'm in love with her," he said simply. "However, I'm not completely soft in the head and we are going to make sure she gets all the help she needs."

I drew a long breath. Betty, for all she pretended to be so competent and independent, did need me. She was only a kid and I ought to stand by. So supposing Benny Rossman did find out I'd been on his lot? So what?

"Okay," I says at last, "but I'm Mrs. Smith, see?"

"Okay, Mrs. Smith to the studio!" he echoed, "but to me, one of the grandest troupers that ever lived!"

THERE is a smell about a studio like there is about a circus, only the studio don't actually smell, but it stirs up something in you which you may of suppressed, but can never get rid of, if you have ever worked in one. And I must say that the very first day I went on that set with Betty I forgot I was asking for trouble and caught up on twenty lost years which I hadn't realized I had lost until then. Everything would of been perfect except for Betty. It made my heart ache to see how nervous and stiff she was and no matter how many times Chris made her go through that first scene, she got steadily worse. At last I couldn't stand it any longer and I went over and nudged Chris.

"Let me show her, once!" I says. "When you try, she's so anxious to please, she freezes. But if I show her, she'll get mad and try to show me!" Chris nodded and I didn't wait for instructions. I tucked in my collar, turned up my dress, tied a handkerchief round my head and grabbed the broom away from Betty.

"Try how it would go like this," I says. Betty looked kind of mortified, but at a word from Chris she stepped out and I ran through the scene without using the sides, because after reading them back to Betty all the times I had, I knew them by heart.

Well, there was a few titters when I commenced, but I tried not to hear, and pretty soon I realized that there was a most unusual silence going on. Then, when I had done, and was just about to give Betty back her props, Chris Beall held up his hand.

"Just run through that again the same way, will you?" he asked me. "I'm going to preserve it, just for ducks!" Then he called to the crew. "Hey, boys, lights! This will be a take!"

"But, Chris!" I says, "I'd feel like a fool!"

"It's all in fun!" says he. "Come on, just for a gag?"

"Oh, well, if it's just a gag!" I agreed.

"Quiet! It's a take!" calls the assistant. The word echoed around "Take! Quiet! Take!" and there I was. For a moment it felt like old times. I did the very best I could because I knew Betty was watching me carefully and this was all to help her. But when it was over I was trembling a little.

"That's fine!" says Chris. Then he turned to Betty. "And now, Angelface, go on out and do it just the same way your Gram did it—including all those bits of business with the dustpan!" Betty shot him a look which had scorn and love and mad all mixed up in it and went out to show us—me in particular, just like I'd calculated. And she was lots better than she'd been before. On the second rehearsal she was ready for the take and, after it was

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made, Chris was beaming.

"You're a regular hypnotist, Mrs. Smith!" he exclaimed. "I'm not as afraid of the rushes tonight as I thought I was going to be! Thanks a lot!"

WELL, I had no idea of what he meant by that, but I didn't give it much thought. Betty was all puffed up over Chris being satisfied and that meant a pleasant evening at home. Then next day, before we started shooting, Chris got me alone for a minute.

"Look here!" says he. "That stunt of your running through the scene worked so well yesterday that I'd like to repeat it. How's about it?"

"Okay," I says. "I will make you a present of my sense of humor for a couple of weeks, if you like. So 'Shoot if you must this old gray head,' to quote the poet!"

After that things moved pretty smoothly and, with me showing her how, Betty was getting by. But I could see that something was eating Chris. The further we got into the picture the worse the strained look on his face grew. To anybody with half an eye it was plain he was having a mental wrestling match with himself, but he didn't say anything and I sort of figured it might be due to that Alex Lorm having got into the habit of calling for us at the studio each night and sometimes even hanging around the set.

But what was actually giving Chris directors'-dyspepsia didn't come out until the night when the fillum had had its final cutting and basting together and was ready for its first fitting. That is to say they were going to run it in one of the studio projection rooms for the Front Office. I and Betty were to be let see it and somehow at the last moment that Alex Lorm turned up and thumbed his way in with us. Betty and he sat a few seats off from me and I could see he was making a lot of cozy over her which I didn't like, but I didn't get a chance to break it up because Chris had got on his feet and was speaking. His face looked more thin and drawn than ever and it was easy to tell there was something important behind the simple thing he said.

"When we've run the picture once," he remarked, "I want you all to wait and sit through it a second time. I've made two slightly different versions and I want an honest opinion on both. Okay, operator, let's go!"

WELL, "Bringing Up Mother" was one of those stories which are best described by the unpleasant word "Pleasant." To be truthful, it had about as much natural charm as an old-fashioned cotton nightgown, but I didn't realize that then. In fact, it is the truth the ones which work on a picture get less and less idea of how good or bad it is, as work progresses. The fillum gets around their necks and in their hair and by the time it is all shot so are they. And as I watched Betty's scenes I tried to remember that I was too close to the whole thing to judge her performance. I could only hope. Anyways the picture was run once and nobody had to be carried out in hysterics. There was merely a few grunts and murmurs, except from Alex Lorm, who was busy telling Betty how wonderful she was.

"You'll knock the lid right off the industry!" he was saying in a loud whisper. "You're great! Especially that original stuff with the dustpan!" Then the lights went out again and the forced cheerfulness of the first sequences started all over. I was kind of dozing because I only wanted to watch Betty and when we came to her cue I opened my eyes and sat up and

there on the screen wasn't Betty at all, but me personally myself!

It was like a dream, a troublesome dream of the kind when you know it's a nightmare but you can't wake yourself up. Pretty soon the handful of people in the seats around me were stirring and chuckling. I saw heads go together whispering, nodding approval and when the end came there was actually a few bursts of applause, which is against the unwritten laws in an executives' showing. And I won't say that I thought I was so terrible, but I *felt* terrible because of knowing that I simply didn't belong there at all. What was more, having an old woman in the part had given a whole new angle to the plot.

WHEN the lights went on, I got up, feeling sort of dazed. I was afraid to look at Betty and for once my quick wits went back on me on account when I finally did look, Betty was staring at me fiercely, her eyes big and hurt. Her face was deathly white as she walked over, Alex Lorm's arm half around her. "It's an insult!" he was telling her in a low tone. "My poor, brilliant darling!"

Just then Chris stepped up and took Betty's arm from Lorm.

"Excuse us, please!" he said. "I have something to say to Betty."

"You have nothing to say to me, Chris!" said Betty drawing away sharply. "Not now or at any other time. If you think you can make a holy show out of my grandmother and get her laughed at before all those people, you won't do it with my consent. Let me go, please!"

"Betty!" said Chris, his eyes blazing. "That's not the truth and you know it!"

"Don't tell me what I know!" Betty cried. "I know you've made fools out of both of us!" And with that she ran off down the lot with me after her as fast as I could clip. Luckily, my early training made it easy for me to catch up with her before she reached the car. It was me drove us home and all the way Betty didn't speak a word. Then when we got back to the house she let me have it.

"Gram," she says, white with fury, "I am never going to forgive you for this! You've made a big mistake double-crossing me this way—pretending you were trying to help me and all the time stealing my part!"

"What a nasty thing to do—to your own grandchild! I'm sick, that's what I am—sick!"

"But, Betty, sweet," I commenced helplessly, "I *have* tried to help. That filluming me was a gag—only a gag!"

"I suppose that's why they liked it so well!" she says bitterly. "No, you don't fool me any more! I go out and get that job singlehanded and you—you grab it off behind my back! You and Chris must have cooked the whole thing up together! Well, I'll tell you one thing, I know you were good tonight! But so am I good—I'm *better*! And what's more, I'm *young*, do you hear that? *Young*! This isn't going to stop me!"

She still had her hat and coat on and was making for the door.

"Betty!" I says stumbling after her, hardly able to see on account of my tears, "Betty, come back! Where are you going?"

"I'm going out on my own!" she shouts.

"I'm going to show you where you get off. And I'm never coming back!"

Pathos and love—and over it, all a high tone of comedy as grand old *Mari* continues her Hollywood campaign—and with what results! Continue this absorbing story in April PHOTOPLAY

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 70)

gles, directors' options and producers' brainstormers. It is also strongly rumored that Eastern production, booming so auspiciously with "Back Door to Heaven" and "... one-third of a nation ..." will not terminate with the completion of these pictures, but continue more diligently than ever.

The report goes that William K. Howard already has another Eastern production up his sleeve, entitled "Cafe New York." Like Paramount's "Cafe Society," it deals with local night life and Howard, who is an authority on the subject, plans to star Patricia Ellis in it. John O'Hara, the novelist and bistro-frequenting, is scheduled to do the script.

Howard sums up the problem of Eastern production when he says that "given a good story, cast and equipment, a director can turn out a good picture anywhere. Film production knows no geographic barriers and I find that the East is as good a place to work in as Hollywood, Denham or Paris."

Gracie Takes Over

HOLLYWOOD has discovered Gracie Fields just five years late. The beloved English actress of both cockney descent and cockney accent appeared at a recent Trocadero party where sat the glamorous and famous of Hollywood.

Gracie, who has been an English favorite (royalty included) for five years and more, was called upon to sing.

Hollywood prepared to listen politely, albeit a bit ruffled about the interruption.

She won them on the first song. They were still shouting after the fifth. And there was a new something, a new look of wonder in the eyes of all Hollywood when England's Gracie took her seat.

A Great Big Shot

WE have had something of a shock! A visit with Hal B. Wallis has knocked into a cocked hat our preconceived ideas of what a Big Producer is like.

Hal Wallis is Associate Executive in Charge of Production, no less, at Warner Brothers studios. He keeps glory, success, wealth—most of the goals of human ambition—in his desk drawer, to be meted out at his discretion. With the exception of the Warner brothers, themselves, he is the Biggest Shot on the lot and one of the biggest in Hollywood.

But the thing is, he doesn't act like it. Maybe we had him pictured as the "Boy Meets Girl" type of producer, given to pompous assiduity in frenzied haste amid fabulous surroundings. Anyway, he is, instead, a friendly, unruffled sort of chap (just turned forty and attractive), aware, no doubt, that he has a tough job on his hands, but not showing off about it.

We were interested in knowing exactly what a producer such as Mr. Wallis does and we found out, at least in part. He selects writers, stories, casts and directors for every one of his studio's pictures. He determines production costs. He passes on sets, locations, properties. He examines and often revises scripts. He reviews rushes. He supervises cutting. If the picture is a musical, he chooses the music. If it is important—an "A"—he also passes on all costumes, make-up, coiffures and other still smaller details.

Hal Wallis has a flair for what is known as the "trick ending." Examples: Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryan standing side by side on the ballroom floor in "The Sisters," looking up while the dancers mill around them ... Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn swinging on the gate in "Four Daughters" ... Eddie Albert thrusting into his Commandant's hand a cigar, inscribed: "It's a boy," in "Brother Rat."

Mr. Wallis doesn't consider these finales "trick," however. He points out that in every instance the ending really "clinches" the story, symbolizing its logical consummation. He has no time for films without a point. All motion pictures should have a reason for being, he told us.

Much of picture-making is also a gamble, he pointed out. You always gamble on the story. You often gamble on the players. Wallis gambled on the then unknown Errol Flynn when a deal to star Robert Donat in "Captain Blood" fell through. John Payne was a gamble in his big part in "Garden of the Moon," when Dick Powell reneged. Jeffrey Lynn, an unknown, got a stellar rôle in "Four Daughters" when Errol Flynn went fishing in Florida. Priscilla Lane and John Garfield, also in "Four Daughters," and Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat" were gambles, the kind a producer must make if he is to keep his product fresh. If he wins, he continues to be a Big Shot. If he loses once too often, his name is Mud.

HAL WALLIS got his first job at the age of fourteen, as office boy in a Chicago real-estate office. Like a smart youngster, he also went to night school and learned commercial law, accounting and stenography. Then he landed with General Electric. Four years later and still in his teens, he was sales representative for four states.

In 1922 he came to California to manage a Los Angeles theater. Then he went to Hollywood as publicity manager for Warner Brothers. From that time on, although not always in the employ of Warners, his career provided shining proof of the thesis, "If you're good, you get there."

He is happily married to Louise Fazenda and they have a five-year-old youngster, name of Hal Brent Wallis, whose picture we noticed on his father's desk.

And speaking of the Wallis desk ... well, we always had expected the furnishings of a producer's Inner Sanctum to be the last word in luxury. You know ... rugs so thick you stumble over the nap, etc. But this one was just a fair-sized, comfortable room with two or three leather chairs, a desk that looked like any businessman's; a couple of modest paintings on the wall and a carpet, tasteful and durable, but no thicker than our own at home.

Of course, there were double doors, one in front of the other, between his and the outer office. But maybe they were to keep out drafts, rather than to keep in the Big Secrets which a Big Producer whispers In Conference.

A Hirsute Tale on Niven

HALF the charm of Hollywood lies in its childlike ability to turn its concentrated attention from world-involved problems to the simplest trifle dealing with motion pictures.

Hence, it seemed a perfectly normal turn of affairs when the fervor of an



Mojud's Hollywood Fashion Board

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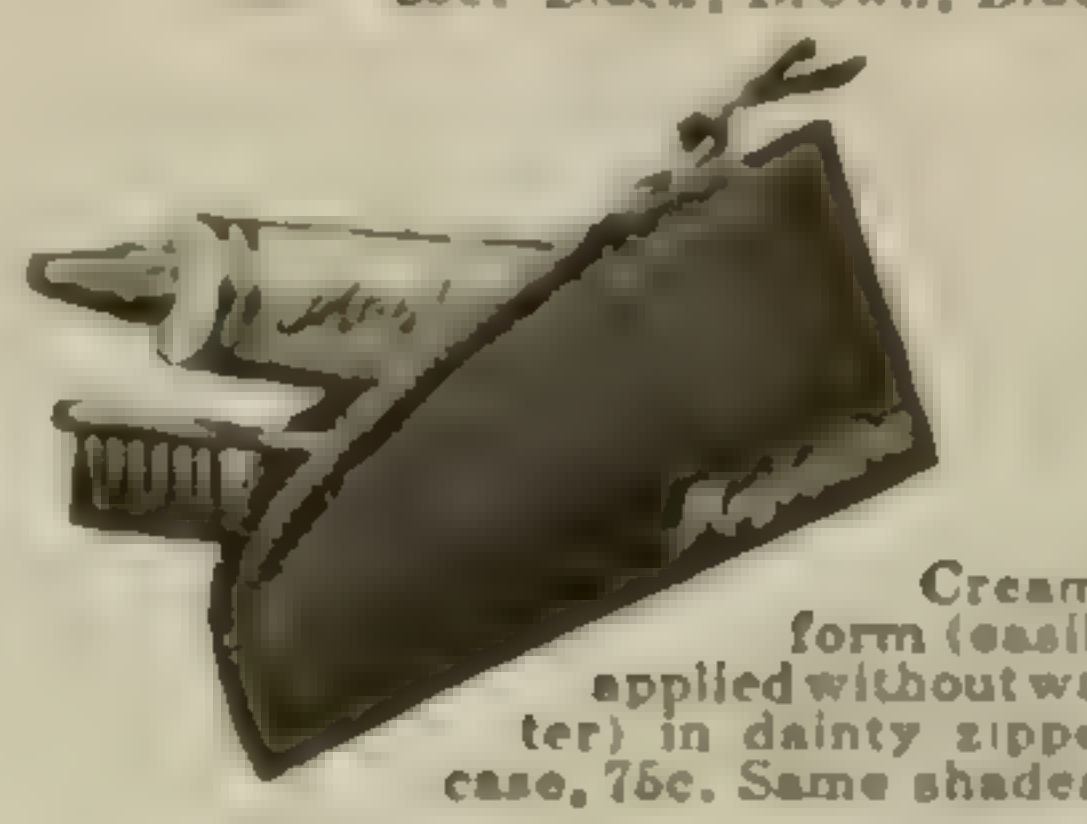
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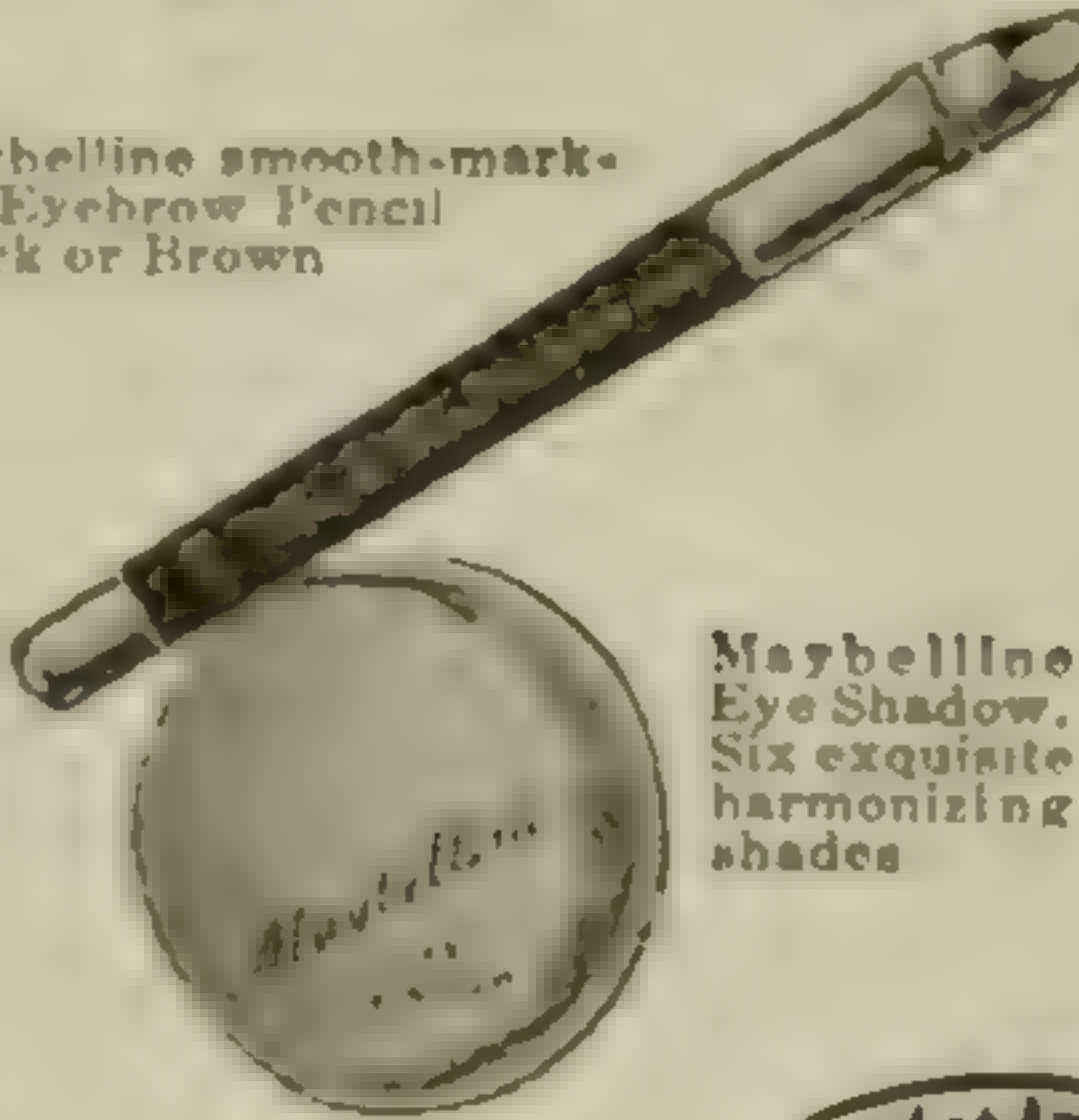
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aroused community over political conditions abroad abated for a few hours to fasten itself on—David Niven's mustache.

David is a well-liked, keenly appreciated young Englishman who struggled and suffered, at the unfruitful age of eighteen, to grow a mustache. It was either a mustache (of sorts) or no appointment as officer in the King's Guard.

So Niven, by the very sweat of his brow, metaphorically speaking, grew the blond bristle.

And then—and here's the part that intrigued Hollywood—he was ordered to shave it off. David, so handsome and fetching in his mustachio, was ordered by Samuel Goldwyn to denude his face for his gay rôle in "Wuthering Heights."

No one can appreciate such a calamity quite so much as Hollywood. Or chuckle more loudly over the event that followed.

At a party given on the night shooting began, Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Niven met face to face. A few words were exchanged; then Mr. Goldwyn caught sight of David's lip, which was adorned by the handsomest little mustache you've ever laid eyes on.

Mr. Goldwyn expanded like an infuriated turkey.

"What—" he began, when Mr. Niven halted further denunciations by carefully removing one-half of his very false but cunning mustache.

And so for the remainder of that evening, just so Mr. Goldwyn would feel more at ease, David wore but one-half of his upper lip adornment.

All right, now we can go back to our world crises with our minds free from that distraction!

I'll Have a Donald Duck Special — With Whipped Cream:

YES, he's been recognized by great universities as a young American of outstanding genius. He's been hailed, lauded, cheered by the world at large. And yet Walt Disney nurses a secret hurt. Not once has anyone mentioned, even in a small way, his skill and artistry as a pie baker.

The other evening a distinguished visitor to the Disney home was ushered into the living room. A minute later, Walter, encased in an apron and with flour on his nose, greeted his guest. "Come on out to the kitchen and see what we've got."

There, spread before Walt, were the makings of several large dinners. They had been sent to Walt by the Maine Development Commission, who contributed the two deer Walt's animators use as models for his current production, "Bambi."

But the thing that intrigued Walt, who loves to cook, was the fact that the senders had enclosed old New England recipes for the preparation of each dish.

"I'm on the pumpkin pies now," Walt explained. "I hope they're good."

Walter carted several of the pies with him to the studio next morning for his staff to sample. Twenty-seven workers begged Walt to bake them just one pumpkin pie they could take home for their wives to taste.

Now you know Disney is smarter than that!

Crocodiles

THEY call it "The Phantom Stage" at Universal because the famous "Phantom of the Opera" was made there in 1925, but it very nearly had a more sinister name tacked on it recently during one of the California downpours.

The company of "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" was gathered around watching the Great Blacaman, the chap who hypnotizes lions to the point where he can bite them on the nose. Blacaman, at this particular time, was escorting a group of twelve large crocodiles that he had hypnotized from their pens to the middle of the stage where they were to work. Just as they were about to reach their camera positions the lightning began to flash—and the lights on the big stage went out!

To say there was a panic is putting it mildly. The cast and crew dispersed hastily and took to the rafters and other high spots while Blacaman and his two assistants worked frantically to corral the beasts in the dark. When the lights flashed back on the stage was a scene of wild disorder, but the beasts were quickly reassembled and rehypnotized. The company didn't recover from the jitters any too quickly, though.

Surprise Story

ARTHUR TREACHER'S new neighbors have a pleasant surprise awaiting them whenever they come home from wherever they have gone on that vacation trip. Treacher has just moved into his new home at Encino. Being a very orderly soul, the view from his windows of a badly cluttered yard next door annoyed him no end. After several days he came to the conclusion that his neighbors were away and that whoever had been left in charge of their home was falling down on the job—and badly. So the Twentieth Century-Fox player finally took matters into his own hands and, with the help of his hired man, went over and put the place into first-class shape. But, being a very courteous person into the bargain, he left a note of apology under the front door sill for trespassing.

Withers Anecdote

WHEN small Jane Withers started on her personal appearance tour recently, her first port of call was San Francisco where she was met by an enthusiastic group of newspaper reporters and fans.

"Well, Jane," queried one of the Press, intent on showing the youngster the sights of the town, "what do you want to see most?"

"Alcatraz Island," promptly retorted Jane, to the amazed Fourth Estater.

"Oh, not Alcatraz Island—you mean Treasure Island where the Fair will be held, don't you, Janie dear?" adroitly prompted a more or less aghast Mrs. Withers.

To which Jane answered, "Oh, no, Mums, I mean Alcatraz all right!"

So Janie got her wish—within limits, of course—for she was taken as a special guest on a cruise to the Island aboard a boat that brought 400 soldiers back from the fortress in the Bay—as close to the famous "Rock" as any civilian is ever allowed to come.

Charming Robber

WHILE working at Columbia Studios in "Let Us Live," Maureen O'Sullivan was handed a small box by an unidentified boy. In the box was one of her jade rings, part of the loot in a recent robbery at her San Fernando Valley home. With the ring was this note: "This looks like an heirloom and may be of personal value to you. Please accept it with my compliments." It was signed "Lancelot"—and Maureen feels that the thief has an odd mixture of pseudo-honesty and charm. The ring, a gift from her father, was one she prized highly.

Hollywood, We Are Coming

(Continued from page 31)

"Bon jour" in French.

Barb remembered reading that Olivia's favorite food was cold lamb chops with salt, so after our steak we ordered two portions of them. The steward was surprised but one can eat as much as one wants on boats. Some people being unable to eat at all I suppose it comes out even. We wrapped the chops in a napkin and took a salt cellar. The people at the table thought we had a dog who was on special diet. I wonder what is the right thing to wear to tea on board a ship.

6:30 P.M.

Between Tea and Apéritif Hour
Ship's Log

LATE to waste a minute writing, but I might forget something if I don't jot it down.

When we arrived there were several people whose names I can't remember because they weren't celebs. Livvie was dressed in a diaphanous opalescent hostess gown with yellow orchids. She is beautiful but talks like a private person, so we were a little disappointed, expecting glamour. I let Barb present the chops, it being her idea.

"You'll never guess what we brought you," she said.

They all tried to guess and no one was even luke warm, so it was a real surprise.

They talked about world affairs, Olivia having been to Europe. I must try to remember to read the front page of the newspaper sometimes.

Mac asked me what I thought of it all so I said that with Central Europe everything like a colossal tinder box and some revolving on its axis, I thought we were sitting on a veritable tornado. He agreed with me. Then he asked what I thought of the war between China and Japan and vice versa and I said it made my heart bleed for poor Anna May Wong. He swallowed his tea the wrong way and had to leave the cabin for a few minutes.

Barb confided to Olivia that she had been in love with Basil Rathbone a year ago last Feb. She wanted to know if his marriage was really happy. Barb has a penchant for villains, having gone through Raft, Bogart and Cesar Romero. Pops says Freud has a word for it, and anything Freud has a word for is terrible. That's why I'm relieved she's in love with Herb Marshall who is at least clean and wholesome.

Then B. asked if her favorite color were still blue and her pet aversions snakes and parsnips and Olivia said "definitely."

I knew she was interested in painting, poetry, sculpture, music, athletics and life, so there was no use asking that, so I said: "Miss de Havilland, which of the screen stars would you like to marry if you could get him?" She didn't answer tho I repeated the question several times.

Meantime B. and I were casting our glims about to see what we could lift and it must have been telepathy because Olivia said "I'd like to give each of you young ladies a memento," and she gave us each a chiffon handkerchief with her initials . . . a blue for Barb and a yellow for me . . . and we shall treasure them forever and take them with us when we go to see her pictures, because we think she is utterly utter.

But don't worry, Bette darling. I am faithful to you, will and ever shall be.

The others all left and Olivia said she

was tired, so Barb and I took the hint at once. Mac said he would like to talk to me some time as he found me very stimulating. I suggested right away but he said let's meet for an apéritif (French for cocktail) in the lounge at 7.

Have to go down to dress.

Barb is playing shuffle board with a child of 16 who doesn't shave yet and wears a pink perspiration shirt. I can't do anything with her.

In cabin

2 A.M.

I THINK I have a real hangover. This is life.

I put on my chiffon dress with the dropped shoulders which makes me look Myrna Loyish. I was about four minutes late, so as not to seem too anxious. Barb was sitting with her Infant Prodigal playing backgammon and not having any drinks. Mac was waiting for me in a white mess jacket. He rose when I came to the table . . . naturally. He ordered a Bacardi and I ordered Vermouth Cassis in French. Poor Barb looked over at us with her tongue hanging out (figuratively). Humph barged in and Mac asked him to join us. They both questioned me about the Fan business. I told them about the 20th Century Club and the Penn. Drug Co. and the L.A.L. and the Unwritten Code, and our opinions of the stars' personal conduct. Then I told them about Freddy March having taken me to dinner (some of which was exaggerated on acc't I had 2 vermouth cassises . . . or is it vermouths cassis?).

Mac asked if I had any special talents, so I told him about my profile, and that people had said I had a Camera Complexion. Barb excused herself and came strolling past our table and pretended to be surprised when I said Hello. So they invited her to have a drink which was what she had intended. Adolescent youths are alright on the sports deck where everything is free. She looked cute in her dirndl model which hides her hips. I told them what a beautiful figure she had when she got down to it.

We had another round and Humph told Mac about my talent for writing and made me recite the poem about "I wish I had, etc." Mac liked it so much he wrote it down. He said I could easily get it published as the magazines were clamouring for that sort of thing. That'll learn Sour Puss.

He said he bet my friends said I wrote wonderful letters. I wonder how he knew.

Then Humph and I began carrying on a conversation in French. He said "Comment-allez vous?" and I said "Très bien, et vous?" and he replied "Très bien, merci," which made things very cosmopolitan.

We had more drinks and began to feel swelegant and told them all about carrying the torch for Bette and Joan and what we thought of her leaving Franchot and how I had to sell my album to Vera Bailey. Mac said I needn't worry, that when we arrived in Hollywood we would be met by crowds of stars all clamouring to give us their signatures. (We didn't mention we were being sent back at Havana.) We told them how Greta was hard-boiled for fans, and Dietrich a push-over and that Chas. Boyer puts on temperament.

It got towards the last call for dinner and they had to help us down to the dining salon because the ship was rolling also.

Studio Blouse

HIT OF THE MONTH

"Little Girl Blouse," the Studio Hit for March, is tailored enough to set off the smartest spring suit, and casual enough for sports wear. The fabric is "Cruisebark"—a rough novelty rayon weave in colorful print, with ground of Pink, Blue, Lime, Fuschia, or White. Contrasting chiffon handkerchief.

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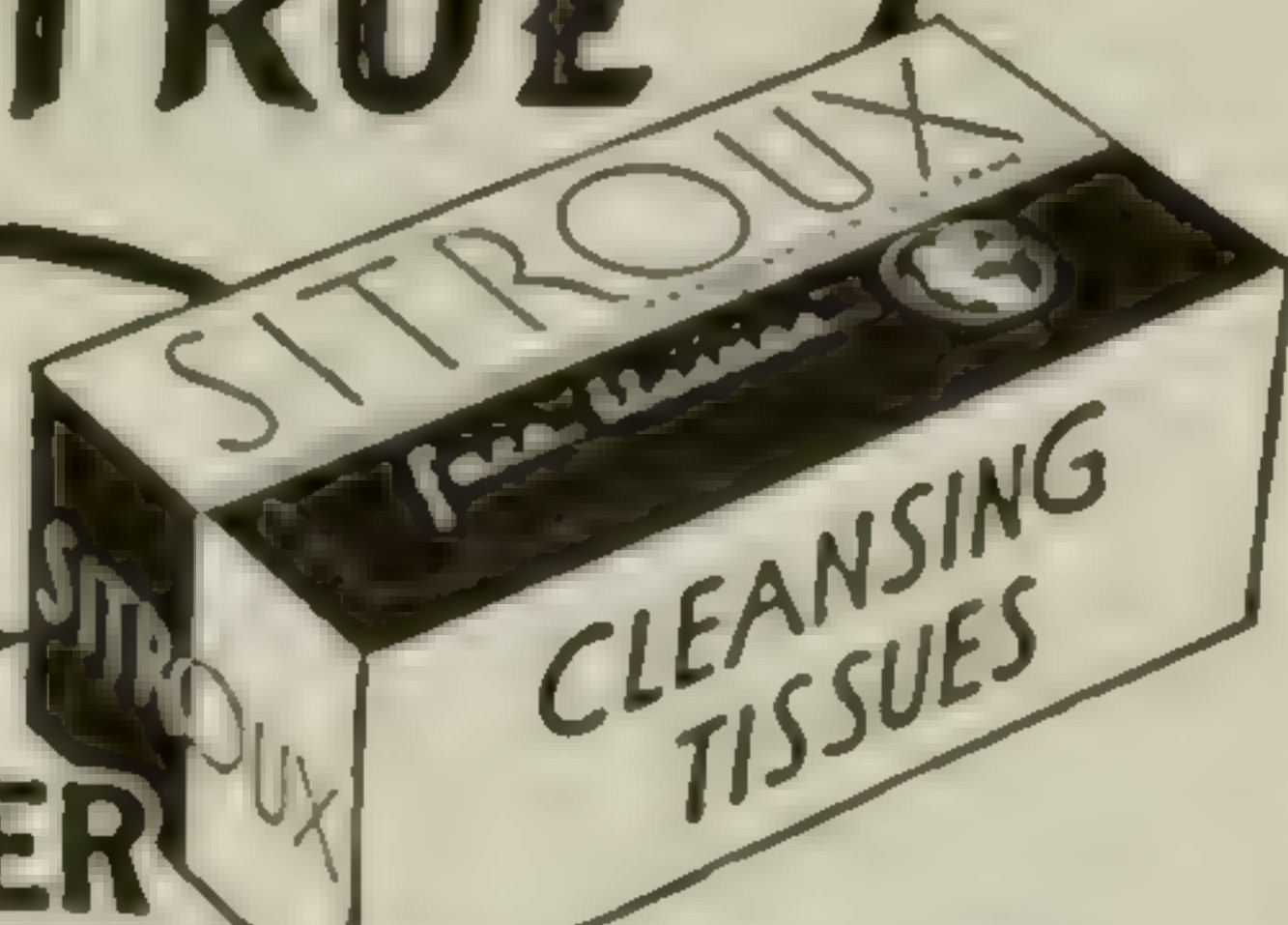
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If we could only stay on the boat! I'm sure we would end up with contracts for something. Just when we are making such wonderful contacts, we're sent home. Helen Damnation.

S.S. Oriente
Homeward Bound
Sea: High
Spirits: Low

THIS is also a terrific boat but going in the wrong direction and not a soul knows who we are. Looked thru passenger list for celebs, but a lack! We'll just have to play games, see the pictures and scout for males. But I warned Barb that 18 is Low Field.

Havana is wonderful! Barb said wouldn't it be a marvelous setting for a romance, and I was just thinking the exact same thing. We often think alike. Great Minds.

Went to La Playe (The Beach) with a Cuban boy Barb picked up on the boat and then to a Jai Alia game which I now prefer to baseball. There were also cathedrals and a Fort named after that ship that sank. There were lots of Señors and Señoritas towards evening. Took trip to Chinatown After Dark, and then to a place called Sans-Souci (French for Without Care) where I learned all about Cuban Rhythm and danced with a stunning Señor. José (Barb's boy friend) took us. A couple did the *dernière wiggles* in rhumbas and a beautiful girl did the Dance of the Seven Beads from *Salomé* and we shouted "Bravado, bravado," until we were hoarse. Naturally we wound up at Sloppy Joe's. Everybody does. I didn't really get to know the life of the natives, not speaking the language and only being there 2 days. But someday I would really like to make a study of Life in the Raw.

Time for Tea. B's diet has been shot to blazes and she is cooling off on Herb Marshall. We have been eating 7 meals per day, including breakfast in berth. B. has taken on 5 lbs. and is sitting on the fat of the land.

I adore nautical life.

There is a grouch in the next deck chair who does nothing but read. He said he was studying to be a Globe Trotter. I wonder what you have to study.

Ship's Log
Sea: Heavy
Heart: ditto

TOMORROW it will all be over.

No more Night life
" Top Deck
" pools (ship's and swimming)
" Apéritifs
" 7 meals a day

The thought of going back to the grind of school would be positively barbaric, except for the kick we'll get out of telling the gang our adventures. We are going to call a special meeting of the club to show them our trophies (handkerchiefs, champagne swizzles, fans, menus, hat bands, spoons, coasters, ticket stubs, pressed flowers).

Of course I'll be glad to see poor old Henry, but I'm afraid I'll find him rather provincial. There are 2 very nice young

men on board who have been rushing us. They are practically college men as they start next fall.

They started getting fresh on the top deck but we put them in their places. A little necking is alright but we know exactly where to draw the boundary line.

Home
Such as it is.

BARB and I have touched the depths. Nothing can hurt us anymore. We have drunk the cup to the full and tasted the bitter dregs. We wanted to commit suicide but didn't know how except jumping in the lake, but we can swim. Thought of taking rat poison but it wouldn't be very clean. Besides B. said it was a cowardly act and we should face the music in dignified silence, which we are doing. We only talk to each other.

We have been through Heaven and Hell together and nothing will ever separate us.

We had a wonderful time the last night on the *Oriente*, little knowing what was ahead. As the boat approached the pier we noticed a group of fans. Since there weren't any celebs on board we thought they had come to meet us.

Well, Pride goes before a Fall. In the 1st place, they had come to meet Claude Rains who was none other than the Grouch in the next chair, and he hadn't even worn dark glasses!

Mops and Mrs. Drew were on the dock and they didn't scold us at all but acted as if we were sick or something. We didn't understand at the time. Some of the fans smiled at us. It all felt funny and we would rather have gotten Hail Columbia, because it didn't seem natural.

That night I told Pops and Mops my adventures and they were very interested but a little sad. When I told them what Mac had said about my being a writer Mops burst into tears. Then Henry telephoned. He didn't ask a thing about my trip but invited me to go to Radio City tomorrow night. "Just the two of us," he said. His voice was peculiar.

I felt as if I had brought back the measles. Barb told me she felt the same thing at her house.

The next day at school we solved the

mystery. Vera Bailey, of course, showed us the clipping. It had been in the evening paper the night before we landed: Fanatic Fans Shipped Home to Have Fannies Fanned

The Misses Jane Lyons and Barbara Drew sailed for Hollywood on the S.S. *Cleveland*.

The young ladies occupied a de luxe position underneath the bed of Miss Olivia de Havilland, who was also a passenger. The actress entertained at tea and gave each girl a handkerchief before they got around to stealing them; they, in turn, presented Miss de Havilland with a bouquet of cold lamb chops.

When hauled out, the young stow-aways were crumpled but unbowed, and only slightly chocolate-coated. They were relegated to Third Cabin until funds from papa arrived to carry them to Havana and back.

Miss Lyons is apparently the brains of the team, while Miss Drew is her "yeah" woman.

Her views on world affairs are unique. She believes that Europe is sitting on a Tornado and that the Sino-Japanese war is being fought on behalf of Miss Anna May Wong. She is planning to have a screen test and feels that her profile will revolutionize the motion picture industry.

Miss Drew, who still retains her baby fat, is in love with Herbert Marshall and making a valiant effort to cut down to five meals a day. Miss Lyons has a talent for writing, having composed the following gem:

I wish I had K. Hepburn's smile,
Marlene's legs or Myrna's charms.
I'd like to rest a little while
In Gary Cooper's arms.

A touch of Joan's simplicity,
A flash of Greta's fire;
If Gable once would look at me
His eyes filled with desire . . .

To have a week, a day, an hour of Heaven
I'd give ten years of life, from sixty-seven.

The girls boasted that fans had smashed Lily Pons' car; that Frances Farmer often had to leave the Algonquin by way of the kitchen, and that when Garbo went to see "Susan and God" last year, Gertrude Lawrence had to attract attention from the dressing-room window so Miss Garbo could get away with life and limb.

They have clubs and an L.A.L., which means Loose Actors' League . . . referring to the gentlemen who try to "make advances" when being interviewed by the children.

The fans firmly believe that their patronage can make or break a star. I wouldn't be surprised if they were right.

The snake in the grasses . . . or rather snakes in the grass! There are people in this world who are just super-stinko!

I wonder if an epidemic really hurts very much.



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Connolly enjoying their dinner at the Marcus Daly Café. Walter was scheduled to play the roistering father of Scarlett in "Gone with the You Know" and no one was better suited to the rôle—but we aren't making any promises! Remember him as the irate news-reel editor, Gable's boss in "Too Hot to Handle"?

Emily Post Tells What's Wrong with Movie Manners

(Continued from page 21)

A woman's habit should resemble men's clothes, those of the conservative Bond Street variety.

"When it comes to riding boots, Hollywood and a great many other places go haywire. They should be low-heeled, with a straight line from the heel to the back of the top. They should not be fancy in shape. There should be nothing Mexican or Spanish about them. Hollywood should remember that correct riding clothes are *not* fashion but form.

"Even worse than the boots is the tendency of women to wear curls flying over their faces. Not a vestige of hair should be brought over on the cheeks. In fact, a hunting hair net should be worn. If a woman feels she has to wear curls, she can sit in a boat, but she must stay off a horse!

"My favorite dancer is Fred Astaire. His clothes, off the screen, are, I've heard, correct. So why, in Picture Five, does he permit someone to present him carrying that social pariah . . . an ebony stick with an ivory top. After all, he is meant to represent a gentleman. His stick should have been plain Malacca.

"In Picture Six, from 'Topper,' the clock on the mantel points to twenty-five minutes past ten. If this means morning, then Alan Mowbray is wrong. In the early morning a butler wears an ordinary sack suit with a dark, inconspicuous tie. For luncheon, or earlier, if he is on duty at the door, he wears black trousers with gray stripes, a double-breasted high-cut black waistcoat and black swallow-tailed coat without satin on the revers, a white stiff-bosomed shirt with standing collar and a black four-in-hand tie. However, if this is at night, then Roland Young is wrong, for he wears tweeds.

"Picture Seven points up a social error that many men may be guilty of . . . that of puffing smoke into one's partner's face.

"In Number Eight it would have been better had Gene Raymond removed his hat when greeting his mother-in-law. And Dolores Del Rio's make-up is decidedly an exhibition in Nine. Applying make-up is all right so long as one does it privately or unobtrusively, but a public performance is something else.

"NUMBER TEN seems to be typically Hollywood. Walter Wanger is dressed in a dinner coat suitable for winter wear; Richard Bennett's clothes are correct only for midsummer; Gilbert Roland isn't dressed at all; and Constance Bennett wears a heavy winter fur coat with a white hat and those beach sandals with protruding bare toes!

"Number Eleven shows Mr. Darryl Zanuck and party with their elbows sprawled upon the table. Everyone will expect me to disapprove of this, but I *don't*! There is no food on the table. They are evidently enjoying conversation. There is nothing formal about it . . . so elbows are all right.

"Twelve is the dining table of one of our stars. Since the picture was originally captioned as 'a formal table,' I take it that it was intended as such. So the butter plates should have been omitted. No butter is ever served at a formal dinner, or, for that matter, can a bare table be considered suitable. A damask cloth would have been the proper thing. On the other hand, as a supper table, the layout is correct.

"In Thirteen the seating arrangement could be improved. Husbands and

wives should *never* sit together. Just look at poor Gene Raymond, way at the end, with no one on his right to speak to.

"In pictures I notice they have trouble when they serve dinners for eight. To avoid having either two ladies or two gentlemen seated at the head and foot of the table, the hostess should relinquish her place to the guest of honor. She should sit at his right. The host keeps his place.

"And I have been told by visiting foreigners that there is one Hollywood custom that has given all America an illiterate reputation. That is the impulse of every new-rich hostess to have herself served first. There is no excuse for the impoliteness of this behavior. The custom goes back to the Borgias, when hosts invited enemies to their tables with the full intention of poisoning them. I am sure this is not the habit of Hollywood stars, no matter how bitter their professional rivalry.

"Speaking of foreigners reminds me of another mistake one often sees and that is the European gentleman clicking his heels and kissing our heroine's hand. In society only the hands of married women are kissed . . . never those of single girls.

"AT one time Hollywood did ask for instruction in etiquette," Mrs. Post said. With a reminiscent smile, she told me the story of Edward C. Potter.

It was in the days before talkies. Edward C. Potter was one of the smartest men in society. A well-known author in Hollywood suggested that his company persuade Mr. Potter to lend his talents to the screen. So they telegraphed a liberal offer, which Mr. Potter was tempted to accept. And he departed for the coast.

Arriving, he was given a royal welcome and everything went smoothly until they were ready to shoot the first scene of his first picture. He was supposed to be the host at a dinner party. Mr. Potter went forward, offering his arm to the guest of honor. Thereupon, the directors stopped him and said the hostess must lead the way.

"But," protested Mr. Potter, "they don't behave like that in any society in the world. In Paris, in Newport, London or New York, the host leads with the woman guest of honor."

But the director was not content with Mr. Potter's opinion. The entire production was held up while he telephoned Douglas Fairbanks in order to find out what he did. Fairbanks was out, but his valet obligingly condescended to come to the studio and tell them how things were done at Pickfair. The valet said that not only did Mr. Fairbanks give his arm to Mrs. Fairbanks, but, after going into dinner first, they always sat next to each other. This was enough for Mr. Potter. He returned to New York.

"Then, there was young Craig Biddle," Mrs. Post said. "He also was imported to portray the society man. The scenario read that he was to pay a call upon the girl he loved. The director ordered him to slap the butler on the back, pause in front of the hall mirror and rearrange his tie. Mr. Biddle, on the grounds that he never acted that way, refused to do this. The director insisted, so Mr. Biddle, like Mr. Potter, also went home.

"That continual screen habit of slapping everyone on the back is utterly impossible. Men in society never do that sort of thing.

"Of course, there are certain stars I like very much," Mrs. Post admitted. "I go to see any picture that presents Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis or Margaret Sullavan.

"I also like Spencer Tracy, Walter Huston, Gary Cooper, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ronald Colman . . . sometimes, and Herbert Marshall's voice.

"I like Carole Lombard when she doesn't yell or make a face as she opens her mouth.

"And now," Mrs. Post leaned back, "I hope I've answered enough questions for you."

"All but one," I assured her.

"And what might that be?"

"English, pure and simple."

Mrs. Post laughed. "I'm afraid to speak about that, for I'm really a kind person. I don't like to hurt people's feelings. But it is true that your scenic designer may furnish a faultless set, a star's gown may be flawless . . . everything can look like society . . . but talking is the dead give-away."

And because this fault, so glaring, can so easily be corrected, I prevailed upon Mrs. Post to give us part of her preferred list of English "don'ts."

Both Mrs. Post and PHOTOPLAY hope these observations will be accepted in the spirit in which they are given . . . as constructive criticism, and that they will help not only Hollywood production, but you, also, in your everyday life. Here they are:

DON'T SAY:

automobile
reely
secretree (unless
you're English)
av viator
eggsit
Muhree
col yum
for mid able
cult your
at-all
ray-tion
to-may-to
mayonnaise
vallay
attended
wealthy
brainy
"Pardon me"

lovely food
"Charmed" or
"Pleased to
meet you"
a stylish dresser

formals
fellow or chap
young lady
close friend

social affair
drapes
mansion
I recall
request
"Permit me to as-
sist you"
converse
presume

SAY:

automobile
real-ly
secretary
ay viator
exit
Marie
column
formidable
cultcha
a-tall
ration (rash)
to ma(h) to
mai-onnaise (my)
valet
went to
rich
clever
"I beg your par-
don" or "Ex-
cuse me"
good food
"How do you do"

"She wears lovely
clothes" or "She
dresses well"
formal clothes
man
girl
a best or intimate
friend
a party
curtains
big house
I remember
ask
"Let me help you"

talk
I suppose

"That's about all," said Mrs. Post, re-reading the list. "Except you might add that if the producers would only realize what one drop of ink will do to a glass of water, they could easily see how seemingly unimportant trifles can mar what might have been a great picture!"

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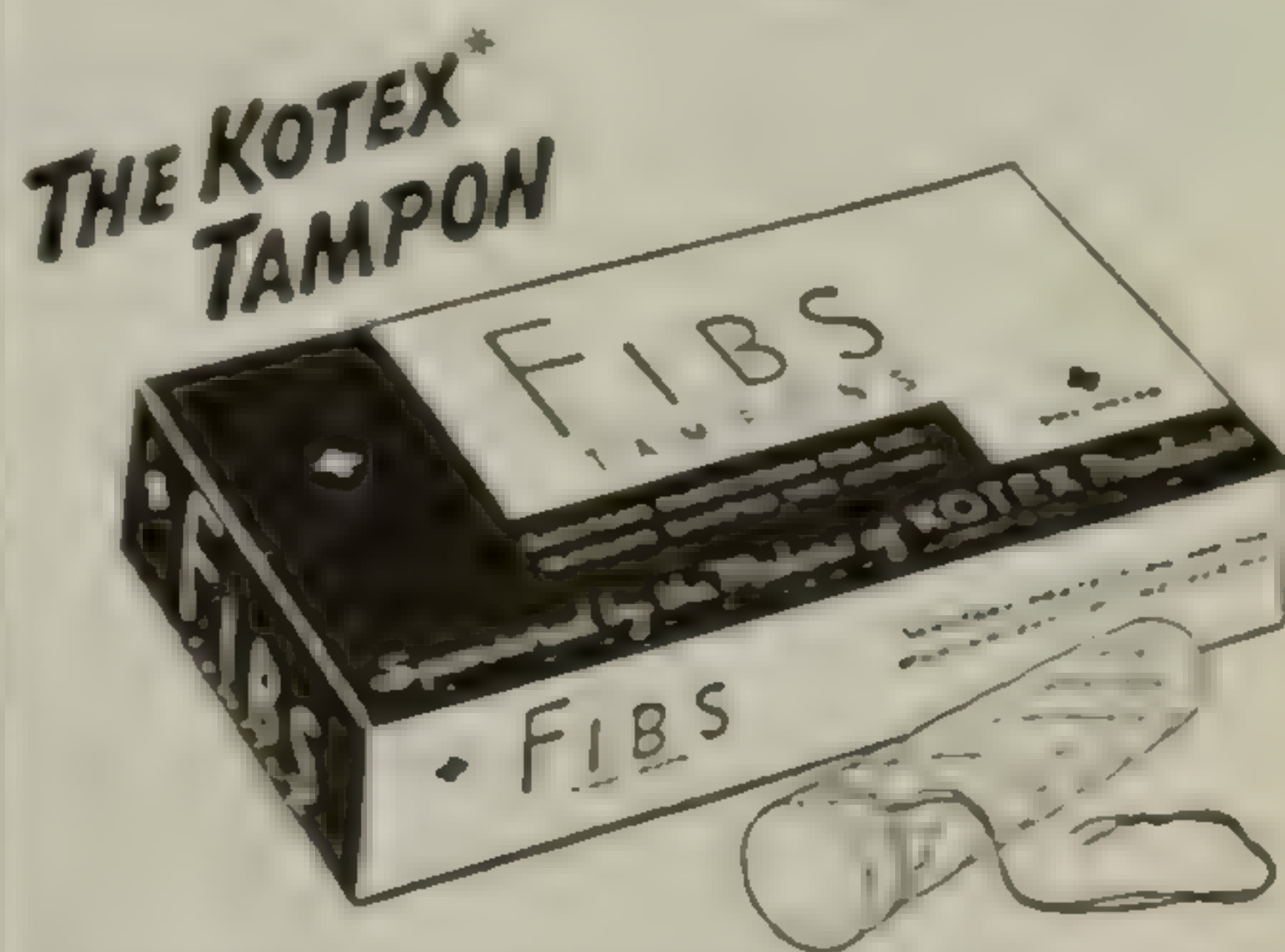
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PACIFIC LINER—RKO-Radio

SINCE this has a cholera plague aboard a ship, those of you who hold a brief for the morbid should have expectations of pretty tense drama here. You won't get it. Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris and Wendy Barrie carry on to the bitter end; Victor as the chief engineer, Chester as the doctor and Wendy as the nurse. Then the picture ends and you go home. Alan Hale and Barry Fitzgerald have small bits with which to struggle.

VIVIAN DONNER'S FASHION FORECAST—20th Century-Fox

USUALLY during a "fashion short" you take time out to stop looking at the screen and whisper to your beau, "Just what did your mother mean by that remark about my new hat?" This time, you'll forget your hat. In this Technicolor showing of "Wardrobes for Wanderlust" for both Northern and Southern climes, the girls are so stunning, the clothes so delectable (even if you can't wear them to the office) and Ilka Chase's remarks so witty that it leaves the usual dull style showing back at the post. It's the gals who will intrigue your beau—but definitely. They are the prettiest in the country, so we've been told, and this reviewer believes it.

BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR—M-G-M

FIRST in another series, this has Dennis O'Keefe as a hayseed country boy who likes to race cars and uses the midget motor-racing field as locale. He's a smart-aleck for sure and thus Cecilia Parker, whose father is a jinxed car-manufacturer, doesn't think much of him at first. But then Dennis comes through with honesty and courage, and love shines. You see there's a crooked doctor at the track who always washes out the eyes of the drivers before each starting gun. Coincidentally, one pilot crashes in one of Cecilia's father's cars at every race. Dennis gets a hunch, practices driving the track blindfolded at night. So, at the Grand Prix meet, you find an unusual and dramatic climax. The value of this picture rests mainly in the pace set by the miniature cars. See it if you like midget racing.

THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS—M-G-M

WHEN a girl can shine in a rôle like this, she's great cinema material. But then that's not news about Franciska Gaal, who plays the pretty Swiss scullery maid in this. Her foil is Franchot Tone, who dates her in order to see the girl she works for. Then, of course, he

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

finds it's Franciska he loves after all. The picture isn't much, but Franciska is; see this for the scenes in which she appears.

NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE—Warners

ANOTHER series, boys, but nothing to hold your hats over. This one has Bonita Granville in it. When a rich graduate of Bonita's school is kidnapped before she can endow the place with a swimming pool, sleuthing goes Bonita and—after incredible difficulties—she solves everything. Short-wave radio and carrier pigeons are cast in supporting rôles. So is attractive young Frankie Thomas.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—M-G-M

THIS is an amazing picture, alternately touching and corny. In some scenes you never saw such hamming and one of the Spirits comes to Scrooge in a marcelled blond wig topped by what looks like a Christmas tree ornament. Then, just as you are working yourself up to a good laugh at the expense of the production, along comes a sequence so nicely done it floods you with tears. But then that's Dickens for you. Reginald Owen plays Scrooge, the miser who thinks Christmas is humbug until, on the holiday Eve, three ghosts come around to show him the light. Terry Kilburn is wistful as Tiny Tim, the crippled boy, and the Lockharts play his parents. Barry Mackay and Lynne Carver are the lovers. Leo G. Carroll does the ghost of old Scrooge's dead business partner and looks awfully sick, the while banging his chains around with a sort of earnest delight as if they were toys. The main effect of this whole picture is to make you rush right out and give all your money away to the corner newsboy.

★KENTUCKY—20th Century-Fox

MR. ZANUCK thought so much of this he made it in Technicolor and gave it a Carthay Circle première-preview. Whether or not you will agree with him is problematical. Frankly, it's the oldest of stories given magnificent production; it has a feud between two old Kentucky families, it has a horse race in which the heroine's horse is entered in order to save the mortgage ("Blue-grass must win, suh!") and even the inevitable love story, much frowned on, between the daughter of one family and the son of the other. These, respectively, are Loretta Young and Richard Greene. No one in the picture has even a trace of a Southern drawl. Walter Brennan gives a grand, if slightly rasp-

ing, performance as the gentleman horse breeder, but the real star of the piece is the color camera. It catches in breath-taking beauty the gorgeous Kentucky landscape across which moves, in real poetry of rhythm and grace, a succession of magnificent thoroughbreds. The show, in any analysis, is an orgy for horse lovers.

THE LAST WARNING—Universal

DETECTIVES Preston Foster and Frank Jenks are hired by a rich young man to trace threat notes which have been sent to him. The setting is a cheery house party which loses its gaiety when two people are murdered and the host's sister kidnapped. There's E. E. Clive, the estate's executor; Albert Dekker, the butler, and a few others for you to suspect. But you'll probably be wrong, although in any case the picture is the cinema equivalent of a paper-backed murder story. There's not much gore and hardly a shock scene.

GOING PLACES—Warners

HERE again Dick Powell is cast as an innocuous young hero who sings and watches the races. Maxine Sullivan gives out with her jazz chamber music and is a dish, from any standpoint. Never mind the story; just go to hear Louis Armstrong's trumpet and to listen to "Mutiny in the Nursery," "Jeepers Creepers" and "Oh, What a Horse Was Charlie." Powell is in great voice. Anita Louise sings a number.

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE—Paramount

THIS was a swell yarn when Mark Twain wrote it, but somehow the producers and Billy Cook (as Tom) do not quite catch the feeling of the original characters. You may remember that this is the story of Tom and Huck Finn on Uncle Silas' farm; there's a murder and there are twins to make the mistaken identity theme hold good. Porter Hall and Philip Warren are in the cast, with Hall playing the vague but lovable Uncle Silas.

SWING, SISTER, SWING—Universal

JUST in case this is foisted on you when you aren't looking, be warned that it is a little B Minus movie, featuring Ken Murray and Johnny Downs. Small-town jitterbugs in the big city have a success with their first number, make enough to go home and start a service station. But the hero takes everything too big and is knocked down to his right size, which is Johnny Downs' size and so not very impressive. Eddie Quillan is in there pitching.

Casts of Current Pictures

"BEACHCOMBER, THE"—MAYFLOWER-PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack. Produced and directed by Erich Pommer. The Cast: Ginger Ted, Charles Laughton; Martha Jones, Elsa Lanchester; Reverend Jones, Tyrone Guthrie; The Contreleur, Robert Newton; Lis, Dolly Mollinger; Kati, Rosita Garcia; Sergeant Henrik, J. Solomon; Dutch Caparin, Fred Groves; Native Clerk, Eliot Makeham; Ho, Mah Foo; Ah King, Lev On; Albert, D. J. Ward; Mechanic, S. Alley, and Dudley (the dog).

"BURN 'EM UP O'CONNOR"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Milton Merlin and Byron Morgan. Based on a book by Sir Malcolm Campbell. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast: Jerry O'Connor, Dennis O'Keefe; Jane Delano, Cecilia Parker; Buddy Butte, Nat Pendleton; P. G. Delano, Harry Carey; L. L. Eberhart, Addison Richards; Doc, Heath, Charley Grapewin; Jose "Rocks" Rivera, Alan Curtis; "Hank" Hogan, Tom Neal;

"Lefty" Simmons, Tom Collins; Tim McEley, Frank Orth; Jim Nixon, Frank M. Thomas; Mr. Jenkins, Si Jenks.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN HONOLULU"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Charles Belden. Based on character created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler; Judy Hayes, Phyllis Brooks; James Chan, Sen Yung; Al Hogan, Eddie Collins; Randolph, John King; Mrs. Carol Wayne, Claire Dodd; Dr. Cardigan, George Zucco; Captain Johnson, Robert Barrat; Johnny McCoy, Marc Lawrence; Joe Arnold, Richard Lane; Tommy Chan, Layne Tom, Jr.; Wing Foo, Philip Ahn; Inspector Rawlins, Paul Harvey.

"CHRISTMAS CAROL, A"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Hugo Butler. From the novel by Charles Dickens. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: Ebenezer Scrooge, Reginald Owen; Bob Cratchit, Gene Lockhart; Mrs. Cratchit, Kathleen Lockhart

Tiny Tim, Terry Kilburn; Fred, Barry Mackay; Bess, Lynne Carver; Marley's Ghost, Leo G. Carroll; Spirit of Christmas Present, Lionel Braham; Spirit of Christmas Past, Ann Rutherford; Spirit of Christmas Future, D'Arcy Corrigan; Young Scrooge, Ronald Sinclair.

"GIRL DOWNSTAIRS, THE"—M-G-M.—From a story by Alex Hunyadi. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: Katherine Linze, Franciska Gaal; Paul Wagner, Franchot Tone; Mr. Brown, Walter Connolly; Charlemain Grump, Reginald Owen; Hugo, Barnett Parker; Rosalind Brown, Rita Johnson; Willie, Reginald Gardiner; Adolf Pumpfel, Franklin Pangborn; Maitre de Hotel, Charles Judels; Frieda, Priscilla Lawson; Karl, Robert Coote.

"GOING PLACES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Sig Herzig, Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo. Based upon the play "The Hottentot" by Victor Mapes and William Collier, Sr. Directed by Ray Enright.

The Cast: Peter Mason, Dick Powell; Ellen Parker, Anita Louise; Droopy, Allen Jenkins; Jack Wilbering, Ronald Reagan; Franklin Dexter, Walter Catlett; Maxie, Harold Huber; Frank, Larry Williams; Col. Wilbering, Thurston Hall; Cora Wilbering, Minna Gombel; Joan, Joyce Compton; Frome, Robert Warwick; Desk Clerk, John Ridgely; Night Clerk, Joe Cunningham; Groom, Eddie Anderson; Sam, George Reed; Gabe, Louis Armstrong; Speciality, Maxine Sullivan.

"GREAT MAN VOTES, THE"—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by John Twist. From an original story by Gordon Malherbe Hillman. Directed by Garson Kanin. The Cast: Gregory Vance, John Barrymore; Donald, Peter Holden; Joan, Virginia Weidler; Iron Hat, McCarty, Donald MacBride; Byrnes, Clarence Kolb; Miss Billow, Katharine Alexander; Manos, Luis Alberni; Gillings, J. M. Kerrigan; Dary, Benny Bartlett; Chester Ainslee, Brandon Tynan; Phoebe Ainslee, Elizabeth Risdon; The City Mayor, Granville Bates; Charles Dale, Charles D. Brown; Iggy, Darwood Kaye; Fuz Washington, Stymie Beard; Marge Gillings, Priscilla Lyon; Tommy, Eddie Syracuse; Rafferty Twins, Wayce and Warren Hull; Principal, Esther Dale; Truck Driver, Murray Alper; Bradley, Joe Bernard; Cops, Kernan Cripps and George Volk.

"KENTUCKY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote. From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: Sally Goodwin, Loretta Young; Jack Dillon, Richard Greene; Peter Goodwin, Walter Brennan; John Dillon (1861), Douglas Dumbrille; Mrs. Goodwin (1861), Karen Morley; John Dillon (1937), Moroni Olsen; Thad Goodwin, Sr. (1861), Russell Hicks; Bob Slocum, Willard Robertson; Thad Goodwin (1937), Charles Waldron; Ben, George Reed; Peter Goodwin (1861), Bobs Watson; Thad Goodwin, Jr. (1861), Delmar Watson; Grace Goodwin, Leona Roberts; Auctioneer, Charles Lane; Southerner, Charles Middleton; Racing Secretary, Harry Hayden; Track Official, Robert Middlemass; Lily, Madame Sul-Tu-Wan; Melish, Cliff Clark; Susie May, Meredith Howard; Presiding Officer, Fred Burton; Doctor, Charles Trowbridge; Groom, Eddie Anderson; Presiding Judge, Stanley Andrews.

"LAST WARNING, THE"—UNIVERSAL—Screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann. Original story by Jonathan Latimer. Directed by Al Rogell. The Cast: Bill Crane, Preston Foster; Doc Williams, Frank Jenks; Linda Essex, Frances Robinson; John Essex, Raymond Parker; Dawn Day, Joyce Compton; Carla Rodriguez, Kay Linaker; Major Barclay, E. E. Clive; Higgs, Albert Dekker; Tony Henderson, Robert Page.

"NANCY DREW—DETECTIVE"—WARNERS—Original screen play by Kenneth Gamet. Based on the "Nancy Drew" stories by Carolyn Keene. Directed by William Clemens. The Cast: Nancy Drew, Bonita Granville; Carson Drew, John Littel; Challon, James Stephenson; Ted Nickerson, Frankie Thomas; Inspector Milligan, Frank Orth; Effie Schneider, Renie Riano; Mary Eldridge, Helena Phillips Evans; Hollister, Charles Trowbridge; Keifer, Dick Purcell; Adam Thorne, Ed Keane; Dr. Spires, Brandon Tynan; Miss Van Deering, Vera Lewis; Miss Tyson, Mae Busch; Spud Murphy, Tommy Bupp; Mrs. Spires, Lottie Williams.

"PACIFIC LINER"—RKO-RADIO—Screen play by John Twist from story by Anthony Coldewey and Henry Roberts Symonds. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: Crusher McKay, Victor McLaglen; Doctor Craig, Chester Morris; Ann Grayson, Wendy Barrie; Gallagher, Alan Hale; Britches, Barry Fitzgerald; Bilson, Allan Lane; Captain Mathews, Halliwell Hobbes; Deadeyes, Cyrus W. Kendall; Metcalfe, John Wray; Wishart, Paul Guilfoyle; Olaf, Emory Parnell; Silvio, Adia Kuznetsoff; Kovac, John Bleifer.

"PARIS HONEYMOON"—PARAMOUNT—Screen play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman. Based on a story by Angela Sherwood. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The Cast: Lucky Lawton, Bing Crosby; Manya, Francisca Gaal; Peter Karloca, Akim Tamiroff; Sitska, Ben Blue; Ernest Figg, Edward Everett Horton; Countess De Remi, Shirley Ross; Count De Remi, Gregory Gaye; Fluschoiska, Rafaela Ottiano; Butler, Keith Kenneth.

"SMILING ALONG"—20TH CENTURY-FOX—Screen play by William Conselman. Scenario by Val Valentine. Directed by Monty Banks. The Cast: Gracie Gray, Gracie Fields; Bert, Roger Livesey; Avis, Mary Maguire; Rene Sigani, Peter Coke;

Denis, Jack Donohue; Jack, Hay Petrie; Charlie, Mike Johnson; Silvo, Eddie Gray; The Three Bolas, Tommy Fields, Gladys Dehl and Nino Rossini; Silas Gray, Edward Rigby; Bill Sneed, Joe Mott; De Courcy, Phillip Leaver; Mr. Skip (dog), Skippy.

"STAND UP AND FIGHT"—M-G-M—Adapted from Forbes Parkhill's novel of the same title. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The Cast: Blake Cartrell, Robert Taylor; Capt. "Boss" Starkey, Wallace Beery; Susan Griffith, Florence Rice; Aunt Amanda, Helen Broderick; Arnold (alias Morgan), Charles Bickford; Old Puff, Charley Grapewin; Crowder, Barton MacLane; Sheriff, Robert Gleckler; Colonel Webb, Jonathan Hale; Marshal Cole, Minor Watson; Mrs. Talbot, Claudie Morgan; Davey, John Qualen; Enoch, Clinton Rosemond; Ross, Cy Kendall; Allan, Paul Everton; Talbot, Selmer Jackson.

"SWING, SISTER, SWING"—UNIVERSAL—Screen play by Charles Grayson. Story by Burt Kelly. Directed by Joseph Santley. The Cast: "Nap" Sisler, Ken Murray; Johnny, Johnny Downs; "Snookie," Kathryn Kane; "Chick," Eddie Quillan; Prof. Beebe, Ernest Truex; Nona, Edna Sedgwick; Hyacinth, Nana Bryant; Mrs. Fredericks, Esther Howard; Mrs. Beagle, Herbert Heywood; "Ma" Sisler, Clara Blandick; and Ted Weems Orchestra.

"THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL"—WARNERS—Screen play by Sig Herzig. From a story by Bertram Willhauser and Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The Cast: Johnnie, John Garfield; Peggy, Gloria Dickson; Phelan, Claude Rains; Grandma, May Robson; Tommy, Billy Halop; Dippy, Huntz Hall; Spit, Leo Gorcey; T. B., Gabriel Dell; Angel, Bobby Jordan; Milt, Bernard Punsley; Sheriff, Raymond Brown; Smith, Louis Jean Heydt; Lenahan, Ward Bond; Kuchek, Frank Riggi; Manager, Cliff Clarke; Colucci, Dick Wessels; Fight Announcer, Sam Hayes.

"TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE"—PARAMOUNT—Screen play by Lewis Foster, Robert Yost and Stuart Anthony. Based on the novel by Mark Twain. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: Tom Sawyer, Billy Cook; Huckleberry Finn, Donald O'Connor; Uncle Silas, Porter Hall; Jeff Rutledge, Philip Warren; Ruth Phelps, Janet Waldo; Aunt Sally, Elizabeth Risdon; Jupiter Dunlap and Jake Dunlap, William Haade; Brace Dunlap, Edward J. Pawley; Sheriff Slocum, Clem Bevans; Judge Tyler, Raymond Hatton; Prosecutor, Howard Mitchell; Clayton, Stanley Price; Dixon, Harry Worth; Aunt Polly, Clara Blandick; Farmer Sikes, Si Jenks; Tulip, Etta McDaniel; Curfew, Oscar Smith.

"TOPPER TAKES A TRIP"—HAL ROACH UNITED ARTISTS—Screen play by Eddie Moran, Jack Jevne and Corey Ford. Based on the novel "Topper Takes a Trip," by Thorne Smith. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. The Cast: Marion Kerby, Constance Bennett; Cosmo Topper, Roland Young; Mrs. Topper, Billie Burke; Wilkins, Alan Mowbray; Mrs. Parkhurst, Verree Teasdale; Louis Franklin Pangborn; Baron de Rossi, Alexander D'Arcy; "Mr. Alias," Skippy; Bartender, Paul Hurst; Jailer, Eddy Conrad; Judge, Spencer Charters; Prosecutor, Irving Pichel; Defender, Paul Everton; Gorgan, Duke York; Bell Boy, Leon Belasco; Magistrate, Georges Renavent; Waiter, George Humbert; 2nd Waiter, Alphonse Martell; Bailiff, James Morton; Doorman, Gorben Meyer; Porter, George Davis; Clerk, Armand Kaliz.

"WINGS OF THE NAVY"—WARNERS—Original screen play by Michael Fessier. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The Cast: Cass Harrington, George Brent; Irene Dale, Olivia de Havilland; Jerry Harrington, John Payne; Scat Allen, Frank McHugh; Commander Clark, John Littel; Lt. Parsons, Victor Jory; Prologue Speaker, Henry O'Neill; Dan Morrison, John Ridgely; Lt. Harry White, John Gallaudet; Instructor, Donald Briggs; Ted Parsons, Edgar Edwards; First Flight Instructor, Regis Toomey; Armando Costa, Albert Morin; Commandant, Jonathan Hale; Capt. March, Pierre Watkin; Officer of the Day, Don Douglas; Drilling Officer, Max Hoffman; Check Pilot, Alan Davis; Aviator, Larry Williams.

"ZAZA"—PARAMOUNT—Screen play by Zoe Akins. From the play by Pierre Berton and Charles Simon. Directed by George Cukor. The Cast: Zaza, Claudette Colbert; Dufresne, Herbert Marshall; Casari, Bert Lahr; Anais, Helen Westley; Nathalie, Constance Collier; Florianne, Genevieve Tobin; Malardot, Walter Catlett; Bussey, Rex O'Malley; Michelin, Rex Evans.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ GREAT WALTZ, THE—M-G-M

To the thrilling strains of Johann Strauss' best loved waltzes, the colorful story of the great Viennese composer's life is transferred to the screen with Fernand Gravet as Strauss, Luise Rainer as his self-sacrificing wife. Miliza Korjus, recent foreign import, sings like the proverbial lark. Outstanding photography and direction. (Jan.)

HARD TO GET—Warners

No problem play this, but fair amusement provided by a new cineromantic team, Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a madcap heiress, Dick a gas station attendant. Plenty going on of the wacky variety and Dick scarcely sings a note—which is news. (Jan.)

★ HEART OF THE NORTH—Warners

Warners have taken the greatest chase melodrama of them all, put it into Technicolor and the result is surprising and exciting. It begins with bandits, stealing trappers, gold, killing a policeman. Red-coated Dick Foran then starts in pursuit and boy, does this Mountie get his man! Gale Page and Gloria Dickson both work their wiles on Foran. Great fun. (Feb.)

★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

A rich period piece, elaborately embroidered

with spectacular sets, huge crowds of peasants and princes and charmingly acted by the chief protagonists, Ronald Colman as Francois, the 15th Century poet-adventurer, and Basil Rathbone (superb) as the sly, craven Louis XI. Frances Dee is delightful as the lady-in-waiting who captures Colman's heart after Ellen Drew has had it. This is your dish. (Dec.)

INSIDE STORY—20th Century-Fox

The second in the "roving reporter" series finds Michael Whalen again the intrepid newsman involved in a night-club murder when the villain steals the witness, Jean Rogers. Oh, well, it all works out. A weak sister. (Jan.)

★ JUST AROUND THE CORNER—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's studio has given her a perfect formula for her growing-up talents in this gay picture. Daughter of a depression ruined architect (Charles Farrell), she manages to charm a flint-hearted old mogul into putting papa back into big-time money. Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Cora Witherspoon, Bill Robinson and others do their stuff. (Jan.)

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

A hard-fisted drama of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston, who forget their

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feuds to hunt for J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict hiding aboard a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, the ship's nurse, is calmly beautiful through the bloody fracas; Harry Carey is clever as the captain. Pretty brutal. (Dec.)

LADY OBJECTS, THE—Columbia

A genuine understanding of the problems of young marrieds is evident in this simple tale. Gloria Stuart and Lanny Ross are the couple whose attempts to keep up with the Joneses force a readjustment in their lives after much action and some suspense. Very nice. (Dec.)

LISTEN DARLING—M-G-M

This little story of an everyday problem and how to solve it is fresh as a daisy. When widow Mary Astor decides to marry a man she doesn't love, daughter Judy Garland and son Freddie Bartholomew decide to take a hand, find a perfect papa for a ready-made family in Walter Pidgeon. It's very funny. (Jan.)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Colonial-Paramount

The kids will root for this, but, if you like the comic-strip character, you will probably be disappointed. Ann Gillis is *Annie* and, believe-it-or-not, she manages a prize fighter. The town heavies lock him up on the night of the big fight, but you know what happens then, don't you? (Feb.)

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY—Universal

The guys have quite a gay time when they get an invitation from Mary Boland to take a vacation at a swank estate. They use some boy psychology to make a man out of rich brat Jackie Searle, finally foil a holdup. If you like this sort of pudding. (Feb.)

★ MAD MISS MANTON, THE—RKO-Radio

Miss Stanwyck, carrying her furs with great aplomb as a Park Avenue heiress, runs afoul a murder in the first reel. Bodies continually disappear, but "Babs" and her coterie of debs clear up a crime wave in a swank way to the disgust of Henry Fonda, a hard-working reporter. You will grin like silly all the way through. (Jan.)

★ MAN TO REMEMBER, A—RKO-Radio

A heart-appealing story of a country doctor more interested in the life and death of his patients than in his bank account. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints him, Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, are splendid, but it's Edward Ellis, as the medicine man, who steals his own show. (Dec.)

★ MEN WITH WINGS—Paramount

Due to expert technical direction and Technicolor, this is in the main an exciting, if sketchy, saga of men's conquest of the air from the Wright Brothers to Howard Hughes. Basting it together is a triangle love affair between Louise Campbell, Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland. Great spectacle. (Jan.)

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

Just as daffy as the title indicates, this allows Joe Penner to be band leader, Ping-pong champion, football player and general campus cut-up... and he'll make you laugh in the bargain. Otherwise just another college pix. (Dec.)

NIGHT HAWK, THE—Republic

Possibly on a double bill you will grab this little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets past hijackers with a respirator to help Bob Armstrong's sick brother. June Travis is easy to look at. (Dec.)

★ OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS—M-G-M

The latest in this amusing series, this cannot fail to crack the box office in its own right. The *Hardys* (Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker and Fay Holden) go ranching, find the Wild West is woollier than they thought it would be. The *Judge*, as usual, pulls Mickey's ridiculous chestnuts out of the fire. (Feb.)

★ PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio

In this series of eight shorts, Mickey Mouse's father proves again the ineffable amusement in animated cartoons. "Ferdinand the Bull," "The Ugly Duckling," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood," "Donald's Lucky Day," "The Practical Pig," "Goofy and Wilbur," "The Brave Little Tailor" and "Barnyard Symphony"... we hope you catch each and every one. (Dec.)

PARDON OUR NERVE—20th Century-Fox

In this, you get Lynn Bari and June Gale as prize-fight manageresses. The situation is good for a few laughs with "Big Boy" Williams and Edward Brophy gagging as if they meant it. Michael Whalen supplies the romance, such as it is. (Feb.)

PECK'S BAD BOY AT THE CIRCUS—RKO-Radio

This tale is just what you expect it to be, with Tommy Kelly being much too angelic for "Peck's Bad Boy." Benita Hume (Mrs. Ronald Colman) and Spanky McFarland are in the cast. The kids' bikes will all be lined up in front of the theater, but you better skip it. (Feb.)

★ PRISON WITHOUT BARS—Korda-United Artists

While there is a familiar ring to its reform-school plot, new faces and excellent photography put this English film into the higher brackets. Edna Best is the superintendent who neglects her fiancé, who promptly falls for a young inmate, Corinne Luchaire—the eternal triangle in prison. (Feb.)

★ PYGMALION—Pascal-M-G-M

George Bernard Shaw's wit and wisdom trickle delightfully through his first full-length picture. A modern interpretation of the tale of the sculptor who falls in love with his statue, this had to do with a professor of languages who adopts an ignorant flower girl, builds her into a beauty, falls in love with his experiment. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller and Wilfred Lawson are brilliant—so is the production. Please go. (Feb.)

RIDE A CROOKED MILE—Paramount

Leif Erikson and Akim Tamiroff in a jumbled yarn of an ex-Cossack who lands in Leavenworth while his son joins the Army to help Papa escape the law. Frances Farmer is the woman who clings through Thick and Thin. (Feb.)

★ ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

The mad Marxes in the screen version of the play that rocked Broadway. It concerns a down-at-the-heel producer who boards his whole company at a hotel, is then at his wits' end to get any bread to put butter on for them all. Frank Albertson, Donald MacBride, Philip Loeb and the Marxes themselves will have you hysterical with laughter at moments. (Dec.)

SAY IT IN FRENCH—Paramount

When Ray Milland returns from Europe with a secret French bride (Olympe Bradna), he discovers his mother plans to announce his engagement to Irene Hervey, an heiress who can hoist the family bank account. Out of such a situation comes some excellent comedy. The supporting cast is in top form. (Feb.)

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Universal

Put a nurse, a crooked fight racketeer, a criminal lawyer, a prize fighter together, yell "Roll 'em" and you get this. Nurse Helen Mack loves fighter Dick Foran; attorney Edmund Lowe loves Helen; nobody loves anybody else, and someone is killed. Oh well... (Feb.)

SERVICE DE LUXE—Universal

Golly, this is a bad picture. There was originally a good idea in a woman running a personal service bureau while on the lookout for a husband, but the humor missed fire. Connie Bennett is the inventive business gal, Vincent Price (late of "Victoria Regina" on the stage) does nicely in his first screen rôle. (Jan.)

SHINING HOUR, THE—M-G-M

A somewhat tarnished story of a dancer who marries a rich Southerner. The psychology behind his snobbish family's reactions is slightly dated, but Joan Crawford and Margaret Sullivan both give magnificent performances. The rest of the cast—Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Fay Bainter—are too good also to miss. (Feb.)

★ SISTERS, THE—Warners

Myron Brinig's novel dealing with the varying romances of three sisters, against a San Francisco background in the early '90s, emerges on the screen as one of the great emotional dramas of the year. Emphasized is the marriage of Bette Davis to a drunken, irresponsible newspaper man, Errol Flynn. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are outstanding. On your "must" list. (Dec.)

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

100% Americanism patriotically glorified in this sentimental piece concerning a former soldier dishonorably discharged and the effect of this on his two sons who wish to join the Legion. Tim Holt, Billy Cook, Billy Lee, Lynne Overman and Elizabeth Patterson contribute touching moments. (Dec.)

SPRING MADNESS—M-G-M

Add another college picture on the not-so-hot side. Lew Ayres is the Harvard senior who doesn't want to get married. But Maureen O'Sullivan's gal-pals gang up on him and everything winds up (including his hopes for a free life) at the spring dance. Burgess Meredith, as Ayres' friend, hams a little. (Feb.)

★ STABLEMATES—M-G-M

As a workout for the tear ducts, this is another in the four-handkerchief class. Wallace Beery has again his sad-eyed "Champ" rôle as the discredited horse doctor; Mickey Rooney, with a heart of gold, is his pal. Margaret Hamilton and Marjorie Gateson are elegant support. The Rooney is quite at home. (Dec.)

STORM OVER BENGAL—Republic

A bang-up melodrama, this has the oldest of plots and a simulated English accent. Patric Knowles is the intelligence service aviator who discovers the secret radio station among native tribes; Dick Cromwell gets heroic and Rochelle Hudson is the only girl in the carload. (Feb.)

STORM, THE—Universal

A whirlwind of action takes place in this minor drama. Charles Bickford, he-man wireless operator, and sea captain Barton MacLane put on terrific brawls when Bickford's pal, Preston Foster, dies on shipboard. Tom Brown and Nan Grey are lovely; Andy Devine and Frank Jenks supply the comedy. (Jan.)

★ STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

Three bad men on a horse, the Ritz Brothers, skim through this race-track story with their usual balminess. Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks are the nag's owners; they land behind the eight ball and so does the horse. Ethel Merman's torch songs are swell. (Dec.)

★ SUBMARINE PATROL—20th Century-Fox

An excitingly well-handled story of the splinter fleet, that World War group of ships which hunted enemy submarines. Richard Greene is the rich snob shown the error of his ways by Nancy Kelly (Zanuck's new find—and nice); Preston Foster is the officer who heroically regains his lost reputation. Very fine. (Jan.)

★ SUEZ—20th Century-Fox

If you like your history artistically (if not too truthfully) told, you will be highly entertained watching Tyrone Power, as *Ferdinand de Lesseps*, dig the Suez Canal. Loretta Young, as *Empress Eugenie*, and Annabella, as a French gamin with a heart of gold, take his mind off his work at times. The photography, the sagoon sequence and the supporting cast are exciting. (Jan.)

★ SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M

The new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film has the famous team married, playing in a stage success, separated by the machinations of Frank Morgan, a producer, Mischa Auer, a playwright, and Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood agent. This has beauty and the delicious melodies of Victor Herbert sung by the pair—both in perfect voice. (You'll go without any of our remarks.) (Jan.)

SWING THAT CHEER—Universal

You swing it—we give it to you. We're kind of tired of football at this point, but maybe you can get some excitement out of Tom Brown and Robert Wilcox having a misunderstanding over Constance Moore. Finally, there's the day of The Big Game, tra-la-la. (Feb.)

★ THANKS FOR EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

Americanism and democracy are the keynotes in this highly amusing comedy built around the nation's sample average man chosen by two advertising demons, Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie. Jack Haley's "average" reactions will make you roar and the romance quotient is supplied by Arleen Whelan and Binnie Barnes. Have a good time. (Feb.)

★ THANKS FOR THE MEMORY—Paramount

As "Thanks for the Memory" was such a song hit, Paramount decided (and right they were) to give us this film by way of an encore. Bob Hope and Shirley Ross are reunited as the young married couple who have trouble for a roommate. One of the best comedies of the month. (Feb.)

★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

Check up another triumph for Deanna Durbin's singing in this story of a young girl's infatuation for an older man (Melvyn Douglas) and her reaction to the pangs of first love. Irene Rich and John Halliday as Deanna's parents and Jackie Cooper as her beau are exceptional support. Delightful. (Dec.)

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

A dated story on the "It Happened One Night" angle with Freddie March miscast as the newsman chasing Virginia Bruce, an heiress bored with her dough. Patsy Kelly is Ginny's shop-girl friend and gets any laughs there are. If you are a devotee of the goofy school. (Dec.)

★ THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN—Columbia

In this delightful film sequel to "There's Always a Woman," Joan Blondell has been miraculously changed into Virginia Bruce, but Melvyn Douglas continues on in his rôle of high-class detective whose giddy wife decides to crack the big jewel case in her own way. Sparkling and ingratiating. (Feb.)

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

A spectacular saga of newsreel men and an aviatrix, filled with explosive action and suspense. Gable is at his exuberant best as the sly cameraman who uses his charm to entice flyer Myrna Loy to fake a few shots, finally wins her from rival Walter Pidgeon in fine style. If you liked "Test Pilot," you'll be nuts about this sequel. (Dec.)

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

John Howard is the smart-aleck ace football hero who comes to West Point, takes a beating because he isn't "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, then puts in her oar, and Love and the Army team set out to win. Straight autumn cinema. (Dec.)

★ TRADE WINDS—Wanger-United Artists

Fraught with suspense and action, this drama flits up and down the scale of human experience and half around the globe before the climax. Suicide, murder, flight and pursuit are all in a day's work to Joan Bennett, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Sothern, Sidney Blackmer and Thomas Mitchell. A lively and entertaining evening. (Feb.)

UP THE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

If you are not sick of prison pictures, you may find some humor in this remake (it was originally filmed eight years ago) kidding the prison system. Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher are the confidence men in stir who discover Tony Martin about to make a break for freedom. They fix things up just dandy and in addition steal the show. (Feb.)

VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

We thought we had said finis to screwball comedies schooled in an asylum, but no... Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice are pretty dizzy in this one, marrying in haste and repenting in leisure. Reginald Owen is perfect as the capitalist father who wants miracles of service because he pays his taxes, doesn't he? (Dec.)

★ YOUNG DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres both handle their jobs with sincere competency in this conventional story of a veteran physician's faith in a young intern who prefers a metropolitan hospital ward to country practice, lands in trouble when he defies a rich patient. Jo Ann Sayers (new to films) is Ayres' romance. (Jan.)

★ YOUNG IN HEART, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Introducing a giddy family which lives by its wits on other people's pocketbooks. Billie Burke is the flighty mamma; Roland Young, the upstart father; Janet Gaynor and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., brother and sister. Paulette Goddard is Doug's heart interest, Richard Carlson, Janet's. Minnie Dupree is elegant as the rich old lady who changes the family's tune. A good job. (Jan.)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

There is something satisfying in this unpretentious picture of a girl's attempts to follow the adage "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Joel McCrea couldn't be better as the Kansas farmer boy who yearns for the sea; Andrea Leeds is prettily adequate as the shop girl. Lots of chuckles. (Dec.)

So Smart! So Parisienne!

says lovely ANNE SHIRLEY
star of "BOY SLAVES" an R.K.O. Picture
FOR Spring Paris and Hollywood say "open
backs and open toes!"... and here they are in
gorgeous PARIS FASHION SHOES — another
American triumph at their moderate prices! Look
at the lines... the colors... the French detail...
you can't tell them from *Parisienne* imports! See
PARIS FASHION SHOES at your dealer's now!
Write Dept. P-1 for style booklet and dealer's name.
WOHL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

Paris Fashion SHOES

TRADE MARK REG.

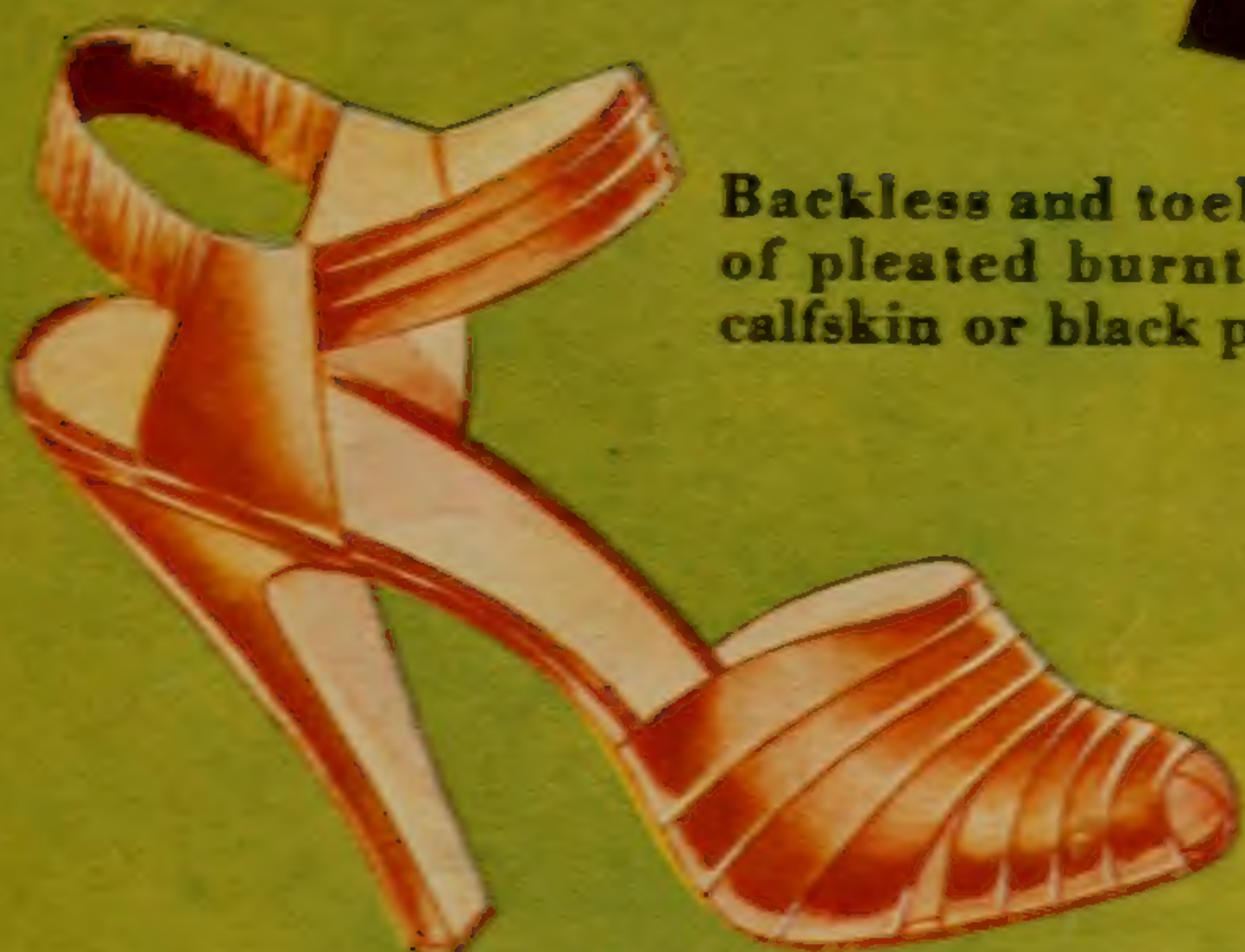
\$3 to \$4

Of cranberry, Parisienne blue,
black, brown, natural, japonica
tan or white elasticized doe-
skin, crushed kid or
watersnake.

Backless and toeless—of
patent with gabardine or
cranberry gabardine
with calf.



Backless and toeless—
of pleated burnt toast
calfskin or black patent.



Backless and toeless—
of japonica tan calf or
black patent.



Backless and toeless—of
black patent or japonica
tan calf.



● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

Right

AT JUDGING TOBACCO

FRED EVANS of Danville, Va., has been an independent tobacco buyer for 18 years. His record shows he knows tobacco. Mr. Evans says: "I've smoked Luckies 12 years —I've seen that they always buy the best line of tobacco." Most other independent experts also smoke Luckies.



Have you tried a LUCKY lately?



RECENT tobacco crops have been outstanding in quality. New methods, sponsored by the United States Government, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. Luckies have been buying the cream of these finer crops. So Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them a week and see why... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO**

Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"